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June 16, 1928

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Cover by Edward Irving Valentine

By Lieutenant Commander EDWARD ELLSBERG

By SAX ROHMER

"The Emperor of AMERICA"

"Inside the S 4

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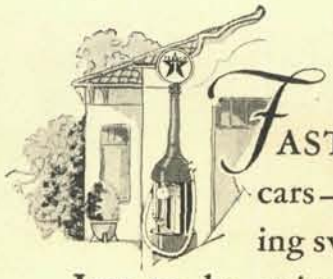

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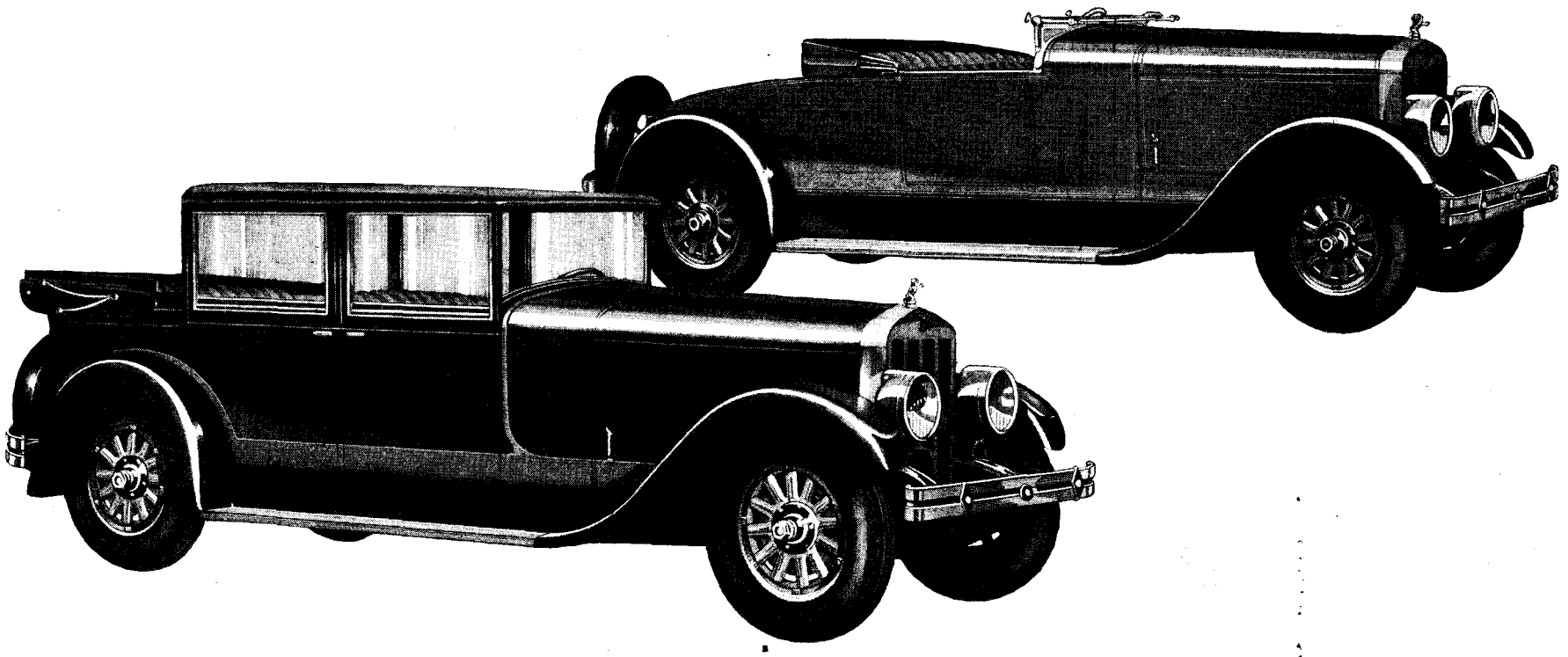

Airman Series FRANKLIN

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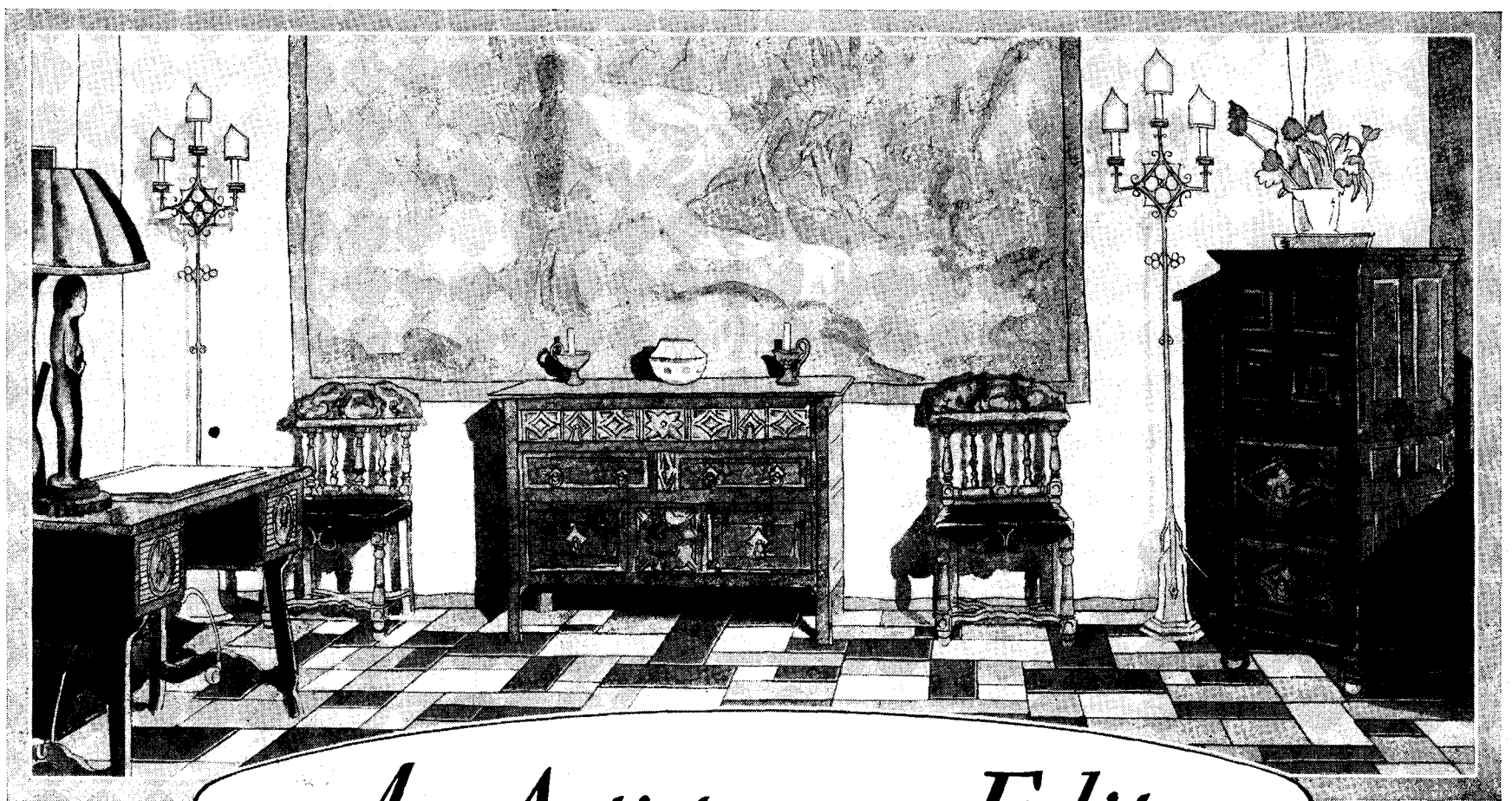

An Artist...an Editor

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"I cared nothing for my husband, but that only made him more—affectionate"

The Little Dog Laughed

The story of a girl who was faithful beyond all belief

By DANA BURNET

Illustrated by R. V. CULTER

IT WAS in the railroad station at Calais that Fielding John Jones met Katharine Parker on the day he married her—at that time she was driving an ambulance attached to one of the base hospitals there—and it was in the Hôtel d'Orléans that these two war-wise innocents spent their one-day honeymoon. He was not quite twenty-one, and she was a little less than not quite seventeen. But she had lied about her age to get to France in the first place, so that it was quite simple to repeat the gentle fib in her marriage deposition. She laughed as she added the necessary years to her age.

Johnny was an ensign on an American submarine chaser operating out of Calais. He came leaping ashore, that autumn afternoon, almost before the small gray motor boat had touched her dock. He was off to meet a girl and marry her, and the war could go hang for the day. . . . It was November 10, 1918.

Katharine Parker! Katharine Parker Jones. . . . He grinned joyously to himself as he hurried to the railroad station. When he saw her coming toward him, with that quick, eager walk of hers, with bright strands of hair escaping from under her pert khaki bonnet, her eyes—bluer than his—shining as they always did when she looked at him, he stopped and threw back his head and laughed aloud. "Kay! You're here!" he said as he grabbed her hands.

"Of course I am! Do you think I'd miss my own wedding?"

"You darling!"

"How about a minister to make it legal?"

"I've got an army chaplain lined up."

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The girl slipped her hand under his arm. "Mister Jones," she said, "let's be on our way. I love you."

"You better," said Mister Jones. "This wedding's going to take all my poker winnings for the last month."

Half an hour later they were on their way, in a decrepit French taxicab, to Bouget and the Hôtel d'Orléans. The proprietor, M. Blaise, was a stout little man with fierce mustache, a gift for omelettes, a buxom wife and a son who had lost a leg at the Marne. The son showed them to their room, clumping up the stairs before them on his wooden peg. Madame Blaise fetched them a mountainous red eiderdown quilt, and Monsieur arrived with an omelette.

They were very happy.

The next morning F. Johnny Jones went to the window, to close it, and saw a little dog sitting on its haunches across the narrow street, grinning up at him. Behind him his wife Katharine

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—Katharine Parker Jones—sat up in bed and exclaimed, "Where am I?"

"Somewhere in France," replied her husband, and added, "Come here and look at this foolish little dog."

"What dog?" said Katharine.

"I don't know," said Johnny. "I think he must be the one who laughed when the cow jumped over the moon."

"How silly!" remarked Katharine, and rose and came to him, trailing after her a great cloud of red comforter. . . Johnny pulled up a chair and sat down in it by the window and took his wife Katharine on his knees, red quilt and all.

"Baby," he said, "I have a queer feeling it's going to last."

"What is?"

"This," he said, and kissed her.

"You're a great blue-eyed idiot!" said Katharine. "Of course it's going to last."

"Then that's settled. Now suppose you and I get acquainted."

"Why?" she murmured, running her hand through his hair.

"I don't know," said Johnny. "It just occurred to me that we know practically nothing about each other. . . . And now that we're a couple of old married people I thought it might be nice to find out who we really are. . . . Where were you born, for instance?"

"In New York, on Sixty-first Street."

"East or West?"

"East, of course."

"Oh! Judging by the way you said that, I take it you must be old stock?"

"One of the oldest. New York, New Haven & Hartford, I think."

Both laughed heartily at this witticism.

"Then your people have money?" asked Johnny.

"Plenty!"

"Think of that!" said the young man, with a complacent grin. "I've gone and married me an heiress."

"Silly! Where were you born?"

"Waco, Texas."

"Not really!"

"Yes, really. When I was seventeen I punched cattle, but I always had a notion the cattle didn't like it. So I came East, and spent eight months at Harvard trying to learn how to write plays."

"DID you learn?" asked Katharine, with wifely interest.

"I did. But I haven't been able to prove it. The only play I've had produced lasted two weeks. I wonder," he went on after a pause, "what your people will say when you tell 'em you've married a bright young nobody named Jones."

"They'll raise hell," said his wife Katharine, promptly and sweetly. "They had it all fixed for me to marry Reggie Landseer."

"Who's he?"

"A boy I know."

"Nice boy?"

"Oh, yes, very. Reggie's really terribly attractive. He's still at Spartanburg, I think. . . . I once had a notion that I was crazy about him, but I know now I wasn't."

"Kay, you won't ever change your mind about me, will you?"

She slapped his cheek gently with her open hand.

"All right," said Johnny. "But you're sure you'll be able to stand up against your family—if they *do* raise hell, I mean?"

"Of course I will."

But for a moment—just for a moment—the two young people sat silent, curiously robbed of their high joyous mood, clinging to each other almost fearfully.

Then Johnny said, "Kay!" And she cried, "Oh, but I will, I will! It won't make any difference to me what they think or say or do! I love you, Johnny! I love you!"

F. Johnny Jones gathered her more closely into his arms. "People!" he said. "A family. . . . That's something I've never had to worry about."

"You will now," replied his wife Katharine, earnestly returning his hug. "Because as soon as this war's over I intend to acquire one."

"One what?"

"Family," said Kay.

And then she laughed, for no particular reason, and Johnny laughed, and they both looked out of the window and saw the little brown dog sitting on the sidewalk opposite them.

"Look!" exclaimed Johnny. "He's laughing too! I swear he's laughing, Kay. . . . Gosh, I never saw a dog with such a marvelous sense of humor."

"I hope he's laughing with us!" said Kay.

Downstairs, in the office of the hotel, the one-legged son of the house heard the young American married couple laughing, and a queer, sad smile passed over his thin lips. Madame, his mother, peering in at him from the kitchen, saw him make vaguely the sign of the cross in the air.

And at that moment the village church bell began to ring. The Armistice had been signed. The war was over.

IT WAS September, nine years later. In that time Fielding John Jones had written five plays, none of them any good, and four of them quite successful. The fifth was the worst of the lot. It made him a quarter of a million dollars, net. So F. Johnny got on a fast boat and went to Europe to forget what a rotten playwright he was. But in Paris an impassioned manager embraced him and begged to be allowed to produce his play in French. A translation already had been made, and a month later the play opened, to Johnny's great bewilderment. For he now had the somewhat devastating experience of discovering that he was not, in French, a rotten playwright at all. Paris thought him actually important.

"It's a great mistake," said Johnny to M. Dubroc, his translator. "And of course it's all your doing. Not that I don't enjoy it. Let's go around and see the show again tonight."

"A splendid idea!" said Dubroc with enthusiasm. He was an enthusiastic young man.

So Johnny went again that night to see his own show, and during the intermission his friend Dubroc pointed out to him a number of celebrities in the stalls. "The golden lady in the right-hand stage box," said the young Frenchman, "is Katharine Landseer, a countrywoman of yours and a famous beauty."

John Jones looked at the golden lady in the stage box.

"What," he asked slowly, "did you say her name was?"

"Landseer. Madame Landseer."

"Oh. . . . I see. She's married?"

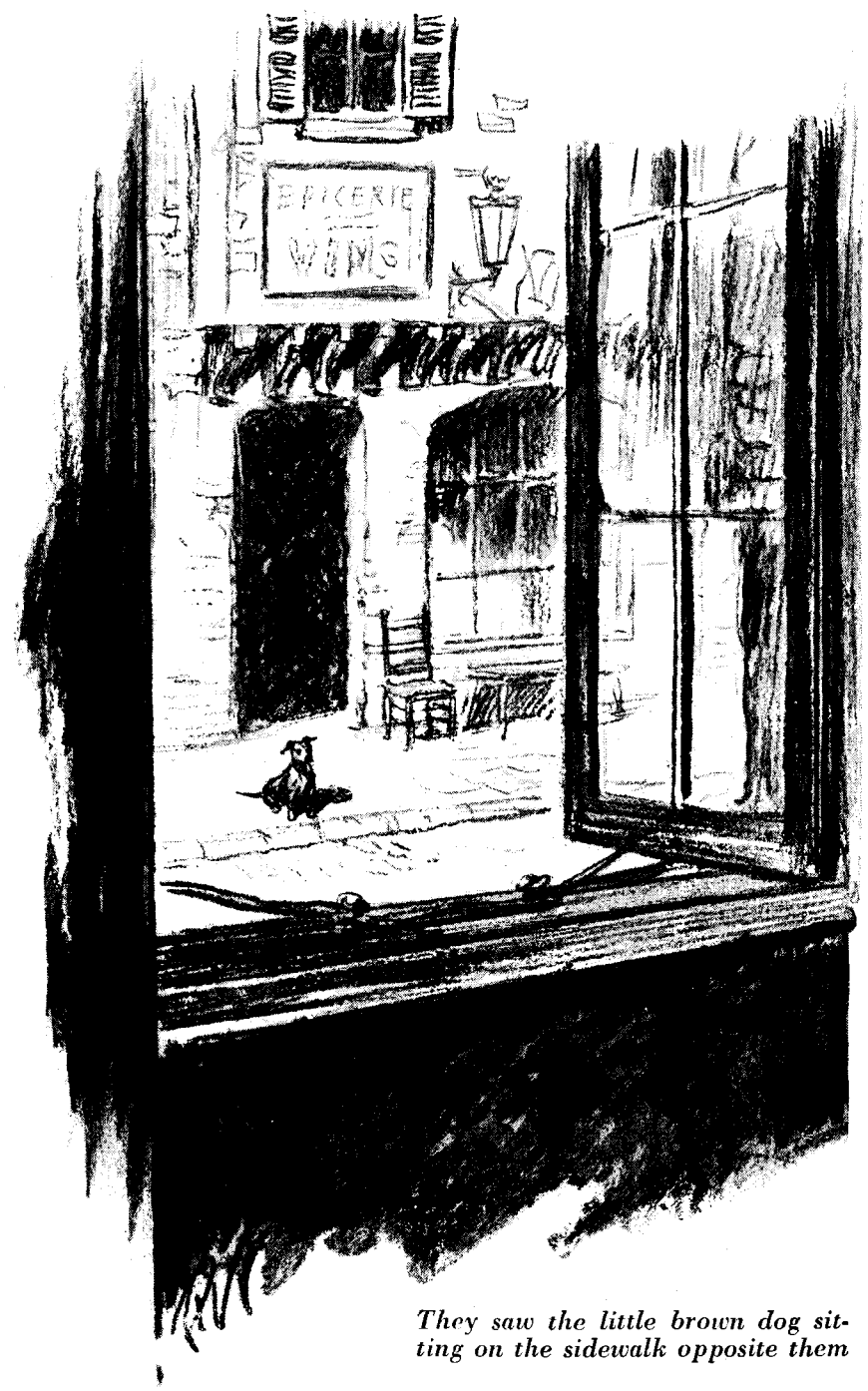
"Divorced. I think she's had two husbands, or perhaps it's three. . . . It's difficult to be exact about such details. . . . But, at any rate, she's a charming and fascinating woman. Half the men in Paris have been in love with her. . . . I myself at one time—" Dubroc sighed, and then continued, "She leads a brilliant life, but there is some mystery about her."

"Mystery?" said John.

"No," amended the Frenchman, "that is hardly the word. . . . She is elusive, as all really charming women are. . . . There is something about her that escapes one's most adroit analysis. . . . I have thought at times that she utterly lacks a soul. In a woman like that one rather expects, in spite of one's natural skepticism, to discover a soul. . . . And then too she has a habit of vanishing into the air—"

"What do you mean?" asked John.

"She disappears. No one knows where, but it is understood that she goes to meet her lover, who is said to be of royal blood. . . . One hears stories of an island in the Mediterranean, of a remote castle on the Danube, of a gloomy old château in Brittany. . . . Perhaps in the secret places her soul emerges. . . . Well! It's a pretty story, and no doubt true enough. I myself know, at least, that she has a lover, for I once bribed her maid—I admit it shamelessly, I was very much in love—to tell me so! Ah! 'tis time for the curtain. Do you know, mon ami, I think our third act is the best!"



They saw the little brown dog sitting on the sidewalk opposite them

"Dubroc," said John, "I believe you're right. But, somehow, I don't seem to want to sit through it again, after all. Will you excuse me if I leave you? I'm going home."

He rose, gathering up his hat, coat and stick. A sudden impulse made him glance toward the right-hand stage box. For an instant he stood motionless, looking directly into the eyes of the golden lady who was Katharine Landseer. Did she recognize him? He could not be sure. The house lights went down. . . . He walked quickly up the aisle and left the theatre.

THE next afternoon Dubroc called on him at his hotel.

"My dear John," said Dubroc, "you should not have left so early last night. During the third act Madame Landseer sent me a note requesting me to bring the famous dramatist, M. Jones, to call on her. She is at home this afternoon. . . . You are to put on your tall silk hat and come with me."

"Nonsense!" said John.

"You will meet Madame Landseer; she will compliment you on your talents; you will fall in love with her. . . . She will be kind to you. Then, just as you begin to dream of inexpressible favors, she will vanish. . . . When she reappears in Paris she will smile at you vaguely and say, 'I'm afraid I've forgotten whether you take cream or lemon in your tea.' Your heart will break, and you will become a better dramatist. All this will happen to you, and it is, as you say, nonsense. But it is unavoidable. Your hat, monsieur!"

John said calmly: "I'll go with you to prove that you're a romantic and an imaginative ass!"

"Monsieur," returned the lighthearted Dubroc, "that is a deadly insult. I will run you through the heart!" He made a lunge at John with his walking stick. "But no! On second thought, I will leave you to the subtler tortures of succumbing to Madame Landseer's charms."

"Dubroc," said John, with a grim smile, "you're all wrong. There's not a chance in the world that I'll fall in love with Mrs. Landseer. I already know her—at least, I used to. In fact, I was once married to her."

Dubroc was startled into an expression of genuine alarm. "My friend," he gasped, "are you quite well?"

"It's true," John assured him. "We

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"Look!" exclaimed Johnny. "I swear he's laughing, Kay. Gosh, I never saw a dog with such a marvelous sense of humor"

met in Calais during the last days of the war. She was attached to a hospital there. We were married on the day before the Armistice. But you're not to say anything about this. I'm sure Mrs. Landseer wouldn't want it known. I'm only telling you because—" Here John paused; why was he telling Dubroc?—"because I know that you, as a playwright, will appreciate the dramatic irony of the situation."

"Yes, yes! I'll be discreet. But tell me—"

"There's not much to tell. She and I were both kids. We fell in love with each other. We got married. But Katharine's family was wealthy and influential. And she was under age."

"Ah!" exclaimed Dubroc.

"After we'd been married about a month—we'd seen precious little of each other, at that!—she was suddenly ordered home. It was an official telegram, in a blue envelope. . . . She went. A few months later—I was still in France, waiting to be demobilized—I got a letter from a New York firm of lawyers informing me that the marriage—my marriage—had been annulled."

"BUT she—? Katharine! Surely you must have heard from her?"

"Yes, finally her letter came. It was incoherent, almost hysterical. It told me nothing except that her family had proved too strong for her. But that was enough. She was no longer my wife. She didn't want to be."

"How do you know that?"

"She returned my ring. And in her letter she asked me to forget her. How would you interpret such a request, Dubroc?"

"Mon ami! You're right. What a tragedy it must have been for you!"

"At the time, yes. Now it seems slightly absurd."

"What did you do then?"

"I went back to New York and wrote a play. . . . That winter I saw a picture of Katharine in the Sunday Times. It was taken on a beach in Florida. There was a man with her. I remember his name was Landseer. . . . Apparently she married him later."

"You never heard from her again?"

"The following spring I had another letter from her. I recognized the handwriting. But by that time I was on my feet again. You know how it is, Dubroc. A man changes. He grows up. He charges his mistakes to profit and loss and goes on with his life. I sent the letter back to her unopened."

"That," mused Dubroc, "took courage."

"Common sense, rather. I didn't want to start thinking about her again. The whole thing was dead and done with. I've not seen or heard of her since—till last night."

Dubroc nodded and looked at his friend with a contemplative air. "Why," he queried, "do you suppose she asked me to bring you to tea this afternoon?"

"Curiosity. The natural curiosity of a woman, Dubroc."

The Frenchman raised his eyebrows.

"Perhaps. And why, my dear John, are you going?"

John was standing before his dresser arranging his tie. His eyes met Dubroc's in the mirror.

"The curiosity of a dramatist," he said, and reached for his tall silk hat.

On the evening of the day following F. John Jones called alone on Mrs. Landseer at her apartment. She had asked him to come. "I would like to talk to you," she had said.

Her maid, a grouchy, middle-aged Frenchwoman, showed him into her drawing-room, now empty, austere, silent. It was a spacious room discreetly lighted. There was no suggestion of anything exotic. . . . A modest fire burned, with reserve, under the cold arch of a marble mantel. . . .

Katharine came in. She had been dining out, she said, with a crowd, but she had managed to get away. . . . She wore a white evening dress. She was as slender as she had been as a girl. . . . John decided that her ghostlike quality was an illusion produced by the pure gold of her hair, by the pallor of her face, startlingly relieved by her rather large, scarlet mouth. Her thinness produced the effect of a figure sculptured, chiseled down, to the last delicate fraction of practicability. . . .

"HOW do we begin?" she said, seating herself on a small sofa near the fireplace. John sat in a chair facing her.

"I don't know," he said. "It depends on how far back you want to go."

"I want to go back to where we left off."

"You mean yesterday?"

"I mean nine years ago."

"All right," he said stolidly.

"But first I'd like to ask you a question. John! Is there, anywhere in your mind, any trace of bitterness?"

"None whatever."

"You're quite sure?"

"Quite."

She gave him her roving, hovering glance, her brief smile.

"I'm glad of that. My reason for asking you to come here tonight was to do justice to the facts—to certain facts you've never known. I shouldn't like to think I was reminding you of an old hurt, even though that hurt was only to your pride."

He said simply, "More than my pride was hurt." And she said: "That's honest of you! Now I know how sure of yourself you must be. Well, I'm glad of that too. Because otherwise what I'm going to say might lead you to pity me—which would be intolerable—or to accuse yourself—"

He bent forward in his chair.

"Accuse myself? Of what?"

"You never read my second letter. You returned it to me unopened. That letter would have told you the truth—or what I believed at the time to be the truth."

"There was only one truth for me," said John. "That was contained in your first letter. You were through with me. That's all I cared to know."

"But there are reasons for everything!" It was she now who leaned forward, her white hands clasped loosely between her knees, looking into the fire. . . . Suddenly John remembered the line of her throat, the soft curve of it merging into the curve of her breast. . . . He caught himself gripping the arm of his chair. . . .

"Listen!" said Katharine. "This is how it was. . . . I could do nothing about the annulment. I was under age. They had me there. My family, I mean."

"I understand that," he said. "But you could have waited. We could have got married again later—if you had loved me—"

She cried softly, "I did love you! I did—for a long time afterward. But they cheated! They lied to me—"

"Your family?"

"Yes, they began at once. Don't ask me how they could have done such a thing! They did it. They as good as told me that my father had lost his fortune. He had lost some money, but I was given to (*Continued on page 46*)

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Inside the S-4

By

Edward Ellsberg demonstrates his under-water torch, a high-speed cutter, the flame being protected from the water by a bubble of air

When the ill-fated S-4 lay in the sea ooze off Provincetown last December all the world wondered what was going on inside her—what the trapped men were saying, doing, thinking. Here, for the first time, is the whole tragic scene reconstructed—a moving, authentic picture pieced together, from the evidence found in the raised boat, much as a master detective recreates a crime clue by clue. . . .

Illustrated by LOGAN U. REAVIS

SWINGING to port as she passed the white can buoy marking the end of the mile course off Provincetown the S-4 finished her submerged run.

Spray driven by a stiff wind dashed over the periscopes, making observations on the range buoys difficult.

Inside the control room, crowded with men at their diving stations, Lieutenant-Commander Jones gave the order to emerge. The stern diving plane moved to "Hard rise." The periscopes were dropped part way into the housing wells, the eye pieces just below the deck. The submarine took a sharp inclination, and started to rise by the bow. At the manifolds, the men stood by to blow ballast tanks as soon as the ship broke surface.

The top of the bridge burst through the waves, the clearing lines and antenæ came into view from the bridge almost to the bow. In a few seconds the conning tower hatch would emerge; the quartermaster stood by to open it and the S-4 would be up. In the engine room, the machinists' mates gripped the clutches, ready to shift from the electric motors to the Diesel engines.

Lieutenant-Commander Calloway and Chief Draftsman Ford, from the Navy Department checked the speed made on the last run from the readings on the special revolution counters they had installed in the control room. Through the open doors they could see their temporary electric wires running back into the engine room, and from aft through another door into the motor room to the shafts.

The S-4 had been submerged for several hours and the air was thick; the men waited a little eagerly for the opening of the hatch and the breath of fresh air that was to follow.

CRASH!

A terrific blow slammed the S-4 drunkenly to port, knocked down the rising bow, and heeled the submarine sharply over. The shock tripped out the circuit breakers on the switchboard. In the darkness the blue-jackets found themselves thrown in a tangled heap to the port bilges. The vessel rocked irregularly as a destroyer rode over her deck.

The forward periscope suddenly rose out of its well as if plucked by a giant hand outside, and then as quickly dropped back, jamming itself in a maze of tangled hoisting wires.

Bow down, stern in air, the S-4 lay over to port and under the horrified gaze of the men on the Paulding's bridge disappeared from sight.

Inside the crowded control room over twenty men struggled in the darkness to disentangle themselves.

Nine Feet Deep in Mud

ON THE blowing manifold just abaft the little wardroom a seaman struggled to his feet. Instinct and submarine habit told him what to do. Blow tanks and lighten the boat.

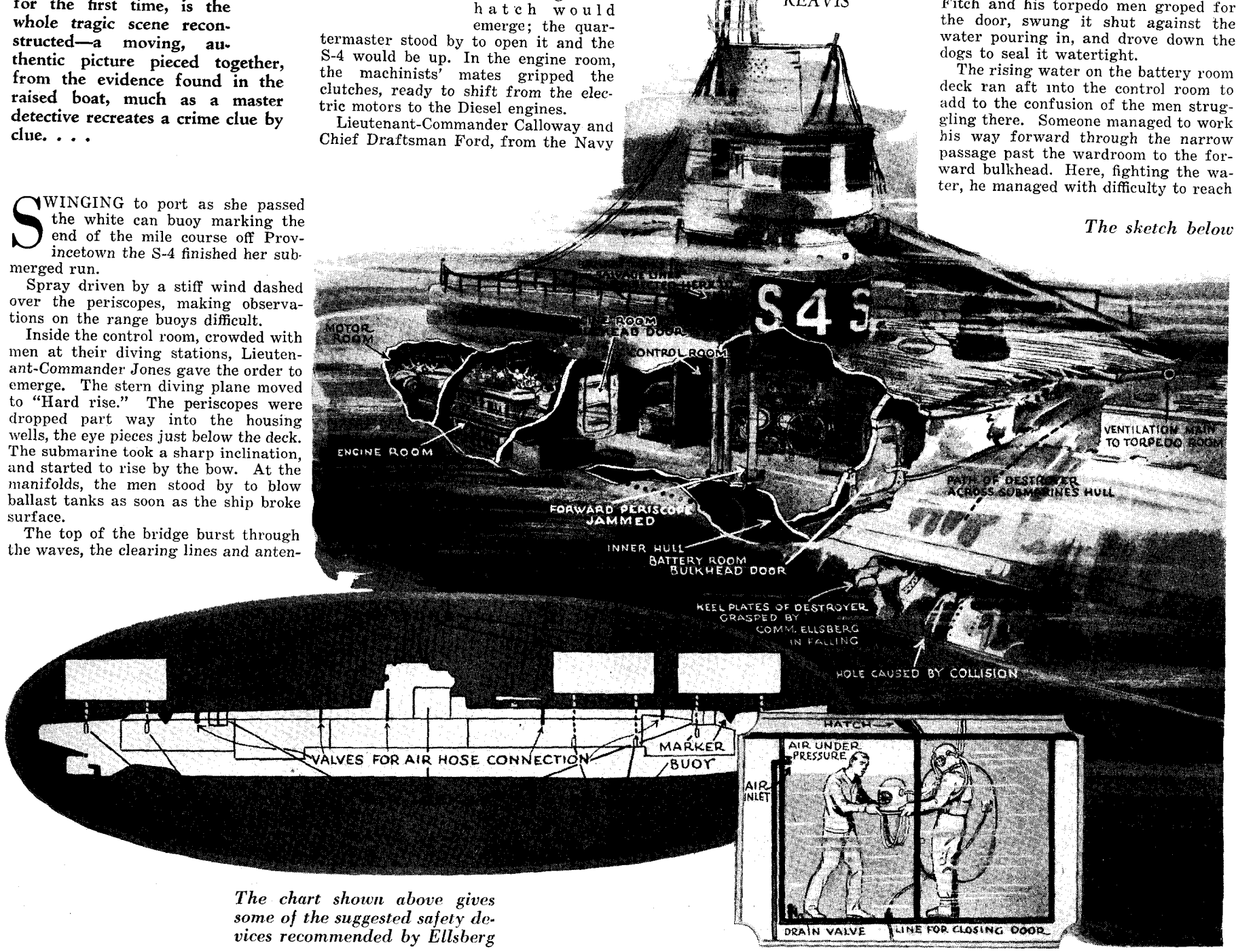
But unfortunately he did not know the forward ballast tank was ripped wide open and the precious air, escaping through the gap, blew no water out of any of the tanks.

Through a hole in the starboard side of the battery room the sea was rushing under high pressure, flooding the deck over the batteries, and spreading fore and aft. In a few seconds the S-4 dropped a hundred feet to the bottom and imbedded herself nine feet in soft mud.

A torrent started to cascade into the torpedo room at the bow; Lieutenant Fitch and his torpedo men groped for the door, swung it shut against the water pouring in, and drove down the dogs to seal it watertight.

The rising water on the battery room deck ran aft into the control room to add to the confusion of the men struggling there. Someone managed to work his way forward through the narrow passage past the wardroom to the forward bulkhead. Here, fighting the water, he managed with difficulty to reach

The sketch below



The chart shown above gives some of the suggested safety devices recommended by Ellsberg

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Lieutenant-Commander EDWARD ELLSBERG, U.S.N., *Retired*

EDWARD ELLSBERG, Annapolis, 1914, holds an M. S. degree from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for raising the S-51. The official Court of Inquiry on the S-4 disaster characterized him as "the foremost expert in the United States and probably in the world on deep-sea rescue work."

and release the latch holding the door open, and the stream of water helped swing it closed. Feeling in the darkness, he started to turn down the dogs.

Meanwhile the rising flood in the battery room compressed the air in it to a fraction of its original volume. The ventilation main overhead in the room, unable to stand this external pressure, flattened out under the strain, tearing away from its connection to the valve in the bulkhead between battery and control rooms. A blast of air rushed through the open valve into the main on the control room side, and here the main, not strong enough to resist this internal pressure, burst wide open just over the switchboard.

In a few seconds the water in the battery room rose above the door and started to pour through the broken vent main into the control room and down over the switchboard.

A Last Effort Fails

AT THE frantic call of his shipmates, the man at the battery room door stopped setting up the dogs, and groped over his head in the narrow passage for the lever to swing closed the ventilation valve. Reaching in between the valve and the wardroom bulkhead, he was barely able to get his fingers around the handle, so confined was the space. He pulled—the lever moved only part way home. The deadly cataract over the switchboard continued. He heaved his utmost but the valve would not close.

On the battery room side, a green baize curtain had hung over the door to Commander Jones' stateroom. The swift stream pouring through the valve had washed the lower part of this curtain through the gap where the smashed ventilation pipe had let go, and on into the valve body. Here it jammed to keep the valve from closing.

The water rose rapidly over the feet of the struggling men in the control room. In desperation, the man at the valve made a last effort. It failed.

No more time could be lost. The water was starting to pour aft into the engine room. Commander Jones ordered the control room evacuated.

With the control room gone all hope went of the crew doing anything to raise their own boat or to effect their own escape. But even had they retained it, the control room had ceased to have its full value to them. Already three quarters of the compressed air in their tanks had been blown away in an endeavor to blow the ballast tanks; they had lost the use of all their pumps since, with the storage batteries flooded out, they had no source of power to drive the electric motors. The possibility of escaping one by one through the conning tower airlock was the only remaining feature of much value.

In a few brief moments the S-4 was transformed to a waterlogged wreck half buried in black mud. Six men at one end of her grimly striving to seal up the torpedo room; thirty-four men at the other end fighting a desperate battle to make the engine room door hold tight against the rising flood in the control room. The dogs on that door were already driven home against the stops. Unfortunately the wedges were not thick enough; the pressure forced the door to spring and a sheet of water rushed through.

An engineer groped his way to the door with a maul and sledged the dogs down harder, trying to stop the leak. Instead, one after another the wedges sheared off the door, which now sprung further ajar and leaked worse than ever.

With quick death staring them in the face, the men searched frantically for some makeshift to jam the dogs tight. A few screwdrivers were found. Hastily these were driven in between the dogs and the door; the sheet of water spraying in was reduced to a slow leak.

Silence Tells the Story

COMMANDER Jones and his thirty-three companions could now pause and survey their situation. It required no great insight to deduce that they had not long to live.

The chill was already starting to make itself felt. The water outside was very cold—only a few degrees above the freezing point. The men aft had no heavy clothes, no blankets, no bunks, no space to sit or lie down except the cold, wet, steel gratings between the silent engines. The air was poor, laden with oil, tainted with gases given off by the batteries during the submerged runs and after that probably with the chlorine formed when the storage batteries flooded.

In the motor room, just aft of the engine room, a seaman grasped a wrench and started to hammer violently against the steel hull. Only chips of paint flying from the plates answered. The air grew worse from the labored breathing of the many men inside. A sailor feeling overhead located the steel oxygen flask in the motor room, removed the caps, and opened the valve a little, blowing some oxygen into the room. It made little difference since they were unable to get rid of the growing volume of carbon dioxide exhaled from their lungs. Some soda lime would have cleared it up. No doubt Jones thought of his recent request for soda lime, and the answers from the Navy Department: "Soda lime will be furnished as part of the program for the fiscal year 1929."

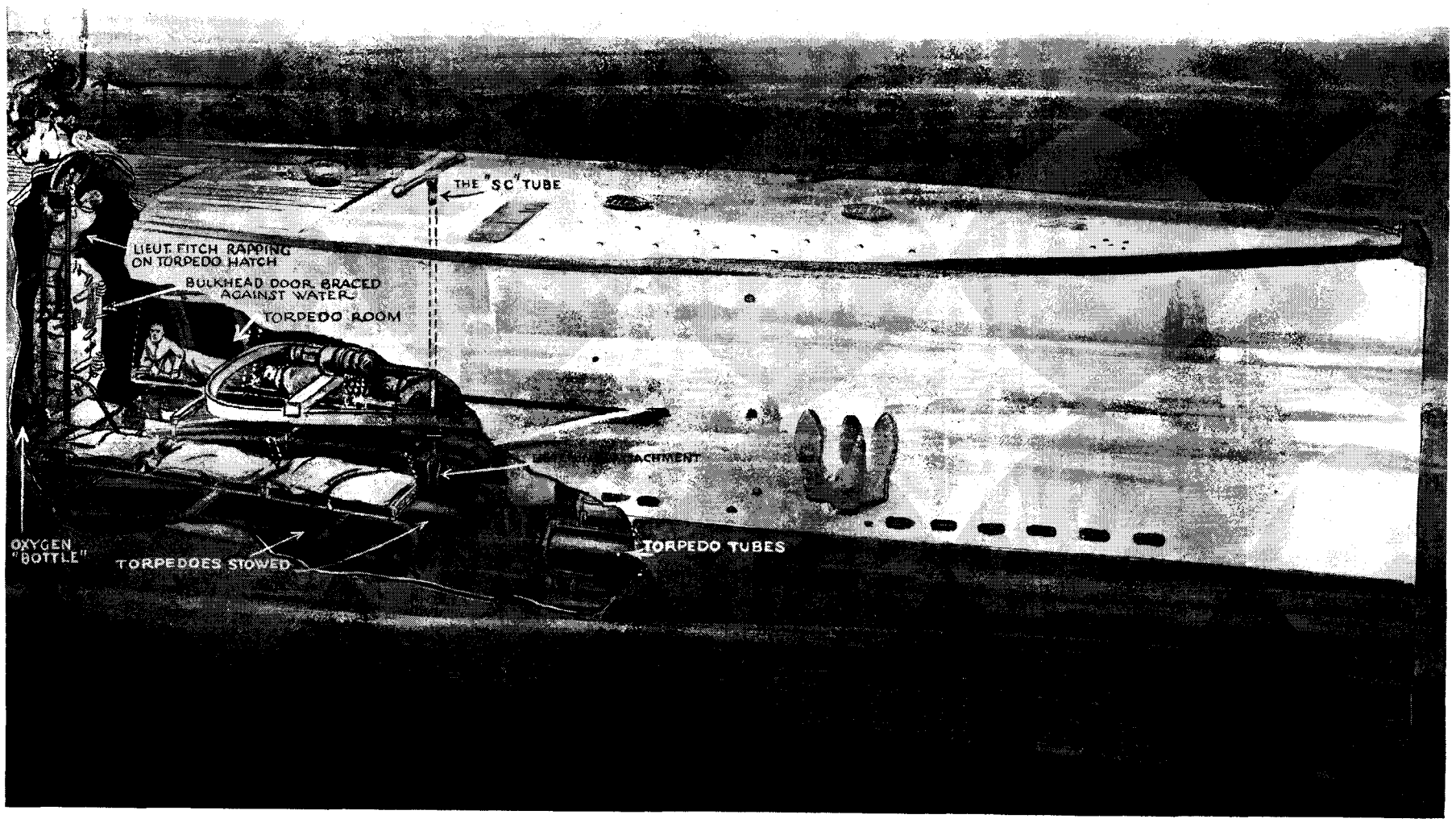
The cold grew more intense, the air more deadly. Occasionally the man at the oxygen bottle released a little more oxygen from the flask in the motor room. The oxygen bottle in the engine room was never opened.

Breathing became more difficult; in a few hours the half-frozen men gradually passed into a stupor and as the water rose slowly in bilges from the leaks in the bulkhead they passed from unconsciousness into death.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Fitch and the five men locked with him forward in the torpedo room noted the cessation of the rapping aft. That silence told its own story.

Their own situation was desperate but not hopeless. There were only six of them in the compartment. They had only one oxygen flask, but best of all there were six (*Continued on page 48*)

shows the engine room in the S-4 in which forty men were trapped and the torpedo room in which Lieut. Fitch and his men were trapped



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June Week

By STUART HYDE HAWKINS

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

Two men were talking in the conservatory. Virginia stopped in her tracks. Was that the way men talked?

RUMBLE and thump, away and jiggle; the shrill chatter of the twenty-odd girls ("Some of them are very odd," said Virginia to Virginia); the ceaseless clickety-click of the wheels; and Maryland, flat green Maryland, rushing past the car window, drab and unchanging in its flatness and greenness. It was all so regular, so identically the countless other trips. Virginia stirred restlessly.

The same old W. W. & A. trolley that careened noisily past dinky little station sheds, the same crowd of giggling girls, and, when the trolley would finally reach Annapolis, the same group of midshipmen ("You couldn't tell one from another at ten feet," muttered Virginia to Virginia) to bow and smirk and take up the bags and hustle the girls down the cobbly streets. And there you were in it again: the tea dance without tea at the gymnasium; the waiting for the midshipmen to come out from evening formation; the strained conversation in the white, cold Carvel Hall dining-room; the hurried walk over the impossible pavements to the yard, and the evening of dancing to the loud military band that simply would play sentimental waltzes with whacking bass-drum motifs; and then the good-night kiss for John. That was the major rub, that good-night kiss for John Stanton Bosworth.

VIRGINIA MEADE gazed at the fat ring that glistened on the third finger of her left hand. A miniature, they called it; a replica of the great gold class rings, massive and heavily carved, that are the pride of midshipmen, first class. A large diamond gleamed up at her, white and lusterless in the heavy gold setting. Close to the stone, encircling and holding it, were the letters that spelled "United States Naval Academy," and on the inside, next her slender finger, was the delicate engraving that she could read without seeing: "V. M. from J. S. B., U. S. N."

As she regarded the ring it and her hand faded away, and she saw herself, all white satin and lace, standing beside a lean blue uniform, while a strange devil in clerical garb spoke glib formulæ over them. The lean uniform turned and reached out for her, and where it should have a face it had a thin, cold grin.

"Oh!" shivered Virginia.

THE plump figure beside her ceased snoring and pawed at her in solicitous alarm. "What is it, my dear?"

"Nothing, Auntie." Virginia drew away from the fat white hand that sought to pat her. "I'm just jumpy today, I guess."

"Now, my dear"—Auntie's voice was like herself, querulous but dominant—"I do hope you're going to feel all right this week. Why, this is the last time you'll come down here as Miss Meade, my dear! The last time you'll ever need your old auntie as a chaperon! My, my, my! I can't get used to the idea, Virginia, I simply can't. My little niece married—and to dear John."

The plump figure seemed to shed a maidenly tear.

"Don't weep about it, Auntie," snapped Virginia.

Auntie chose to disregard the tone.

"Your poor dear mother would be so happy if she could know, Virginia. I've tried to bring you up as she would have, and I'm so glad that I've been able to succeed."

Virginia turned to the window and watched some more of Maryland flit by. There was no sense in talking to Auntie, no sense at all. She had tried to, two years ago, when Auntie had first introduced her to John Stanton Bosworth, and she had tried to at intervals ever since. It just couldn't be done. And probably Auntie was right about it all, and she would be very happy with him. Only—well, there wasn't any thrill in him.

And then the electric cars whined to a stop, and they were in Annapolis. There was bustle, and Auntie's gloves to be retrieved from under the seat, and then they were on the platform, with John Stanton Bosworth striding through the push toward them. Tall and slim and immaculate, he saluted and kissed them both, and said nice things in an even voice. On his sleeves five thin gold stripes and a star made him the subject of curious glances from the other girls, but his eyes were all for Virginia. And suddenly she felt that he was her John, and a quick warmth for his tallness, his slimness and his nice, even voice made her slide her hand in his arm for a quick little squeeze.

They walked slowly down the elm-shaded street to the house where Virginia and Auntie had stayed for so many week-ends, and John spoke of the plans for the week ahead. The Army-Navy baseball game this afternoon, he said, a sailing party Sunday and all sorts of drills and things for Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday. And the class german Wednesday night, and the graduation exercises Thursday morning, and: "If you'd like, we needn't stay for the June ball that night, dear. We can go right on up to Washington and rest up a bit for the wedding Saturday. I'm sorry I couldn't find quarters for Hettrick, but the town's absolutely jammed this year. You're going to have him bring the car down Thursday, aren't you—so we can drive back?"

"Yes," said Virginia. "Or no. I don't know. Let's not think about Washington or the wedding yet—let's just think of June Week and the hops and drills and things and us here for the last time, John."

"All right." John looked puzzled but obliging. "Only I like to think about our wedding."

THEY lunched at Carvel Hall, where the dishes clattered softly and the lounge was filled with gay girls and brass-and-blue midshipmen. And when Auntie had patted them fondly and taken herself off for a nap, they walked down the green arch of elms that is Maryland Avenue, through the main gate of the academy yard and past the gray stone academic buildings to Worden Field—which is the parade ground, and, in one corner, the baseball field.

The baseball game, like all Army-Navy games, was a mad, screaming thing, hard-played and furious, drawing wild cheers and shrieks from the bleachers, and Virginia howled and squealed with the rest of them. The world and Washington and weddings were far-away things; reality existed only on the field before her where hot boys leaped and ran and threw.

The Navy first baseman was her particular joy during the game, a dark-haired man, clean and swift in his movements, who grinned and talked nervous jargon without ceasing. In the tense moments when even the stands were hushed his voice carried on its running stream of, "Attaboy—come on; now, fella—there he goes," and he covered his territory like a gray-knickered flash.

"Who is he?" she asked John.

"Pete Armstrong, first class—good man," he said, and could say no more because a yell was needed.

Pete. Pete Armstrong. Virginia had never known a Pete, had always felt that Petes were just a little crude, or something. Plumbers were called Pete—plumbers and garage men. And she chuckled at a sudden vision of Auntie's face if she were to walk into the great drawing-room on Dupont Circle and say, "Auntie, I'd like to introduce Pete Armstrong."

THERE was a silence then, save for that quick patter of "attaboy—here we go—here we go" from Pete; a long silence, while the Navy pitcher took a deliberate wind-up, and then the flash of the swift throw. The crack of the bat sounded clearly, but not quite cleanly, and Virginia saw Pete whirl and race straight at her, his head turned sidewise to the sky. Hubbub around her—a sudden staccato "Duck, Virginia!" from John—and people shrinking away from her, even John shrinking away from her. "Sit tight!" yelled Pete, and then he was almost on top of her, leaning over the huddled people in the row ahead, a great glove reaching for her hair—and something struck in the glove and stayed there. He had done something, she knew, for the stands were a quick roar of noise. But she saw only his eyes, gray eyes that laughed now where they had been brightly grim a moment before. And then she heard her own voice saying, "Great work, Pete dear!" For just a moment he stared at her, and as the laughter died in those gray eyes a warm glow of wonderment and homage was born.

"Gee!" he said.

Then he turned and trotted back to the field, while the crowd followed three dancing cheer leaders through a vast noise that ended "Armstrong—Armstrong — Armstrong!" From John's quick babble at her side she gathered that Pete had made an impossible catch of a foul ball, that the inning was over, and that an Army scoring threat had been averted. But, though she cheered and yelled dutifully thereafter, she saw nothing of the rest of the game; she saw two laughing gray eyes that turned grave and bright, and her ears were filled with a single "Gee!" When it was over John crowed gleefully that the Navy had won and piloted her to the tea dance, where midshipmen whom she knew cut in on her, talked and laughed with her, and thought her charming as ever, but slightly absent-minded.

As they walked home to the double room where Auntie would still be asleep, Virginia interrupted John's smooth flow of compliments and plans:

"Why haven't I ever seen this Pete Armstrong before?"

"Pete?" John was a bit taken aback. "Oh, Pete doesn't come to the hops much, I guess. And he's over in the Second Battalion, and I'm in the Fourth, so we don't see much of each other anyhow."

"Oh," said Virginia.

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Virginia, who was looking for a thrill, found it just in time

Cold tubs do one of two things to one. Either they lift one from the slow laziness of ennui to a swift-pulsed eagerness for living or they yank one down from the misty-mindedness of day-dreaming to a clear-etched realization of facts and futures. Virginia's cold tub that afternoon did the latter, so that she dressed slowly and was singularly unresponsive when Auntie heckled her during the tedious process of hooking her up. Even Auntie noticed it and ceased tugging at her corset long enough to ask what her niece was thinking of.

"I'm thinking," said Virginia, "that when I go downstairs John will tell me that I am very adorable in this dress, and suggest that we start for dinner right away because the dining-room will be crowded."

Auntie snorted. "And well he might, too. You are adorable, and the dining-room will be crowded."

But even Auntie looked sharply at Virginia when, as they reached the foot of the stairs, John came forward in the brass barrage that is the midshipmen's dress uniform, took Virginia's hand in both of his, and murmured: "My dear, you are more entrancing than ever tonight. We missed you at the game, Auntie. Shall we start for Carvel now? There's sure to be a crowd there, and I reserved our table for 6:30."

Virginia only smiled a one-sided little smile and said, "Thank you," and, "Of course."

By Tuesday morning that one-sided little smile had become an almost permanent fixture on Virginia's fair countenance, and Auntie was given to long minutes of silence when they two were together. Tuesday was to be a very full day, with a sham battle between the second and Fourth Battalions on Worden Field in the morning, a reception for the midshipman officers and their ladies at the superintendent's house in the afternoon and a First-Class hop at the armory in the evening. Upon John's urgent request Virginia went in to the sham battle, though Auntie remained in bed "where," she said, "I can shriek whenever a gun goes off, and get a little beauty sleep besides." So Virginia went into the yard alone and found a vantage point by a tree on Rodgers Road, where she could watch the military maneuvers without hearing the comments of proud parents and adoring fiancées in the grand stand.

IT WAS really a splendid sham battle, with a vast amount of blank-cartridge rifle fire and much booming from the three-inch field pieces of the artillery forces. John, as midshipman regimental commander, was merely an observer, but he was an official observer and so needs must take up a position in the rear of the defending "army," where he could make tallies of losses and gains. The Second Battalion constituted the attacking force, starting from a position across College Creek and attempting to capture all of Worden Field. There was but one bridge across the creek, a bridge which was situated about five hundred yards from Virginia's position. By the time the battle was well under way Virginia was delighted to find herself more or less in the thick of it, with detachments of defense troops rushing past her before intrenching themselves.

Expert but hypothetical artillery fire kept the defenders from holding the near end of the bridge, and after a few minutes the attacking forces lifted the barrage and sent two companies of infantry across.

The front line of the defense fell back some fifty yards, and attacking troops dug themselves in (by which is meant that they lay flat upon their stomachs and shot off numerous rounds of blanks) on the extreme edge of Worden Field and awaited reënforcements.

Suddenly, from behind the officers' houses that stand between Rodgers Road and College Creek, came two companies of attacking infantry, sweeping across the street—and all around Virginia—in a neatly executed surprise flank attack on the defense first line. Virginia put her hands to her ears and shrank back against the tree while yelling midshipmen charged joyously past her. The first wave went by, and as the second came up she saw its commander, waving his sword and shouting encouragement to his brave men, stop in mid-stride and stare at her. His eyes were gray and laughing.

Virginia's hands fell away from her ears.

"It's Pete," she said, quite out loud.

The company commander dropped his sword, staggered toward her, and fell at her feet.

"First platoon commander, take charge!" he yelled. "I'm shot."

A figure raced out to the front of the advancing line, brandishing his sword wildly.

"Oh, come on, men!" it yelled. "Armstrong has given his life like a man—let's avenge him like men!"

And then they were past, pushing the surprised and overwhelmed first line of defense back across the long parade ground.

"Hello!" said the fallen commander. "I hope I didn't scare you the other day when I picked that ball out of your hair."

Virginia stared down at him. "How can you drop out like this?" she demanded.

He grinned. "Casualty of war—brave company commander gives his all for the cause—and so forth. Besides, who wouldn't fall out—with you here?"

"Well!" Virginia's mouth refused to form any more words.

"Sit down, won't you?" suggested the dead hero. "The stretcher bearers won't be up for a long time yet, and I'm sure you'd be an excellent volunteer nurse. You should have a red cross about you, I suppose, but we'll overlook that omission."

VIRGINIA sat down. "How did you get here?" she asked for lack of something better to say. "I thought the umpires decided the bridge was destroyed."

"They did, and it is." Pete nodded cheerful agreement. "So I ferried my men over in rowboats, under cover of the officers' houses. Very convenient, those houses. Even when they're destroyed, the defense can't see through them."

"A very strategic move, I should say," murmured Virginia. "Is your name Pete?"

"That's what they call me. My complete name is (*Continued on page 44*)

She saw only his eyes. Then she heard her own voice saying, "Great work, Pete dear!"

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The Thunder God

By PETER B. KYNE

The Story Thus Far:

JULIAN GRANNIS, electrical engineer, loves Gloria Justin, but during the war marries Mercedes Lindberg, Y. M. C. A. entertainer, who is not good enough for him.

His Uncle Jarlath leaves him $600,000 which he decides to use on some electrical experimentation—man-made thunder and lightning. He and a great friend, Ben Whitton, go into partnership, telling Mercedes nothing about the inheritance because of her extreme extravagance, though Julian arranges a trust fund for her.

Julie and Ben are in an automobile collision with Jake Brander. Mercy, without Julie's knowledge, is playing around with Brander and is at the time with him. She escapes Julie's notice but not Ben's.

Julie, still in love with Mercedes, is just beginning to realize what she is really like. Among other things he finds that she is in debt and has lied to him about money.

Julie and Ben are to start off to Oregon to make a survey. Julie starts off just after he discovers her deceit.

She looked across at him with sad resignation. "Oh, Jacob, I don't know. I think a very great deal of you—too much, I often fear"

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

AFTER parting with his wife Julian Grannis drove to the ferry depot in a taxi with his heavy luggage and checked it on his railroad ticket. His heart was very heavy. What, he asked himself, had induced Mercedes to display such a woeful lack of confidence in him, in his depth of understanding and sympathy? Only in the matter of money which he did not have had he ever been ungenerous with her.

Idealist that he was, he believed that married happiness is predicated on perfect trust and perfect confidence, mutually expressed; hence he had never questioned his wife's goings or comings, he had never sought to invade her privacy.

She wasn't playing the game, she wasn't coöperating. Manlike and because he loved her (because she was so beautiful physically he needs must endow her with spiritual beauty, being an extremist in all things) it was a terrific shock to him now to discover that he could no longer trust her. He had always found it rather dreadful to lose faith in people, particularly people he loved, respected or admired. Because he was honorable in all things, tolerant and sympathetic, it was instinct with him to arrogate to others these virtues possessed by himself; when he discovered he had done this without any solid basis for his action, his sense of balance was shocked, his natural egotism was hurt. It imbued him with a consciousness of error, of failure, and he could not, with patience, contemplate error or failure. Had Mercedes been unfaithful to him, he could have understood that—forgiven it, doubtless—and sought a reason to blame himself for at least a part of the temptation. But when she lied to him he knew he could blame no one but herself.

Suddenly, as he rode back from the ferry to the office, it occurred to him that again he had permitted his pity for her, his tolerance, his chivalry, his subconscious desire to push unpleasant things away from him, rather than to grapple with them, to lead him into error. The moment he had caught her in the lie he had shrunk from the realization of her weakness, had subconsciously retreated from the prospect of developing his lead further.

This, he decided, was unfair to them both. He had never known his wife to misrepresent anything to him heretofore and, the first flush of his anger and chagrin passing, he yearned to discover additional evidence that would enable him to palliate her offense, afford him grounds for a kindlier understanding of her fault.

He returned to his hotel. He still had two hours to spare before train time. He found Mercedes in her room, lying on the bed, weeping.

"Got to settle this thing fully before I go, Mercy," he said, and touched her head gently. "Buck up now, and let's discuss it calmly and dispassionately. It's occurred to me that I may have judged you too harshly, too hurriedly, and I don't want to feel that way about it any more than you do. Nevertheless I've got to know your exact financial condition."

"Don't, Julie, please don't," she sobbed. "I can't talk about it. It's too horrible—and I'm so ashamed."

"A broken and a contrite heart is a necessary preliminary to reformation," he replied kindly. "I wouldn't be surprised if I could find it in my heart to forgive the first slip. I've never known you to fib to me before, so I realize there must be some very vital reason for your action now. Trust me, Mercy. I'm a fairly understanding sort of idiot. I can't go away leaving you a prey to despair. I've got a hard, technical task to do, and I require a clear, untroubled brain in order to grapple with it successfully. I shall be distressed until I know there is no possibility of a suit being brought against me. Will you permit me to look at your check book in order that I may satisfy myself, from the record on the stubs, just what bills you have paid?"

She shuddered. "You will have to trust me, Julie," she quavered.

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"Tell me you'll marry me if and when you can," he begged. "I can't live without you, Mercedes"

He was instantly angry. "My request is a fair one. I have a right to know. My honor is involved in this matter, Mercedes. Produce your check book."

"I—I can't. I've lost it," she quavered.

"When did you send out those checks? The day after I gave you the first thousand dollars?"

She nodded her head but did not look up.

"Well, that's easy. If you did that your checks have all come back through the clearing house and have been paid. They're at your bank now. Give me a written order on your bank for your dead checks and a statement of your account to date. If your checks are numbered, as they should be, the loss of your check book means nothing."

"I'll not have my private affairs pried into!" she protested.

"But they are my private affairs too," he reminded her.

"You must accept my assurance that I do not owe a dollar in the world, Julie."

"I'm sorry but your testimony is susceptible to doubt. I do not wish to harbor doubts in this matter, and until you accede to my request I must continue to harbor them."

"I can't help that. I'll not be spied upon."

HE COULD have groaned at her stupidity, at the futility of his attempts to reach her.

"You kept a secret from me and now I'll do the same," she sobbed. "I'll not be treated as if I were your slave."

For a mad moment he yearned to turn her over his knee and warm her with the flat of his hand. Plainly, what the woman needed was an old-fashioned roughing. He had spoiled her with kindness; each successive yielding to her had weakened his influence over her. She was a problem.

Suddenly he knew her as he had never known her before: knew what was at the bottom of her unhappiness and his. She was selfish—the most monumentally selfish woman God had ever created.

NOW, when such knowledge as this comes to an unselfish man, the result is apt to be devastating. In that illuminating moment hope died in the heart of Julian Grannis. . . . Well, he had promised to love and cherish her, to cleave unto her and be faithful until death did them part, and he meant to keep that promise. He had the keen sense of his kind, of his sex generally, of the sacredness of a contractual relation.

For him married life hereafter would be fraught with some of the same sense of helplessness and hopelessness that confront a bankrupt who realizes that, although the law provides a pauper's oath to free him of legal responsibility for his debts, nevertheless the debts remain, a burden on his conscience—a burden that will never be lifted until, little by little, through a grim processional of the years, he pays voluntarily one hundred cents on the dollar and rehabilitates his self-respect.

He stood alone in a stricken field. He felt again the old sense of hopelessness, of desolation and helplessness he had once felt, when, leading his company to the assault across a field, he kept looking back and watching the men go down, watching the white, tense faces of those who survived, their gaze fixed on him, waiting for him to go down, knowing that when he did they still must carry on. Yes, he had to carry on, to make the best of a sorry business, to be true to his contract.

He looked down at her, his lips quivering. How helpless she was, how arrogant in her helplessness! She was unfitted to battle with the world, she was unfitted to be a good wife, and, married or single, she could never quite grasp the brimming cup of happiness. It would always be just a little beyond her reach, for it is ever thus with selfish people. God, he reflected, sends little pestilences upon them. . . .

No, he must go on. He must argue with her in happier moments, little by little drive into her stubborn and not very generous soul a knowledge of her duty as a wife and, if not as a wife, then as a friend. He was sure she loved him, but he was equally sure that such love as hers was not acceptable to him. She had short-changed him. Yes, that was it, short-changed him, and he doubted if she was even aware of the fact. Selfishness dwarfs one's understanding. . . .

"Well, good-by, my dear," he said presently. "I could stand up under your offenses singly, but when they mob me I have to surrender. I'll never trust you again, never wholly believe you. I've been trained to face facts—and you know what a reverence I have for the truth."

His glance rested on her hand bag on the bureau. He stepped swiftly over, opened it and poured out its contents. There were the ten hundred-dollar bills he had given her that morning. But there was more money than that. He counted it. Six hundred and eighty dollars.

He glanced toward Mercy. Her face was still buried in the pillow, and she had not observed his action. So he slipped the thousand dollars back in his pocket and sat down on the bed beside her.

"You paid $250 for that new evening dress, didn't you?" he queried. She nodded.

"And you bought two pairs of shoes and two hats and probably a few other little doodads, didn't you, my dear?"

"Yes, Julie."

"And you spent some money for lunches, theatre tickets, a couple of marcels and manicures and gas and oil for your car. Hum-m! Well, that would account for the deficit. Mercy, you have lied to me again. You did not deposit that first $1,000 I gave you. You never had a check book and you never sent out a single check. Well, while I'm gone move into a single room. You do not require the thousand dollars I gave you a little while ago, so I have taken it back. Your hotel bill will be sent to my office and my secretary will pay it. The hotel cashier will be instructed not to advance you any cash and you will live a quiet, economical existence until my return, when I will put you on a budget."

She bounced up at this. "Why, I never heard of anything so humiliating—" she began, but she was talking to a retreating husband now.

At the hotel desk he left instructions to move Mrs. Grannis into a single room, but a large and sunny one, with bath. To the cashier he gave instructions to refrain from advancing Mrs. Grannis any cash and to send her bill each week to his office for payment. Then the clerk handed him a letter that was in his box and on his way down to the office he read it. It was from Mrs. Jacob Brander, and written from New York.

Dear Mr. Grannis:

I think you are too fine a man not to be worth a warning from me. After our conversation that day I went back to the hotel, fully intending to be nice to Jake and never let him know what I knew. But he lied to me and I lost my temper, and the result is we quarreled, and I am now on my way to Paris to get a divorce. Jake has made an acceptable settlement on condition that I shall not bring your wife's name into a divorce action. Of course I would never have done this anyhow, because after meeting you I realized you were too fine a gentleman to be made to suffer for her foolishness. I know you trust her, and I honor you for it, but, just the same, take a tip from me and keep an eye on Jake Brander. He's on the loose now, and while he's terribly afraid of you, he always was one to take a chance. Sincerely,

JANE BRANDER.

ARRIVED at his office, Julie wrote to the hotel a confirmation of his declination to be held responsible for any cash advanced his wife and warned the hotel not to advance her any. He kept a carbon copy of this letter, put the original in an envelope and gave it to Gloria to send by registered mail. After accepting it for mailing, the girl passed through the suite of offices to Ben Whitton's sanctum.

"I think you should go in and see Julie, Ben," she confided. "The world has fallen on him, I think."

Ben obeyed instantly. He found his friend seated at his desk, his arms outspread before him, his face buried in them. Instantly he retreated on velvet feet. Back in his own office he faced Gloria Justin.

"Right-o, Gloria. He caved in after you left him and he thought himself alone. Something has hit him a terrific wallop, but I didn't stay to investigate, and praise be he didn't hear me come in. If it's any business of mine, he'll confide in due course, otherwise he will not."

Ben pondered. "We were going north in the same drawing-room. Kill the drawing-room, Gloria, and try to get us two compartments adjoining. The old boy will be wanting some privacy until he recovers. He's out of control."

"What could have happened to him, Ben? When he gave me some instructions about his mail and his bills he wanted paid, he could scarcely speak. Kept swallowing his Adam's apple. And his face was terrible."

"Julie's been crushed, but crushing is good for him, Gloria. It will squeeze some of the sentiment and idealism out of him—at least where that wife of his is concerned. God help the man that tells him so."

While Gloria was talking to the Pu man company Julian Grannis ca through her office, stood beside her listened.

"Wild extravagance," he comme "Whose orders?"

"Mr. Whitton's."

"Kill them. We'll travel in th stateroom."

He passed on into Ben's office himself to a cigar from Ben's lighted it and looked at his fr dead eyes.

"Thank you for your kindl provide me with privacy as north," he murmured, "but need privacy. (*Continued*

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At length the lad got a grip on the sill and thrust on his light beam

The Blue Lamp

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

The Story Thus Far:

MARY HARMON, engaged to Count Briskow, a Hungarian, inherited $5,000,000. In Boston she dined with her fiancé at the apartment of Dr. Hawkins, his protégé. Returning home she complained of nausea and lethargy and sent for Dr. Hawkins. Between then and morning she and the doctor disappeared.

The only clues were found in the Harmon house in Vermont. First an old humpback, Wrightson, was seen, but he was only making some minor repairs. Second, a letter from Mary Harmon speaking of mysterious spells and that "Dr. Hawkins has done all he can."

Then twenty years later Jacob Gleason and the two Fowler boys see strange blue lights, and a woman calling for the body of her daughter, Mary, in the Vermont house.

Jimmy Battles, a Vermont native and enterprising reporter, goes to the house to stay there alone at night. Soon after entering he hears creaks, a sound of rusty wheels turning and a crash on the stairs. Going up he finds a man, unconscious. At the top of the flight where stairs had led to the cupola he sees an aperture and inside a young girl in bed. She seems mystified as to her whereabouts. Jimmy speaks of the man on the stairs and she tells him to go back. The man is gone and hurrying back to the girl he finds the aperture has disappeared and the stairs as before. Needing help he hurries to Wickford for his uncle Amos Crumpett, the sheriff.

From a picture, he identifies the girl as Mary Harmon. During their discussion a man whom Jimmy recognizes as the one at the Harmon house, comes in. He seems to be trying to blackmail Jimmy. He calls him Walter and says he "knows everything." Crumpett arrests him, but he escapes as the telephone rings and Paul Lyman, local reporter, says the Fowler boys have found a man murdered in the Harmon house.

THEY drove out East Main Street as the clock tolled eleven. Jimmy rode beside his uncle, who handled the wheel. Squire Butterworth was a back-seat passenger, likewise Dr. Chapin, the coroner, whom they found closing his office in the Cass Block.

Across the bridge that spanned the river, over "the Flats," up into the woods, the car traveled swiftly in the raw autumn night. It was cold in the mountains. The uplands showed frost. No moon would appear till late in the morning.

"Where'd Lyman phone from?" Butterworth demanded.

"Pumpton's," answered Crumpett. He threw into second for the climb up Cobb Hill. "That's th' nearest house with a phone."

They passed the Coggswell farm, the Wheeler place, and at length neared the grist mill that featured Merritt's Hollow. They turned into a yard before reaching this grist mill. Paul Lyman was waiting.

He was a wiry, black-eyed, eager-faced boy, not much removed from Jimmy in type, yet the six years' disparity was apparent in their ages. Paul, two years out of high school, had remained in Paris to work on The Telegraph. But between the two lads was their common vocation.

"Now what's it all about?" asked the sheriff as he backed from Pumpton's yard and headed toward the Fork. A car containing the two Pumpton boys kept a little way behind. Jimmy had relinquished his seat beside his uncle in order that Paul might tell the officer his story. The reporter from Boston leaned forward to hear the recital between the squire and the doctor.

"JUST as I told you over the phone, the Fowler boys and I found a dead man—"

"Where's th' two Fowlers?"

"They stayed with the body while I went to phone you. It's this way—they went hunting again today and reached Echo Fork just about dark. They said they sat down on the gate stone with their guns against the fence. While they rested there, occasionally glancing at the house for signs of the spook, the stars came out and the night wind sprang up. Suddenly in the cellar Seba saw a light."

"A blue light?"

"No; it was more like a flash. They caught it first as it seemed to travel across the basement windows. Then it shifted upstairs. To the ground floor, that is."

"Lord," laughed Jimmy, "that light they saw was *mine!*"

"Yours?" exclaimed Paul. He turned in surprise with his elbow on the seat-back. "You been out to the Harmon house tonight?"

"I've been stalking the haunt for the Boston Express."

"Never mind my nephew," the sheriff interposed. "What about the Fowlers?"

"Well, they saw this flashlight—at least *some* sort of radiance—and they thought the ghostess was up to her tricks. But they lacked the nerve to pry in and see. They started into Paris to come back with help. I overtook them in my bus. I'd been over to Hebron and—"

"Then it was *your* car that tore past the house around seven o'clock!" Jimmy cried.

"YEAH, I passed around seven, I guess. And I overtook the Fowlers just beyond the schoolhouse. They told me of the light and asked me to drive back. We might have gotten there sooner, but I had to have a blow-out. It was after eight o'clock before we'd put on a patch, for I'd used up my spare for a puncture in Hebron. Well, we got to the Fork. I parked the bus in the spruces, and the bunch of us piled out. The house was all dark then; not a sign of life anywhere. So we hid ourselves in different places, waiting for those flashes to reappear—" (*Continued on page 34*)

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As Men are Judged

A Short Short Story

By JACKSON SCHOLZ

Olympic champion, 200-meter dash

There was a swift intake of a thousand breaths as he flashed into the air, and a groan as the crossbar trembled and fell

Illustrated by BURRIS JENKINS, Jr.

THE height of the bar was 13 feet 3 inches. The announcer had just bellowed this to the thousands of spectators sitting in the bleachers. He hesitated impressively, then roared again:

"Graham will now try for a new Conference record!"

The crowd fluttered appreciatively, while John Parker, seated on a bench beside the vaulting standards, refought an ancient battle with himself. He had known that, sooner or later, this moment would arrive, and he had prepared himself for it in a logical, sensible manner. He had found it rather simple, the preparation, and after he had conquered his first panic at the thought he experienced a feeling of large tolerance. It was nice to feel that one had mastered the essentials of sportsmanship, that one could look the world squarely between the eyes, that one could take a licking and grin about it.

But John Parker was not grinning now. He was staring with a certain fascination at his program which was opened at the pole vault. Above the list of competitors was a brief bit of information for the edification of the spectators. The name of the world's record holder was given, together with the height of his jump; below that, in smaller type, it was announced that John Parker was the present holder of the Conference record, 13 feet 1 inch, established at a time when such a vault was no less than a miracle.

He drew a long breath and exhaled it slowly. It *had* been a miracle then, that dizzy swoop through space, which had defied for years the stubborn onslaught of the youngsters. It was a miracle now, as he looked back upon it: a miracle whose influence had attended him step by step in his progress toward success.

For John Parker was a success as men are judged, and he was young too, for the position he had attained in life.

He raised his eyes with an effort to young Graham, who was preparing for his first trial at the new height, and suddenly the older man experienced a swift resentment toward this youngster who would attempt to wrest away the thing that he, Parker, had treasured for so many years. . . .

Graham sprinted down the runway and shot into the air. A groan from the crowd, and John Parker relaxed with guilty pleasure as the crossbar was swept from the standards and toppled to the ground. . . .

NO ONE would ever treasure his feat as he had done. It had been the one vanity he had permitted himself during all these years. He had a photograph of himself, taken as he cleared his record-breaking height; and this picture, framed, was enshrined upon his desk, something sacred and inviolate, representing an ambition achieved, a height attained.

There had been other heights, of course, heights which had seemed insurmountable. There had been moments of despair when he had raised his tired eyes, to stare long and steadily at the picture, at which times new strength had seemed to flow into his jaded body—the same strength which had forced him to his record-breaking jump.

A hush fell upon the crowd as Graham prepared for his second attempt. The swift intake of a thousand breaths as he flashed into the air, and the groan again as the crossbar trembled, hesitated and fell!

John Parker sat a little straighter on the bench and fervently cursed his instinctive attention to detail. He had seen something which had better have been ignored. Graham had touched the crossbar on his way *down!* He had gained his altitude, but the standards had been too far away. If he would move them a few inches closer—

But that was the coach's business. Why should he, John Parker, bother about such things?

HE SAW the lad arise from the pit and brush the sawdust from his arms and legs. He saw the momentary sagging of the boy's body as the muscles relaxed for a brief instant in the bitterness of his disappointment. And then he saw the stubborn, courageous fight, as the youngster battled valiantly against physical fatigue and mental uncertainty. John Parker knew that feeling well. . . .

He saw the boy's lips tighten. He saw the spring return to his stride. He noted the grim expression of his eyes and the two feverish spots burning high on his cheeks. He watched him pick up his pole for the third and last trial; and then John Parker knew that the coach had not observed the faulty position of the standards. His record was safe for another year at least, and he was glad, he fiercely told himself, glad to the bottom of his soul.

Young Graham walked slowly up the runway, and the point of his pole as he dragged it behind him made a wavering pattern in the dust. His tanned shoulders glistened in the late afternoon sun, and his teeth were clenched so tightly that little lumps of muscle stood out just below his ears. John Parker knew the feeling, knew it well—that last vault meant everything in the world: it was all that mattered.

The athlete had almost passed him when John Parker was suddenly startled by the sound of his own voice. It was harsh, strained, unnatural.

"Graham!" he called.

The boy stopped in surprise, bringing his mind back with an effort.

"Yes, sir?"

"You're making the height, but dragging the bar off on the way down. Pull your standards a little this way."

The coach heard the advice and leaped excitedly to his feet.

"Parker, you're right! Here, somebody, give me a hand with these standards! Now, son, take your time, and the record's yours."

Graham faced the bar for the last time. Deliberately he stood, taking long, deep breaths to quiet the jumpiness of his nerves. The great stadium was silent, as though smothered with a blanket, while the boy wiped his hands on his oil-stained running trunks.

A last deep breath, the tensing of every muscle in his body, and the point of the pole came slowly up. He poised for an instant, a few quick steps, then flashed into his stride.

Down the runway with every ounce of speed—momentum was a vital point! He lowered his pole with a swift, sure motion, and the end thudded solidly in the slot—the next instant he was swept from his feet in a breathless, dizzy arc.

AND then the pull-up, a powerful heave of his arms and shoulders that shot his feet above his head, and the simultaneous twist that brought his face toward the ground.

A desperate instant while he squirmed and struggled upward! It was close, terribly close: his chest would surely touch! Then the final savage thrust as he released the pole, the jackknife—like the snap of a spring.

A sob was wrenched from between his teeth at that last convulsive effort, and the next instant his body tumbled earthward with the grotesque contortions of a huge spider, to land safely in the pit below.

John Parker sat for a long moment staring quizzically at the crossbar which remained steadily on its pegs. He had expected to be hurt, bitterly disappointed, but the feeling, somehow, was entirely different. His lips relaxed in a quiet smile as he slowly arose to shake the hand of the new record holder.

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Great Head Center

By SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by R. L. LAMBDIN

Commander Roscoe walks into a Zone trap but Fate intercedes

"IT'S all terribly interesting," said the big politician, and his lined face was lighted up by the smile famous in two hemispheres. "It's more than a little alarming. But I'm still mystified. Seems to me, now, Champion"—turning to his host—"that this pleasure cruise is a frame-up?"

The party assembled in the saloon of Peter Champion's famous yacht, White Hawk, awaited the host's reply.

Peter Champion looked around the table. No ladies were present. There had been a wholly unforeseen gale during the hours of early morning and some of the passengers were still suffering the consequences. Following a short interval:

"Judge for yourself," said he. "Before the month's out you're liable to be President of the United States. Page Sutton here and myself aim to make sure you are. There's Deputy Commissioner Burke facing you and Ned Regan on your left. Without wishing to be rude to the charming company on board, I may add that Commander Drake Roscoe isn't here for his health."

A certain sense of tension made itself felt. Dr. Stopford carefully adjusted his monocle and gravely studied the pale, intellectual face of Peter Champion, Junior, seated at the lower end of the long table. In spite of its youth, this was the face of one who had suffered.

"My son," Champion added, "can tell you something about the Zones—"

"Ah!" said John Wilberforce Wright, "I thought so! This short cruise *was* a frame-up?"

"So far as you're concerned," Burke broke in. "Sure! there was a plot back there, sir, to kidnap you on the eve of the election!"

"To kidnap *me!*"

"Just that."

The famous politician looked around, amazed.

"With what object?" he asked. "Maybe I'm so dense that an X-ray wouldn't penetrate to my brains. But what anybody has to gain by kidnaping me I confess I can't imagine . . . unless—"

He turned. His glance met that of Ned Regan.

But Regan's dark face was unreadable. Then:

"If you're thinking," said Burke, "of ex-Governor Bronson, I haven't a scrap of evidence at headquarters to justify such a monstrous suspicion."

"But there's nobody else my disappearance would benefit," Wright persisted. "It's common knowledge that I'm known as 'Number One' and he as 'Number Two'! Unless there's a great block of dark votes somewhere, one of us will surely be President. We're in no sense friends, and never have been. But . . ."

"The idea is preposterous," Drake Roscoe burst in. "A man with Bronson's political record couldn't possibly be in league with the Zones."

"They've just raised four million dollars," Ned Regan growled, "in the biggest hold-up this country ever knew. What are they going to do with it?"

"A member of the firm was concerned in the raid on Zone headquarters, if I remember rightly," Stopford murmured.

"Bronson Brothers' offices," said Burke, replacing his cigar, "adjoined. Bronson's were cleared at the inquiry."

"Funny, all the same," Regan growled. "With all the arrests made, we've never got any nearer to finding out who Head Center is. And as to Great Head Center—"

"In short," said Wilberforce Wright, "you have conspired to snatch me out of New York at the height of my campaign, because—"

"Because," Roscoe finished the sentence, "if we hadn't done so, it's a dead certainty Bronson would be President!"

"Why?"

"If you disappeared, who's to stop him?"

"But I can't remain at sea indefinitely!"

"It isn't necessary," Roscoe assured him. "The plot was fixed to operate yesterday. It won't be any use today. We were almost sure we had it covered, but to make doubly sure we shifted you out of the Zones for thirty-six hours!"

"I see!" the politician smiled wryly. "But are you sure the Zones don't extend to, say, the twelve-mile limit?"

"According to the only Zone map I ever saw," Page Sutton answered—"they extend beyond that!"

AT a point roughly corresponding in position with Times Square but nearly a quarter mile below it a woman sat behind a long, narrow table. Several extraordinary pieces of apparatus and unfamiliar instruments lay upon the table, as well as a number of books, papers and open charts. The woman wore a black velvet robe of medieval fashion, having a cowl, which at present hung loose. Her blue-black hair was coiled low on her neck and from her ears depended large hoops of diamonds.

She wore a black silk mask, through the eye-slits of which her luminous eyes stared straight before her.

A curious globular lamp on the table provided the only light, which was cast downward in such a manner that the rest of the room lay in utter darkness. There was a sound of falling water, far off, like that of a distant cataract.

In the darkness before the table an illuminated map shone, as if suspended in space. It was a map of New York City covered with a network of variously colored sections. It was the notorious "Zone Map" for which police headquarters had searched in vain; for which sums amounting to close on a million dollars had been offered during the past two years.

The famous "Zones"—circles surrounding a central point which probably corresponded to the original headquarters—covered, in addition to the whole of Manhattan, some parts of the Bronx, Long Island, Brooklyn, Jersey City and a considerable area of ocean.

Now white taper fingers touched a keyboard. Sector by sector the Zone map faded, until a piece of Staten Island and the top of Sandy Hook were the only points of land showing in a considerable expanse of sea.

"This man's under arrest," said Peter Champion

A red light sprang to view above the map, and:

"H. Q.," a nasal voice announced. "Report of Group Master 1, Sector 1 A 1, aboard the White Hawk. Course changed to westerly. Unless changed again will be crossing steamer lane at 6:30 P. M., 40.24 North, 73.59 West. All clear. Timed 6 P. M. Report ends."

Some moments of silence followed. The woman at the long table studied those sectors of the map which were still visible, with inscrutable dark eyes. Then:

"Report of Divisional Chief A," she said.

"No report to hand."

"Report of H. Q. Patrol covering."

"Nothing to add to last report."

"Report of Air Patrol detailed."

"To hand. Group Master in charge reports no sign of motor-boat in which Divisional Chief set out. In view of weather last night, loss feared. Timed 5:45. Report ends."

A slender hand moved, once: the map sections faded; twice: the vault became black. Only the speck of red light glowed, evilly. At last:

"Advise Zone Officer detailed for special observation," the woman's calm voice ordered, "to report immediately positions of inward and outward steamers, with particulars. Sector Captain in charge airplane A is to stand by for instant move. Transmit this order and connect the Chief Chemist."

FOR a pleasure cruise the weather had not hitherto been propitious. The White Hawk was seaworthy enough for a voyage to Europe, and the recent blow had not disturbed her officers. But when the elements rule soup out of the menu and fiddles decorate the table at every meal, only the hardened seafarer can be expected to register enjoyment.

Peter Champion wandered the deck of his yacht. He was a man obsessed by two notions. One: the utter destruction of the organization known as "The Zones." Two: the elevation to the presidency of John Wilberforce Wright.

He now believed that these aims were identical—that the Zones planned to defeat Wright's election.

Abruptly his promenade ceased. A deck hand was attaching something to a life buoy lashed to the port rail.

Peter Champion watched a while; then:

"By whose orders was that flask of hooch fixed to that belt?"

The man turned as though stung. He was a side-whiskered dago of unpleasant

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"You'll hear more of this when you reach shore," said the prisoner

aspect. Recognizing the speaker, his expression became compounded of fear, servility and murder.

"I was afraid, sir," he said at last. "I am poor swimmer; and if we go down—"

"No weather could sink the White Hawk. If you're afraid, you have private reasons. What are they?"

"No reason, sir!"

"You're a liar! *Quartermaster!*"

Peter Champion's voice, raised, was like the trumpeting of a wounded elephant. Commotion followed. The deck hand glared, homicidally, at Champion; noted his bulk, his clenched gnarled fists . . . and waited.

A group had gathered before the quartermaster came; then:

"This man's under arrest," said Peter Champion. "Notify Captain Ransome and put things in order."

"You will hear more of this—when we reach shore," said the prisoner.

His teeth chattered as though ague had attacked him.

"Good enough," Champion returned grimly, "so long as I hear nothing more of you while we're at sea."

Three of the women were on deck now—an attractive trio: Molly O'Hay, Deputy Commissioner Burke's niece; Page Sutton's pretty daughter; and Fée Czerna.

Champion drew Roscoe aside, and:

"We're covered!" he said. "That man was planning his get-away!"

"Ssh!" Roscoe cautioned, and looked along the deck to where an animated group discussed the recent arrest. "I never hoped we'd escape the Zones. Leave the position to me. He's probably a mere Group Master. We should be grateful, Champion, for small mercies. We *do* know the official ratings of the Zone officials!"

"Hell! What's this!" Champion exclaimed.

The White Hawk's engines had been slowed down; and now:

"Stand by Number One lifeboat!" came a remote cry from the bridge.

"What's this!" Champion repeated, and started for the ladder.

He was intercepted by his first officer.

"No cause for alarm, Mr. Champion. Lookout has sighted an insensible man wearing a life belt, right on our course. I'm going off to pick him up.

"Good," said Peter Champion.

The first officer saluted and passed on.

Everybody craned over the rails, watching the rescue. The rescued man was insensible. He had been badly mauled by the sea. Exhaustion had reduced him to a desperate state.

"Oh!"—the exclamation came from Page Sutton's daughter—"it's Mr. Partington!"

Then, others recognized the victim of the sea. He was Hilary Partington, editor of the New York Critic.

"Take him to my cabin," said Dr. Stopford. "Don't waste time."

LEW BRONSON, next to John Wilberforce Wright the hottest candidate for the Presidential chair, sat with his head resting on upraised palms behind the handsome table in his library. The room was spacious, gloomy, booky; shadowed except where specks of light gleamed upon black oak or faded gilt of some rare binding.

The Bronson home was in a backwater, where a few representatives of original New York stock still lingered in their stateliness. The room was quiet. No echo of the busy life coursing through the neighboring artery — a populous avenue — penetrated to its Old World reserve.

Ex-Governor Bronson had just returned from a mass meeting, where his magnetic personality and power of oratory had resulted in a scene of enthusiasm almost unique even in the hectic political history of the state.

Every man and every woman who had fallen under the spell of his silver rhetoric had determined that Lewis Bronson was preordained President. Representatives of several influential groups whose spokesmen were pledged to his nomination had been present, and were more than ever assured of triumph.

Lewis Bronson was red, as were nearly all the family; with scanty, straight hair and colorless lashes. But his strange dark eyes held that magnetism which dominates. Given different complexion and hair, one would have said that ex-Governor Bronson had Napoleonic characteristics.

For a long time he sat staring abstractedly before him. Then, a muted phone bell rang. He took the receiver off one of the several instruments on the table, and:

"Yes?" he said, adding strangely: "Z."

"Zones," came the reply. "G. H. Q."

"Head Center New York."

"Stand by. Great Head Center wishes to speak."

No change of expression showed upon the pale face. But a new glint seemed to come into Bronson's eyes. Then:

"Great Head Center," said a woman's calm voice.

"Report to me personally at once. Disconnect."

Bronson replaced the receiver, glanced at a clock on his table, and stood up. He had given orders that he was not to be disturbed. The library door was locked.

He crossed to a tall, antique bookcase, took out a volume from the bottom shelf and then inserted a key in some hidden lock. He replaced the book, grasped one of the shelves, and the entire section of the case before which he stood slipped noiselessly upward, revealing a narrow passage constructed in the massive masonry of the old mansion.

Bronson stepped inside, turned and lowered the concealed door, relocked it below, and walked confidently through the utter darkness for some ten paces. Another door was opened, a light switched on—and he was in a small room resembling a dressing-room.

He removed his coat and sat down before the dressing table. . . . When he stood up again, Lew Bronson, prominent politician, had vanished. This was a stranger to all who knew the ex-governor. He resembled him, facially, but not in respect to complexion or hair. The Napoleonic likeness was greater than ever, now; the eyes seemed more luminous beneath dark brows. . . .

AT ABOUT this time, a strange scene was taking place in Dr. Stopford's cabin aboard the White Hawk.

Following half an hour's anxious work, the rescued man opened his eyes, moved weakly and looked up at the surgeon.

"Cheery-ho!" said the latter. "Don't try to talk yet. Sip this spot of nourishment and be at peace."

But, a few minutes later:

"Where am I?" Partington whispered.

"You're on board Mr. Champion's yacht White Hawk."

"Good God!"

Color had been returning slowly to the man's cheeks. Now it fled—leaving him as pale as when they had hauled him out of the sea. He stared about with a sort of growing horror, and:

"What time—" he asked, "what time is it?"

"To be strictly accurate, it's some two bells in the second dog-watch."

Partington started up, and:

"The time!" he repeated hoarsely. "What time is it?"

"Sorry," Stopford murmured, and removed his monocle. "Lie down again, d'you mind? (*Continued on page 30*)

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Cash

Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway

DeCou © Ewing Galloway

Above: This ambulant two-arm lunch is the Sumatra equivalent of the railroad station eating house of the States. When your train rolls into a station and the conductor allows you have ten minutes for luncheon—well, you can take your pick between fried chicken or bananas. Lavish, that's what the menu is, lavish!

Above: Buying bread is a casual thing in Hungary. Bread sellers stroll about with mounts of loaves, and they'll hew you a slice or a carload on order. Your appetite guides the knife

Brown Bros.

Ewing Galloway

Left: A haberdasher who keeps on the move and cuts down the overhead. If some passer-by tosses a careless cigarette there'll be a brisk fire sale

Left: "See, lad-e-e, ver' prettee!" Yes, and what's the use of hiring a shop with a window if you've got a stout pair of arms —and a brisk pair of feet?

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and Carry

They do the carrying and you pay the cash. Some traveling salesmen who don't write daily reports

Below: "Pay me one piecee chow-chow, chop-chop!" Which, unless we've forgotten the lesson the much-traveled Major Eames taught us, is an understandable order to this walking candy shop in Mingpo

Ewing Galloway

Right: A Turkish rug merchant out for trade. But it's silly to suggest that that's part of his stock on his unengaging head

Well, he says it's lemonade and perhaps it's true. Though it does seem to be a lot of trouble to go to just for that

Ewing Galloway

Below: The laziest, if you don't mind our saying so, merchant on these pages is the milk vender of Amsterdam, who makes the family pet draw the load

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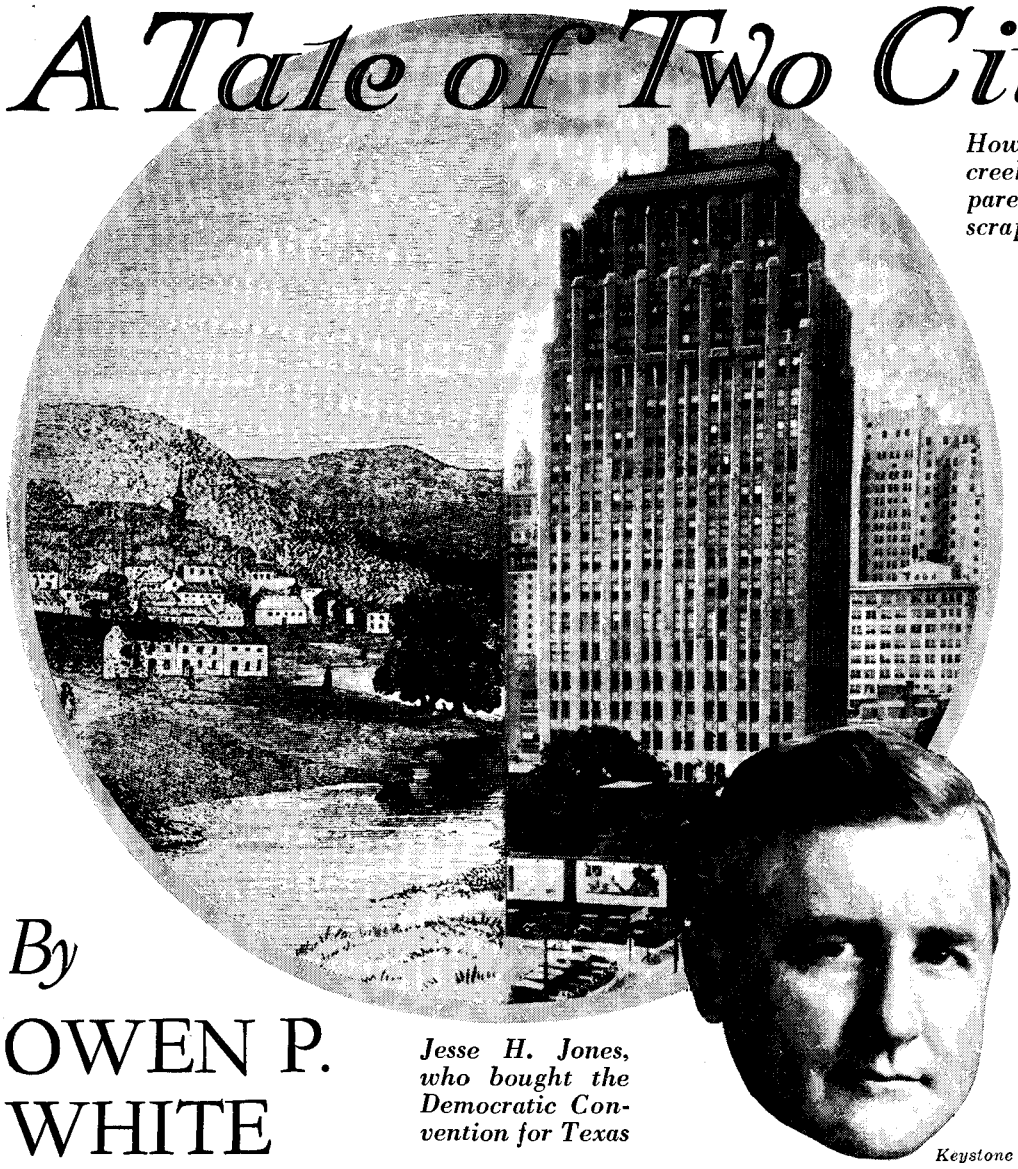
A Tale of Two Cities

WELL, there's one thing certain about the conventions: down at Jesse Jones' Jamboree in Houston and at the Republican equivalent in hilly Kansas City there'll be beauty and bombast and booze. And both communities will profit greatly thereby.



How Houston on the creek (1825) compares with the skyscraping city of today

Jesse H. Jones, who bought the Democratic Convention for Texas

Keystone

By OWEN P. WHITE

ACCORDING to old lady Hildebrand, who used to run a hotel called the Oasis, with a bar attached, in my home town in Texas, and who therefore knew her onions, a delegate to a political convention was a man who blew in wearing a clean collar and with a five-dollar bill in his pocket, and who never changed either from the day he lit to the day he lit out.

This good old lady, of course, has long since passed on to the Hotel Keepers' Reward (if any), but delegates to political conventions have not. No. They are still with us. They still come up in per-, bi- or quadrennial varieties, and as they are now of both sexes they are more numerous today than ever before. In one of the respects, though, referred to by Mrs. Hildebrand, one element among them has not changed. I mean the male element has not changed its collar. As a class, because with it he can travel light and appear respectable, the male delegate to a party fracas still clings to the old-fashioned, hard-finished, slick-tread detachable. Without his aid and comfort the great American Collar Button Trust, and Troy, N. Y., would long since have passed out of the memory of man. But how about his spending habits?

One Donkey vs. Two Elephants

AS MRS. HILDEBRAND diagnosed the species, a political delegate was an alleged personage, who, as soon as he pulled the pen out of the potato and wrote his name on the hotel register, became a potential local financial liability. In other words, her idea was that in her day, when the wearing of a badge conferred upon a man the happy privilege of getting stewed on tick, the alternative privilege of packing him up and shipping him home, charges prepaid, only too often devolved upon the community which had furnished him with his entertainment.

This sad condition of affairs, however, no longer exists. Due, in a slight measure at least, to their own efforts it is not now possible for even a badge-flaunting personage to buy stimulating liquid refreshment on credit. He must now pay cash, and lots of it, for the necessary bottled eloquence sold by the purveyors, and hence it is that the modern delegate to the modern convention, if he is at all desirous of making a real success out of his pilgrimage, must approach his party's shrine carrying with him either "his own" or else a large, flat purse with good green bank notes lined.

Under this new arrangement, then, which can properly be chalked up as a hitherto unsung achievement of prohibition, the political delegate has ceased to be a liability to the community he invades. He is now an asset; individually and collectively he now has a real cash value, but, strange to say, according to the figures established at the last national auction, Democratic delegates, taken either by the piece or in gross, are worth just exactly twice as much as Republicans.

For the fixing of this astonishing ratio, which he may have based on the idea that when a Democrat gets a sentence to attend a national convention he is in for a good long term, Mr. Jesse Jones of Houston, Tex., is personally responsible. Unaided, unabetted and all alone this young man came out of the West, projected himself boldly into the haughty presence of the Democratic National Committee in Washington, and, although the Republicans had sold out their circus to Kansas City for the paltry sum of $125,000, he hopped in and purchased all rights to the Democratic oratorical orgy for just twice that amount.

Now please note that in chronicling this interesting achievement—because this is the first time in American history that any one individual has ever personally owned a national convention—I have done so by saying that Jones bought the rights. And that's what Jones did do. It was his own idea, it was his own show, and the first thing that Houston knew about being a host to the Democratic National Convention was when along came a wire from Jesse telling the boys to get busy and dig up a quarter of a million for the original purchase price, and on top of that another $150,000 for the erection of a hall in which to stage the difficulty.

Houston, however, was not astounded. It never is at anything that Jones does, and therefore, with an energy which must be characteristic of a community which has fooled the geographers, and the Almighty also, by turning itself from an inland town into a seaport, it flew at the job.

Taking Jones' word for it that he had made a good buy—one that would produce a large cash profit, and much notoriety, for their town—the Houstonians got busy and in no time at all, with every man, woman and child in the city wearing a blue and white "Me Too" button, for which more or less money had been paid, they did a lot of things.

Great Fleets 50 Miles Inland

THEY appointed all kinds of committees, raised the required funds, adopted plans, purchased a site for the forensic arena, tore down the buildings thereon, and when I arrived, just six weeks after Jones had consummated the original deal, they were unloading building material and selling hot-dog privileges.

All of this, however, is exactly in line with Houston's record. Concerted effort, down there on Buffalo Bayou, is the secret of success. But why mention Buffalo Bayou? It no longer exists. In the place of the old slough, once the abiding place of water moccasins, mud hens and alligators, there is now a ship channel up and down which steam the cotton and oil fleets of the world, and at whose inland end, almost in the heart of the city of Houston, there is a great turning basin surrounded on all sides by piers, wharves, docks and all the other intricate and amazing paraphernalia of a seaport. It is really an astonishing sight and represents an astounding (*Continued on page 51*)

Ewing Galloway

Kansas City in 1853 and, by airplane, today: Convention Hall, lower left

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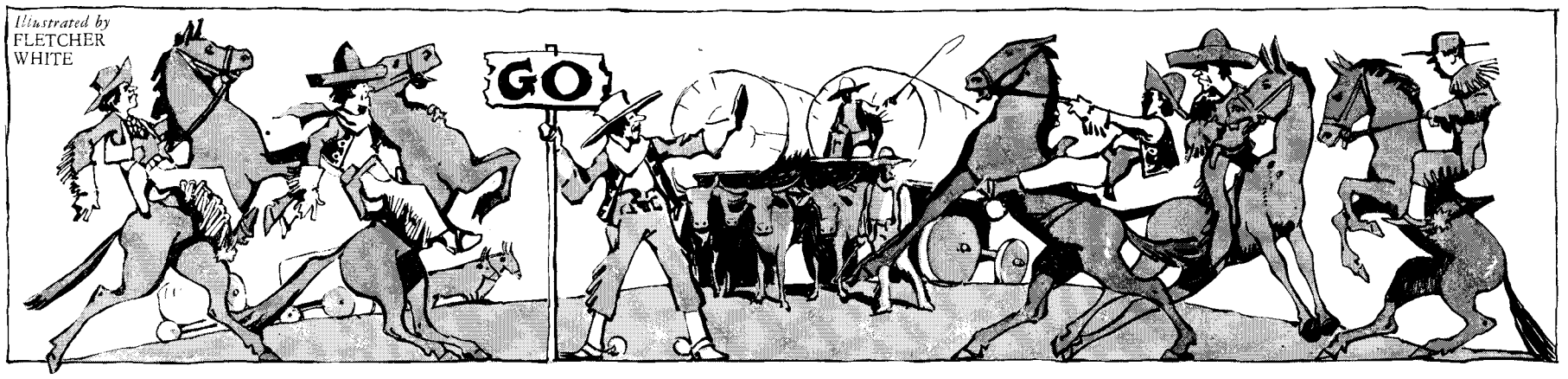


The traffic problem is no novelty in Hollywood. The place was hopelessly tangled seventy-six years ago

In One Ear

MAJOR HORACE K. BELL, who visited the location of Hollywood in 1852, said that the place was all cluttered up with "covered wagons, stages and wooden-wheeled *carretas* drawn by oxen, but," he added, "the traffic problem lies in controlling the riders of spirited horses."

And thus you see that in 76 years one town in the United States hasn't changed any. Hollywood is still that way.

Collections

ALTHOUGH Albert B. Fall, ex-Secretary of the Interior, and heavy in the Teapot Dome melodrama, is generally spoken of as the gentleman from New Mexico, his home is, and has been for many years, El Paso, Texas. He lives in a large red brick house, with tall white pillars, on what is known as "Golden Hill," and in years gone by, before he was elevated, first to the Senate and then to the Cabinet, he used to maintain a suite of law offices in a downtown office building. Located in the same building was Mr. Dan Jackson, also a lawyer, who is now practicing his profession in the city of Washington. Mr. Jackson is quite a humorist and in bygone days, long before Fall became famous, he used to delight in relating the following anecdote:

The owner of the building in which he and "Judge" Fall had their offices was an excitable old German and on one occasion when Jackson's rent was slightly past due he came around and demanded payment. At the moment the demand was embarrassing and so the struggling young attorney said: "Now look here, I'm broke just at present but if you'll wait until fall—"

"Oh, no! no!" shrieked the excitable Teuton. "Mein Gott, no! I'll not wait because Fall he never pays. Never."

The Bribe

CALVIN COOLIDGE, President of the United States, must read ordinary copies of newspapers like the rest of us. But George V. Windsor, King of England, gets a fancy edition of The Daily London Mail every morning. The reading matter is exactly the same as that which reaches the masses on the tubes, busses and commuters' trains. But the king's copy is the first copy run off the presses and is printed on the most expensive glazed paper. This is a new custom. A London reporter visiting America recently explained it:

"Lord Rothermere, who owns the Daily Mail, wanted to boast that his paper was absolutely errorless. He offered bonuses, prizes, rewards, and various other inducements, including dismissal of everyone responsible for error, but still his staff couldn't bat 100 per cent perfect.

"Then he suddenly got a new idea. He called his staff together and said:

" 'Gentlemen, hereafter we will print the first copy of The Mail on a special paper and will send it to His Majesty. That will be the royal copy, and the million and a half other copies of the daily edition will be exactly like it, except for the printing paper.

" 'And, gentlemen,' he added, 'His Majesty's royal copy must be errorless.'

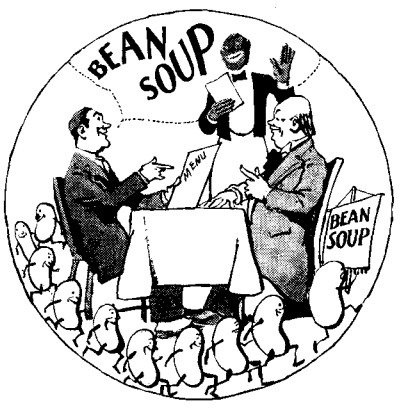
" 'Most certainly, sir,' agreed the staff in awe.

"They tell you in Fleet Street that errors dropped ninety per cent in The Mail and that Rothermere comes within a hair's breadth daily of making good his boast of accuracy."

Masculine, Feminine & Neuter

OUR annual medal for no-trifling-with-morals supremacy is hereby awarded to the lady in Sioux Falls who wrote to a play broker for a selection of plays to be presented by a society of young church women.

"We will stand for no light nonsense," she wrote. "And we don't want any plays dealing with gender like They Knew Not What They Wanted and Desirable Under The Elms. Please do not give this letter any publicity as I have seen both."

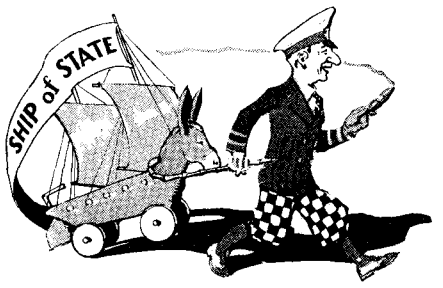


"Upon What Meat Doth This Our Cæsar Feed?"

A GREAT Frenchman, in speaking of strawberries, once said: "If God had wanted to He probably could have made a better berry than the strawberry. But He didn't." And down in Washington your congressman's opinion of the white bean soup served in the Congressional Restaurant is somewhat similar. With a superstitious faith that admits of no questioning all congressmen cling to the belief that white bean soup is THE SOUP.

Therefore, if your congressman asks you to lunch with him—and if you can control your wife's vote he will—and leads you to the restaurant in the capitol, the thing for you to do to appear sophisticated is to order white bean soup. Do it at once and do it in a loud voice because otherwise you will have to sit for at least ten minutes and listen to a long-winded panegyric which will begin with: "Now, have you ever tasted our white bean soup?"

If your congressman ever gets that far you are lost. Nothing can stop him; he will go on until he has spilled out all the eloquence in his system. But if you have spiked his guns by getting in the order ahead of the oratory then there is a chance that he'll talk to you about the appropriation bill for the new post office in your town that you are interested in.



Identification

"HAVE you ever seen Adam's grave?" That's a query which often passes between men in the bootleg underworld. Adam was a trained pigeon. He would fly at a whistle call from any distance and alight on the shoulder of Sam, his negro owner. Sam was a convict who had spent 37 years of his life in prisons. When Adam died Sam was permitted to bury him in the inner lawn of the Federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia. No prisoner passes through that institution who does not become familiar with the elaborately fenced tombstone of Adam. When a man admits that he has "seen Adam's grave," in bootlegger parlance, he has been a prisoner at Atlanta.

Heave Ho, My Lads!

GOVERNOR SMITH of New York, whose sense of responsibility has not in the least smothered his sense of humor, was recently taking a solitary stroll down the beach at a Jersey shore resort.

A friend, seeing him, was shocked twice. First at seeing the governor alone, and second at seeing him in such a costume, because, contrary to all precedent New York's chief executive was wearing a yachting cap and carrying a cane.

The friend rushed up. "What in Heaven's name's the matter with you, Governor?" he said. "Why, you look ridiculous, all dolled up like that in a seagoing costume and carrying a cane. Don't you know that sailors don't sport walking sticks?"

The governor looked at his friend for a moment and then he looked at the nice malacca in his hand.

"This," he said gravely, "is not a walking stick. In the present emergency it's a boat hook." And then passed on.

The Great Still Mystery

ONE of the hardest-working of the General Electric's research engineers was on the trail of a discovery. To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion he required a still. Not one of your ordinary coil and retort contraptions but an exceedingly special still with devices of his own designing.

Its making took weeks; but one Saturday word arrived that the still was in the Schenectady freight yards. The scientist scurried to his office to await the treasure. He waited until midnight. He went home pondering upon the futility of the hauling department.

In the morning he went to the yards. The still was gone. The company's truckmen knew nothing about it. At the freight yards the worried agent showed the General Electric receipt on which he had delivered it to the truckmen.

The scientist was begloomed. The police were notified. The chief had a look around. He found no still but he came upon a flood of brand-new whisky with which large numbers of Schenectady citizens were making merry.

He headed a raid on the source of the general joy and found a still such as even he had never seen. He called the scientist, who identified it and then, as policemen will, he asked the distiller to explain.

"Me, I need a still," said Tommasso. "Someone he say there is a gooda one in the freight yard. I see and I weep for joy for so beautiful a still. Now, how to get heem. I find a order—what you call heem—blank from the electric company and I gat my cousin Sammarco to write heem.

"For fiva days I make fine whisky and do a big business with the men w'at worka for the General Electric. Too bad. Too bad. Now I lose a lot of business."

Tommasso went to jail but that didn't help the scientist. The whisky had corroded the metal of the still.

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Stop that Noise! By JOHN B. KENNEDY

TUT, tut! Not another word now. We're all fed up on ballyhoo. If you'll refrain from making our nights hideous with your speeches, we'll elect you out of sheer gratitude. Look what we did in Detroit. We elected Silent John Lodge, who hasn't even said "Thank you," thank heaven. Up in Newburyport we elected Bossy Gillis, hoping that, like all mayors after election, he'd subside. He has. However, our favorite is Lodge. He didn't say a word even before election. So stop that noise. You may be President yet.

DETROIT elected a mayor who wouldn't talk. Newburyport, a Yankee township of 17,000 population, elected the man who wouldn't stop talking.

The answer is that Detroit was sick of what Newburyport had never tasted —the concentrated ballyhoo that seemed to be indispensable to both victors and vanquished in American elections until John C. Lodge of Detroit proved otherwise.

He and Bossy Gillis of Newburyport stand at opposite poles in the business of vote getting, but both got the votes, or enough of them to ride into power.

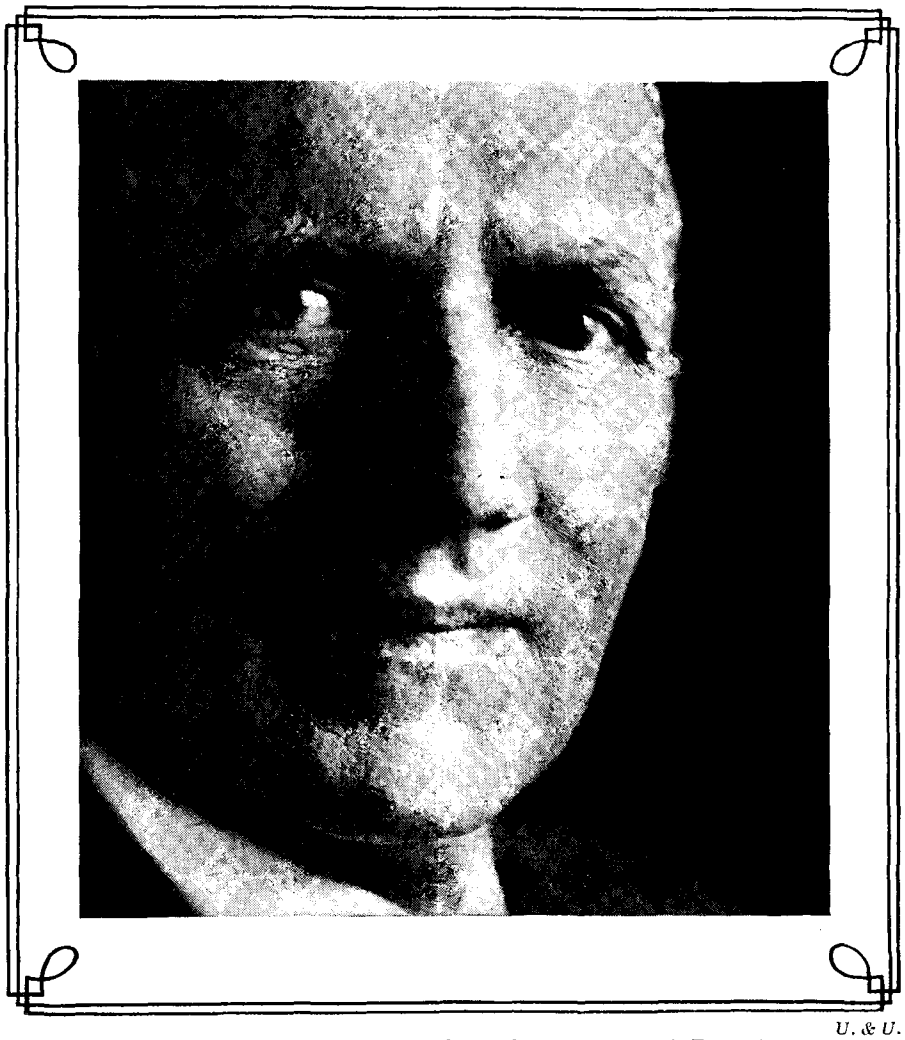
Andrew J. Gillis, appropriately called Bossy, was one of the year's jests: a roughneck who smacked a mayor's chin and went to jail for it. Then he succeeded the mayor he had assaulted.

When you first meet His Honor of Detroit you gather the impression that here is a born schoolmaster. Elderly, with a slim, wiry figure, a thin cap of tinged white hair adds to the ascetic effect of a lean, pale face.

His eyes are a challenging gray, with an occasional spark but little warmth. The warmth is in his voice.

"I'm passionately fond of public speaking," he confessed at the first question as to why he had deliberately chosen to be a sphinx. "I've made as many as thirty different speeches in a day when campaigning for the new city charter in Detroit. And I enjoyed it.

"But I'd just made up my mind I wouldn't stir a finger to be made mayor, excepting to go through the necessary legal formality of accepting candidacy if it were offered."



U. & U.

John C. Lodge, silent and modest mayor of Detroit

Detroit's Wickedest Days

HE TALKS in the manner of one demonstrating and not merely conversing. There is a celebrated teacher in his family, for he is uncle to Mrs. Charles Lindbergh, mother of Colonel Lindbergh, who had been for years a teacher of chemistry at the Cass High School in Detroit.

John Lodge started his career in the Michigan legislature, going up from one of the city districts in Detroit. He was a Republican, born with a tendency to mark a cross under the sign of the eagle. However, this did not restrain him from advocating the cause of nonpartisanship when the citizens of Detroit revolted against the old ribbon-ward system that strapped them to ancient machines.

These wards were simply cut in lengthwise strips from the river out to wherever they might end. That was far away and long ago before Detroit knew what the chug of a cylinder sounded like; even before Henry Ford had his first steady job as night watchman.

As with all hustling young American towns trying to digest raw immigration, city government in Detroit became corrupt. The town gained a great deal and lost a great deal in the rushing growth that made it an industrial jungle.

The most modern of modern communities was soon being ruled by the slice system of pocket wards, and the politicians became rich. Each of the sixteen wards had its boss. Corruption prevailed, but the business men of Detroit were too busy to check up on city government.

But John Lodge and others—not very many others—were meeting and discussing. Presently they acted. An Eastern detective gumshoed into Detroit, posing as a real-estate agent for the Wabash Railroad. He planted dictographs all over the place, and as a result seventeen of the city's forty-two aldermen were indicted.

The odor sickened Detroit's then half million citizens. It was the psychological moment to introduce a new city constitution to supplant the old ward divisions. The bosses were stubborn: they fought over every square inch of their fastnesses. But Lodge and the other crusaders belabored the city day by day, night by night.

"Speeches," he recalls. "I made hundreds of speeches. I'd spout new charters to any quartet that would listen."

The charter won, and Detroit found itself modeled somewhat after early Venice in style of government. Nine tribunes, called city councilors, were provided by the charter—all to be elected at large, the councilor receiving the largest vote to be president of the council. John Lodge, at that first election under the new city charter, twenty-eight years ago, received the largest vote. In every biennial city election since the citizens of Detroit have paid him the same honor up to and including the mayoralty election last November, when, through force of habit, they gave him more votes than his wet opponent—some 12,000 more.

This victory was personal, not the triumph of a cause, for John Lodge is no reformer. Under Mayor John Smith, Lodge's predecessor, elected after a ferocious fight on the religious issue, "the boys" are said to have had a vigorous inning. On the eve of the election he cried that Detroit was a wringing-wet town and would so remain if he was returned to office.

The boys and their gay sisters applauded this utterance and lined up to vote. It looked as though the quiet, elderly man who had resigned as president of the city council to conduct a silent campaign for mayor would be swamped by the wet vote.

A Clash with Couzens

THE betting stood against him seven to four. Until the count from the 700 precincts was two thirds finished that money appeared extremely wise. But then the residential suburbs were heard from.

"It struck the country as a seven-day wonder," Mayor Lodge mused, "but there was nothing miraculous about my getting this job. You see, I know my city thoroughly. I was city editor of the Detroit Free Press in my mid-twenties, and with that background I took up politics as a hobby. My business has been and is—lumber."

He's president of one of the lumber companies in the city whose big fortunes were all lumber fortunes plucked from the rich peninsular forests, until the motor age came roaring along to exclude all other joy rides to millions.

"The most useful service to government," said Mr. Lodge, "is not to rush into reform, but to stay on the inside and work gradually."

So apparently without ambition he remained on the city council with no yearning for advancement. Doing his job, studying his city and its needs, knowing what went on in all departments—police, fire, education, health, streets—John Lodge made his life a course in civic economics and government. The mayoralty was undreamed of.

In 1919 there was violent dispute in the Detroit city council. Mayor Couzens, now United States senator, advocated a new plan of retaining the city street-car system in public control and operation. John Lodge strenuously opposed the mayor. There was a personal clash.

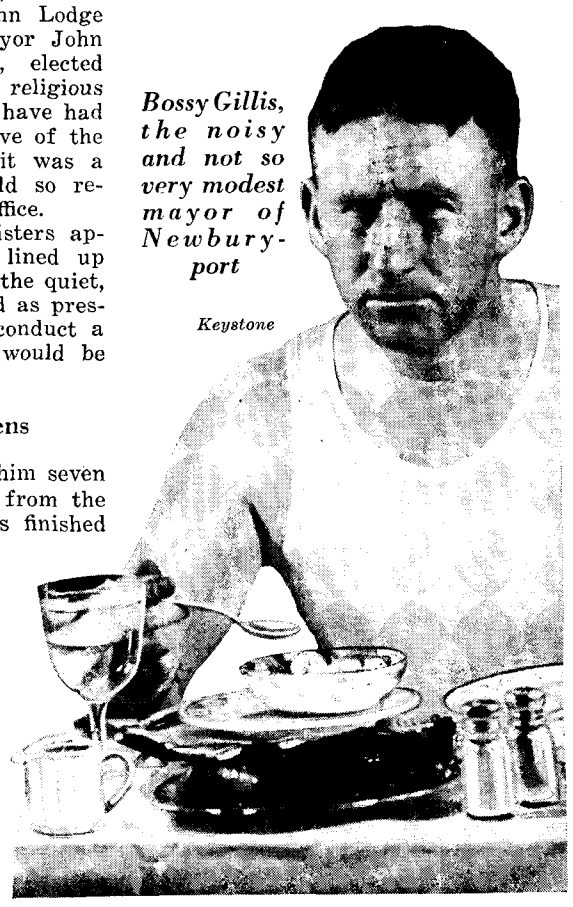
"You're obstinate, John," said Couzens.

"I'd sooner be obstinate," said Lodge, "than wrong.

"Once during a train ride from Washington, I had an impulse to the mayoralty.

"I picked up a copy of Collier's on that train and read an article by William Allen White on the mayor of Chicago. That was sizzling journalistic limelight on the horrors of our municipal machine system. It set me to wondering how salutary it would be if some great American city could elect a ballyhooless mayor."

This speculation remained dormant until John Lodge awakened on an autumn morning to find his name at the head of petitions being circulated naming candidates for mayor. Nine thousand names were necessary to get his name on (*Continued on page 32*)



Bossy Gillis, the noisy and not so very modest mayor of Newburyport

Keystone

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THE GLORIOUS CLIMAX OF A FOUR-YEAR FIGHT

The Pulitzer Prize in Journalism

IS AWARDED TO

The Indianapolis Times

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER

THE CITATION: *"The prize for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper during the year, a gold medal costing $500, is awarded to* THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES *for its work in exposing political corruption in Indiana, prosecuting the guilty, and bringing about a more wholesome state of affairs in civil government."*

The political dictator of Indiana was sentenced to life imprisonment for murder.

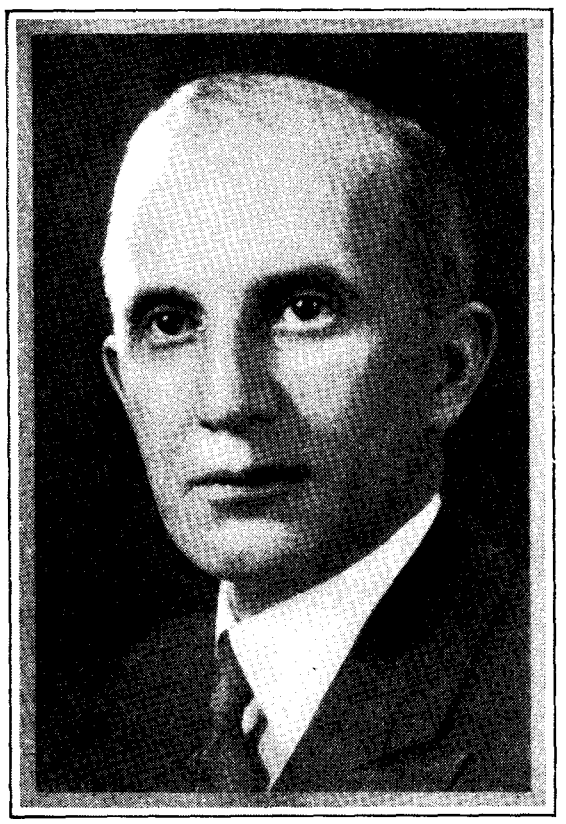
He received the sentence with contempt. For he expected a quick pardon.

He had boasted—*"I am the law in Indiana."* And for a time, he was. He had elected a governor. He had dictated the nominations of scores of the state officials. He had his own secret service. He terrorized and corrupted one of the richest and most powerful states in the Union.

But his pardon never came. For his gang, traitorous as ever, deserted him.

And then he issued a letter from his cell that shook the political foundations of the state.

This letter declared that he had documents that would prove state-wide corruption, and would expose the crooked officials and political leaders who had promised him freedom.



BOYD GURLEY, *Editor of The Indianapolis Times*

The Indianapolis Times, which for years had fought him and his organization, started on the trail of the truth behind these charges.

And then began a fight so sharp and deadly that the lives of the editor and staff of *The Indianapolis Times* were constantly in danger. But it uncovered a story so wildly incredible that it has no counterpart in fiction. And *The Indianapolis Times* published every word of this story of crime, oppression, bribery and blackmail that reads like the blood-stained records of ancient tyranny. It unearthed damning letters, checks and photographs. It produced agreements, signed by the highest names in the state, to deliver political patronage. It found missing or suppressed witnesses who enabled various grand juries to indict crooked officials and scheming politicians.

And it won the undying regard of every reputable citizen of Indiana. It gave them the truth, and the truth set them free. With their pride and faith aroused, the people of Indiana again confirmed the brilliant record of one of the greatest and most honored of all the States. For like all the victories of good government, this was the public's victory—the victory of enlightened public sentiment.

The magnificent fight of *The Indianapolis Times* attracted national attention. Newspapers, business associations, political clubs and organizations noted and praised its long, successful struggle to secure honest government.

Now the most coveted prize in the newspaper world—The Pulitzer Prize in Journalism—crowns the efforts of *The Indianapolis Times* and its editor, Boyd Gurley.

The Scripps-Howard Newspapers hereby tender their gratitude and appreciation for this signal honor.

And the entire Scripps-Howard organization unites in a chorus of congratulation for the editor and staff of *The Indianapolis Times* . . . who have fought the fight of the good citizen . . . who have again given point and meaning to the Scripps-Howard principle of fearless public service . . . and who have interpreted so clearly the Scripps-Howard ideals and policies that are settling these newspapers ever more deeply in the hearts of the people.

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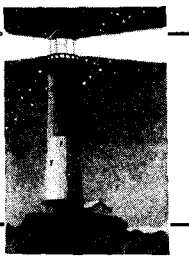
WASHINGTON . . . . *News*
CINCINNATI . . . . . *Post*
INDIANAPOLIS . . . . *Times*
DENVER . . *Rocky Mt. News*
DENVER . . . . *Evening News*
TOLEDO . . . . . *News-Bee*
COLUMBUS . . . . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*



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BIRMINGHAM . . . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS . . . . *Press-Scimitar*
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FORT WORTH . . . . . *Press*
OKLAHOMA CITY . . *News*
EVANSVILLE . . . . . *Press*
KNOXVILLE . *News-Sentinel*
EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
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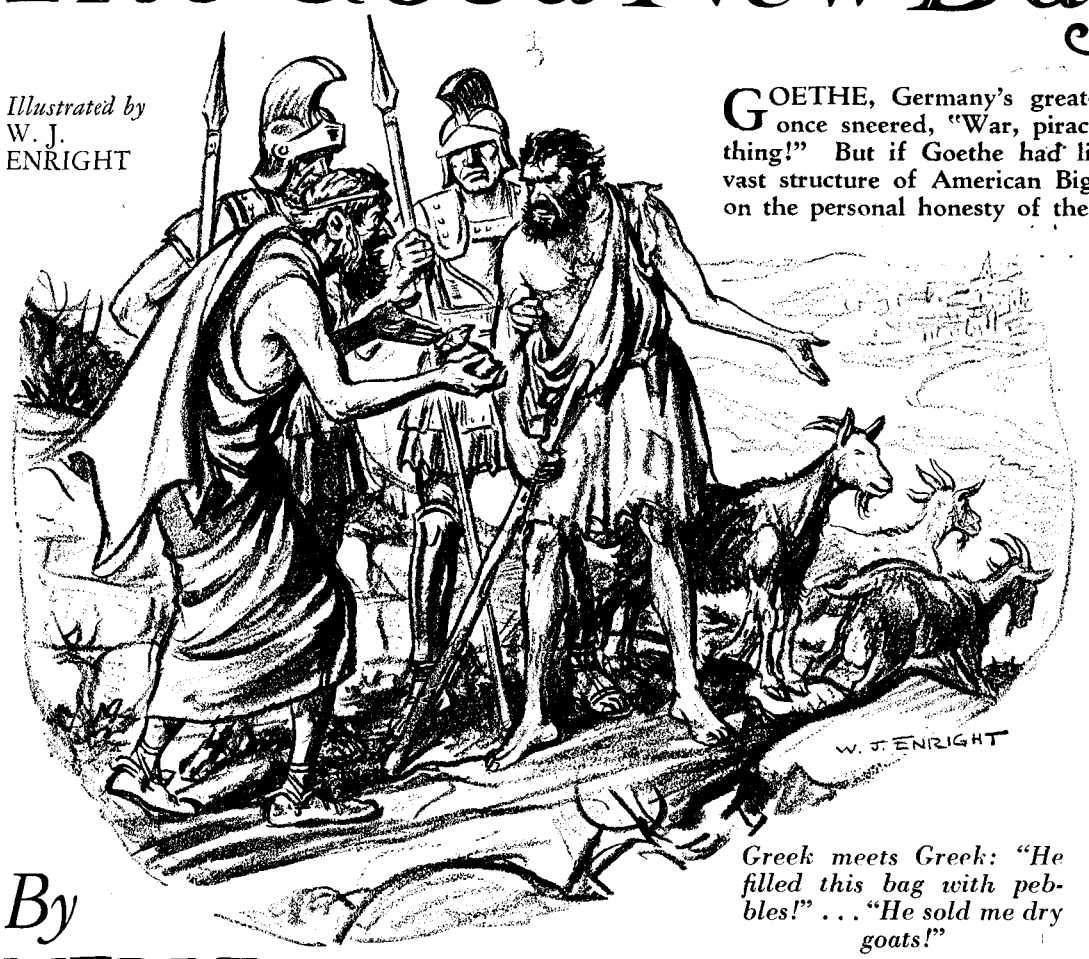
The Good New Days

Illustrated by W. J. ENRIGHT

GOETHE, Germany's greatest literary genius, once sneered, "War, piracy, trade—the same thing!" But if Goethe had lived to behold the vast structure of American Big Business founded on the personal honesty of the average man he—



Greek meets Greek: "He filled this bag with pebbles!" . . . "He sold me dry goats!"

By MERLE THORPE
Editor of Nation's Business

THERE was an ancient hill, in fair sight of the Ægean shore—a choice spot for trading. Soft winds stirred the bazaar tents. The sun warmed the mats whereon was spread the produce of many lands. Yet the tumult belied the picture.

"Thief," cried a Greek trader, "give me back my goats!"

But the peasant fled, with his bleating purchases, through the confusion of the fair, nor stopped until soldiers laid hold of him.

"He has given me false weight," panted the Greek. "He has filled this bag of silver with pebbles."

"Fair enough," shouted the peasant, "for these goats he sold to me as fresh are just gone dry. It will cost more than their worth to feed and care for them until they are of use."

The soldiers calmed the peasant. They were sympathetic. But— "You know you have no redress, for the rule is that the buyer must beware."

Whereupon the peasant and the trader fell to belaboring each other, while the soldiers scarcely knew which way to turn—because this was but one of many similar squabbles going on around them. And meanwhile sly hands were helping themselves to articles on the mat from which the Greek was absent. . . .

On a dun hill, in view of a walled town whose medieval gables and dormers rose beside a European river, was a later fair. It was inclosed by a palisading imbedded in mud. Its tents were set beside ruts made by cartwheels and ox hoofs. Burly yeomen guarded the gates.

A villager haggled over cloth with a paunchy merchant from Frankfort. Each held tightly to an end of the bolt.

"Let go my goods; I will show them to you."

"Yah—and slip in a bolt of poorer quality if I blink my eyes. I've bought at fairs before, merchant. A buyer must beware your quick tricks—"

"Pay me, then, and be off—I have told you the cost."

"Half of that!"

"No, but for three quarters of its worth you may take it."

The villager extended several coins with one hand while still retaining hold of the bolt. The merchant bit each coin before he released his hold of the bolt.

Your Daily Acts of Faith

A PALLID winter sun slants behind the Jersey hills and leaves the New York skyscraper world to—electric daylight. No Ægean wind, no Rhine breeze, mellows the air here. But there is enough healthful air blowing in from the busy harbor, through indirect ventilators, to keep the office circulation fairly wholesome.

This is the office of you or any business man. You did not hark back to the ancient and medieval strategy of hilltops in selecting this office, for it is no longer important to be seen. True, you paid some attention to centrality—but this was to save time.

Fairs do not interest you, nor most American business men. They have gone out of suburban and urban modern American life, except as mediums of advertising and recreation. In fact, they never attained in the New World their Old World meaning of barter.

You, perhaps, buy and sell—or help your employer to do so—more each hour than the bazaars and fairs of Asia Minor and Europe turned over in a year.

Your secretary places a catalogue before you, and while she is making a telephone connection with distant mills you critically examine and estimate.

"Hello, Sales Manager? . . . This is John Morgan—rush me 100,000 yards No. 12B, page 36, catalogue 7. . . ."

"Right. Awfully glad to have an order from you, Mr. Morgan. I'm sure you'll find our goods up to specifications. . . ."

"Now, about payment—"

"Oh, no hurry—take thirty days to turn around. . . ."

And so on. We can give but a general impression, because of the multiplicity of orders and firms and arrangements in this day of Big Business and CREDIT.

Buyer and seller have each gained confidence in the integrity of the other.

Goods amounting to billions of dollars are bought and sold by the printed word, advertising, and the telephone. Payment is made by a slip of paper drawn on a bank, sometimes thousands of miles away, and it is accepted without question as to whether the money is there. Through the check and deposit system most of our exchanging is carried on.

There are 800 billions in check transactions yearly in the United States—with less than 5 billions of money in circulation.

Who now fears that his milk is watered or his sugar sanded? You buy an automobile without questioning the soundness of its materials or the honesty of its seller. You SELECT color and design; but you take ON FAITH steel and leather and mechanical skill.

Ninety per cent of the vast and complicated business transacted in the United States today is conducted on credit.

You intrust $100 to your bank. You have confidence that it will pay you a specified interest and return the principal to you when you call for it. The bank intrusts your $100 along with others to a manufacturer, who in turn passes it on in the form of goods to a wholesaler. He intrusts the goods, made possible by your money, to a retailer.

Why Big Business is Possible

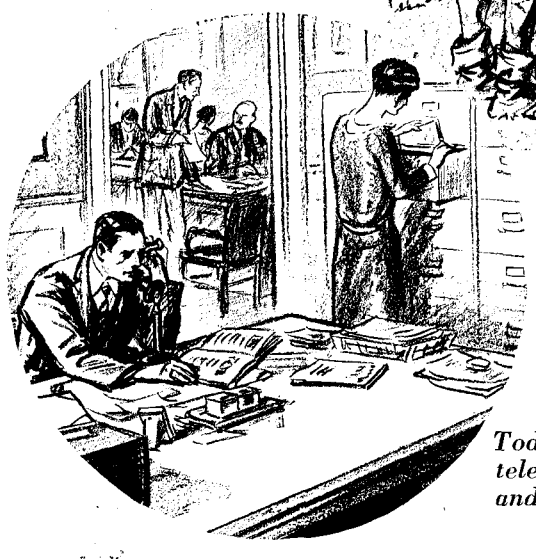
THE retailer sells you the goods and intrusts you with them until the first of the month. He knows you will pay, and when you do your dollars, maybe represented by a check on your bank, begin their journey to wholesaler, manufacturer and back to your bank. They have been working all the time and incidentally for your comfort and convenience.

Or, send your check to the insurance company in payment of your life-insurance premium. It does not rest in the company's vault overnight. The insurance company intrusts it to a man who owns a building—perhaps the building in which you have your office. Thus your rent money helps the interest on the loan made from your insurance money, thus building up the company's reserve out of which your widow will be paid when you die. American insurance money goes into other first-class investments also—2 billions of it to farmers, for instance, as loans on their land.

Business is BIG BUSINESS today because men and women have confidence in a man or group of men and lend them money, receiving in return pieces of scrip representing their stock interest. The United States Steel and American Telephone and Telegraph companies are big only because 55,000 and 400,000 men and women respectively have intrusted them with their savings. In many corporations the employees own as much of the business as the officials themselves.

One of the most modern offshoots of this development of credit is installment buying. Like all new developments, it has (*Continued on page 53*)

"For three quarters of its worth you may take it." But the one German feared substitution, the other bad money



Today you may order over the telephone from a catalogue and have no fear of being cheated

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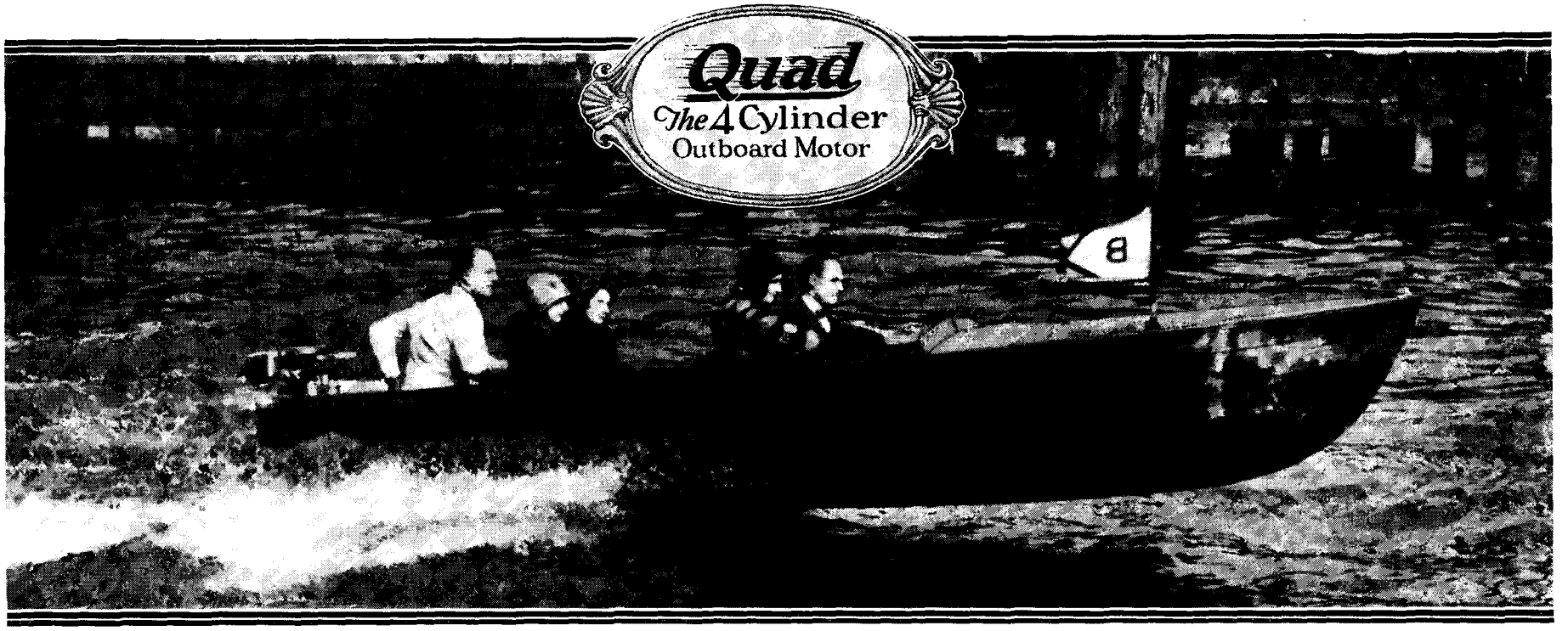


Speed ~ Luxury ~ Low Cost

A new-type motor brings the thrilling speed, comfort and reliability of America's finest runabouts

HAVE you longingly watched the smart, sleek runabouts that sail with motor car speed over cool, uncrowded, welcoming waterways? And wished that you might own one?

Such fine craft cost thousands. But now their joyful, capable performance is yours for a fraction of such costs.★

A new-type motor has made such miracles possible —

An *outboard* motor—but such a motor as the outboard world had never visioned.

Four cylinders—where "twin" cylinders had been considered the ultimate.

A torrent of power that can be likened only to the responsiveness of expensive inboard engines.

With such soft flexibility and obedient handling-ease that even the novice can operate it confidently.

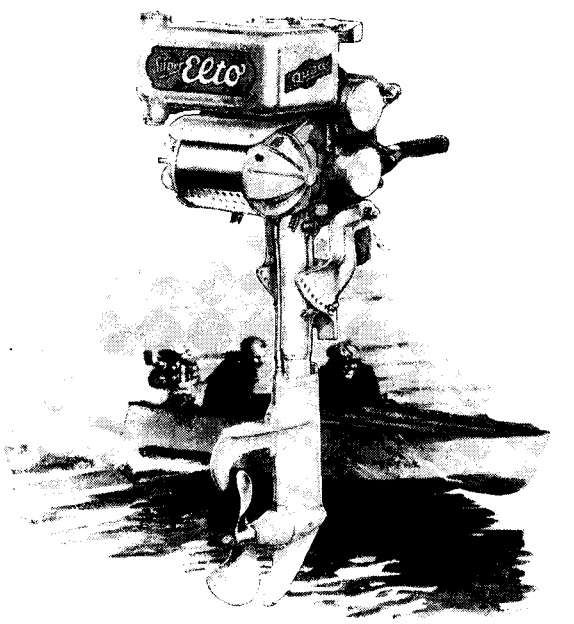
Vibrationless. Utterly, *unbelievably* free from vibration at every speed.

An amazing motor — product of the genius of Ole Evinrude, its designer and builder.

On staunch, fleet hulls of family runabout type this Elto *Quad* gives a speed of 25 rollicking miles an hour. And with full passenger load, speeds of over twenty.

With security. No other motor offers a greater degree of steadfast reliability.

It spins into action with a 2-inch flip of the flywheel. It reverses with a touch of a button. Dual ignition and dual carburetion give double dependability.



If there's young blood in the family, the *Quad* is ready and eager to double in duty.

Transferring it from sporty runabout to fast racer is but the work of seconds — then, few motors indeed can hold pace with its 35-mile speed.

It is a true *all-purpose* motor. It is ideal power for small cabin cruisers.

You can own a *Quad*-powered boat for the first-cost of the cheapest motor car. Your running costs are almost nothing.

No boat house is necessary. Your boat can be beached wherever you wish. Your motor is detachable and portable.

If you've longed for the finest of outdoor sports—or if you've previously been content with an ordinary outboard — send for the Elto book—and for the name of a dealer who will gladly demonstrate.

The book gives full information on the *Quad*, and on two other famous Elto models. The *Speedster*, a splendid middle-weight speed motor, and the *Service Twin*, an all-use family and utility motor.

Mail the convenient coupon.

★This is what we mean by *low cost*. The price of the Quad is $275.00. Many reliable builders offer fine runabout hulls adapted to Quad power for $200.00 to $450.00. Racing boats as low as $135.00. Cabin cruising boats as low as $450.00. Thus your boat complete — racer, fast runabout or cruiser — with Quad motor may cost as little as $410.00 and not more than $725.00 for the finest. If you wish a complete directory of boats and builders check the coupon.

The Super Elto

Quad

FOUR CYLINDERS

Speedster
The Fast Middleweight

Service Twin
For All 'Round Service

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.
Ole Evinrude, *President*
Mason St. Dept. 29, Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen: Kindly mail me, free, your complete catalog on Elto motors.

Check here ☐ for information on boats.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

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Too Tired to Think

Even star performers sometimes show "poor judgment." Jim Corbett did—and lost a world's championship. Bo McMillin did—and helped to lose a great game. The explanation's simple

By GRANTLAND RICE

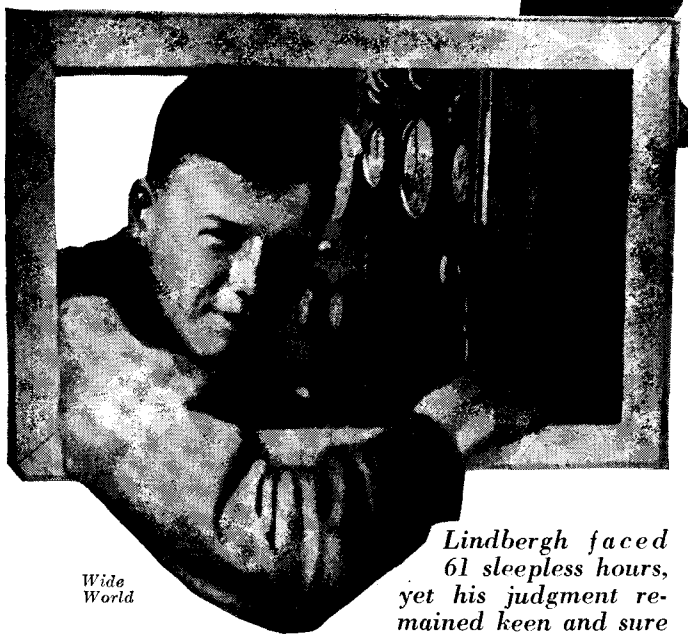
Wide World

The courageous German-Irish trio met rough conditions when they were fagged out

"HE USED terrible judgment." Thus do the side-line critics often sum up the cause back of victory and defeat.

The statement is usually correct. But the erring player shouldn't always be blamed. His physical condition may be responsible. It's hard to use good judgment—to think in a straight line—when you are tired.

Some time ago I was talking to a famous poker player—one of the old guard—who nearly always wins.



Wide World

Lindbergh faced 61 sleepless hours, yet his judgment remained keen and sure

"My system," he said, "is pretty simple. I pick up most of my winnings between two and five o'clock in the morning. Around two o'clock the average poker player begins to get tired, and his judgment begins to slip. A great poker player at 10 P. M. may look like a dub at 4 A. M."

"How do you work it?" I asked.

"I sleep all day," was the answer, "and so I'm usually a lot fresher and keener after midnight than most of the others. I'm not playing with a tired, balking brain."

I can still recall the game Bo McMillin, of Centre College, played against Harvard several years back. I have never seen a quarterback run a team with such brilliant, almost uncanny judgment as McMillin showed throughout the first three periods. At one stage, with Harvard leading 14 to 0, McMillin varied his attack with such skill that Centre carried the ball 192 yards without losing possession of it, scoring two touchdowns against a far stronger team. But in the final quarter McMillin proceeded to make two glaring errors in judgment.

"But don't forget," he said afterward, "that I had to carry the ball nearly half the time, run the team, and make fifty or sixty tackles, mainly against Owen, a hard man to stop. In that last quarter I had nothing left to think with. I don't even remember what happened, except that the field seemed to be rolling around."

Few perhaps realize that long-distance flying is something more than a mere mechanical operation. It is one of the hardest of all the competitive tests; something that demands not only flying skill but also coördination, training, good physical condition, and the ability to keep a clear brain after a long, hard strain.

Everything Goes Wrong

IT IS simple enough when one is fresh and there is no storm or fog to face. It is entirely different when one is worn down and a sudden complication arises wherein one must use the keenest possible judgment.

Take the comparative case of Lindbergh and the German-Irish trio. Lindbergh had faced long, hard training in distance flights. As one of the Air Mail contingent he had flown through storms and fogs and gales, day and night.

Flying alone, without any chance to sleep, he was able to solve every navigation problem that confronted him. He faced sixty-one sleepless hours from start to finish, and yet his judgment remained as keen and as sure as it was when he hopped off. If he had faced fog and storm on the European side near his journey's end, he would still have been master of the situation.

The German-Irish flyers had known no such training in long-distance flights through gales and fogs. Everything went smoothly enough until they ran into rough conditions when they were getting fagged out. Then the compass failed them, navigation broke down, and after flying over 400 miles off the right course the courageous trio barely made the grade upon Greenly Island.

It is quite possible that the transatlantic flyers who perished had very similar experiences. Under the crushing mental and physical pressure, lasting so many hours, their preparation had not been sufficient to give them a reserve of stamina and judgment when the crisis came. This, of course, is a guess, but it is a most reasonable one.

Golf also offers one of the hardest of all competitive tests.

I recall a hard golf match played by two ex-champions in a title tournament. One of them had just faced a hard test the day before. On the final hole he used miserable judgment, playing the wrong club.

"I was so tired," he said, "that I had no judgment left. It was a simple shot, I know. But, to be honest about it, I don't even know which club I used. I was in no condition to think things out."

Yet I had seen this same man, under other conditions, use the canniest sort of judgment at critical moments.

James J. Corbett still bemoans the poor judgment he used against Jim Jeffries at Coney Island in their famous first meeting. "I had Jeff licked for twenty-two rounds," he says, "and then I didn't have brains enough to keep away."

It wasn't lack of brains, however, that brought about Corbett's defeat. He was one of the smartest, one of the brainiest fighters the ring has ever known. When he met Jeffries he had been out of the ring nearly three years. And he was about thirty-five years old. For twenty-two rounds he worked at top speed. For twenty-two rounds Jeffries made every possible effort to catch and corner the California phantom. He couldn't do it.

Jeffries Ends the Fight!

IN THOSE earlier rounds Corbett was fresh and his judgment was excellent. He thought clearly. Near the finish of the fight the long strain began to get in its deadly work. He was no longer able to direct his strategy and think quickly in an emergency. Instead of sliding from the ropes, away from Jeffries—as he had done before—he bounded straight forward into a smashing hook that ended the fight.

Condition means something more than mere physical durability. If Gene Tunney had not been in the finest possible condition, he could never have weathered those seven punches from Dempsey. Gene's training enabled him to keep his head, take full advantage of the extended count, and then dance out of reach.

Dempsey was a tiring fighter when he knocked Tunney down. His brain was not coördinating. If it had been he would have started at once for a neutral corner, from which he could have rushed Tunney at the count of nine as the champion started getting up.

Dempsey admits that he had no intention of standing over Tunney as he stood above Firpo. He knew that such tactics would not be allowed a second time. But his judgment had broken down from weariness, and he was no longer thinking quickly and clearly.

It takes something more than mere condition to keep the brain working when one is tiring and a crisis arrives. It takes, also, extended experience under fire. Which means that Heeney has a chance—an outside chance—against Tunney. The challenger has fought nine fights in one year. The champion has been in the ring twice.

Who has the advantage of experience? Figure it out for yourself.

Keystone

Bo McMillin of Centre College played well till he got tired

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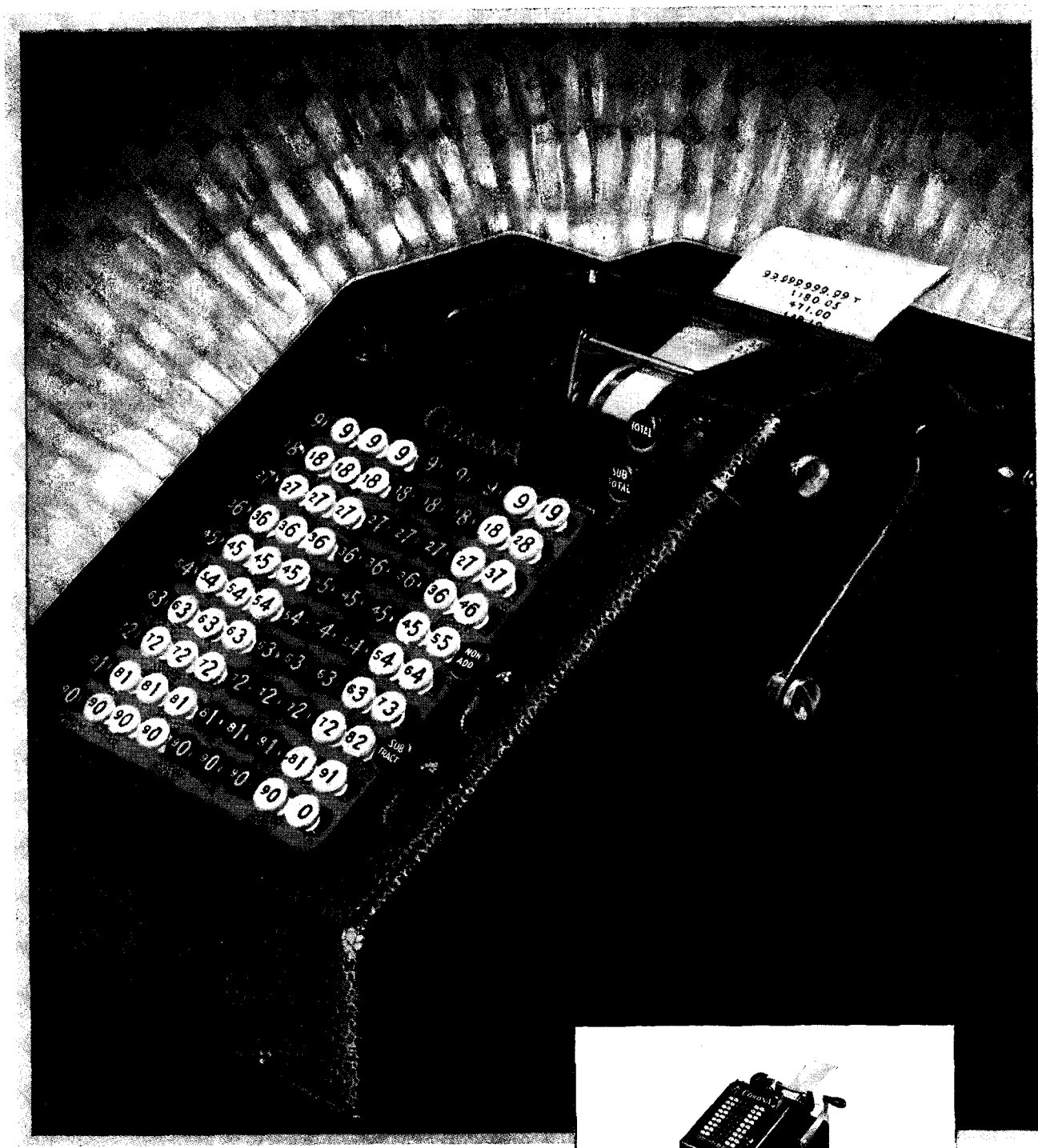
Startling simplicity..speed..stamina



In *this completely new standard size* CORONA '10' *just* $100

THE CORONA '10'... a standard-size adding machine engineered by master designers . . . new in *simplicity*, in *ruggedness*, in *versatility* . . . and amazingly low in cost.

No wonder this machine has caught the imagination of business America. The truth of *sound design* is in it; visible to eye, evident to touch when you put Corona '10' to work.

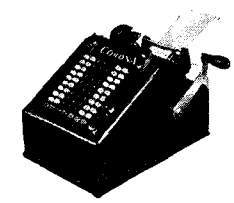
Clean, smooth lines, enclosed printing mechanism, light, swift action . . . you who know adding machines will recognize the thoroughbred.

Corona '10' subtracts automatically. Its capacity is 99,999,999.99. Five hundred moving units until now thought necessary in adding machines are eliminated. Parts are heavier, stronger. Thus Corona '10' will stand the gaff.

The facts that brought this new efficiency, brought also a price unusual as the Corona '10' itself. Adding machine prices have been set by the complexity of the machines. With simplicity Corona saves. One part, made stronger, does work that required many. Thus you buy Corona '10' at just $100 (slightly higher in the West and in Canada).

Let your toughest job test this new machine. Try it whatever way you please.

The coupon appended here will place a Corona '10' in your office. Make your comparison machine to machine, after thorough test on every type of work. There is no charge or obligation to this trial offer. Priority is given requests in the order of receipt.



CORONA '7' *just* $[illegible]

Corona Portable weighs only sixteen pounds. It occupies merely the space of a letterhead. Has repeat and error key, flexible keyboard, non-add key, individual column control, non-print key, seven-column compact keyboard, standard size legible type. The ideal fast and accurate machine where true portability is required.

THE STANDARD SIZE
CORONA '10'
ADDING MACHINE
with Automatic Subtraction

PORTABLE ADDING MACHINE CO.
Syracuse, New York

Gentlemen:
Please arrange to lend me a Corona '10' for trial in my office. The same to involve no obligation on my part.

*Firm name*_____

*Address*_____

*Individual making request*_____ *Title*_____

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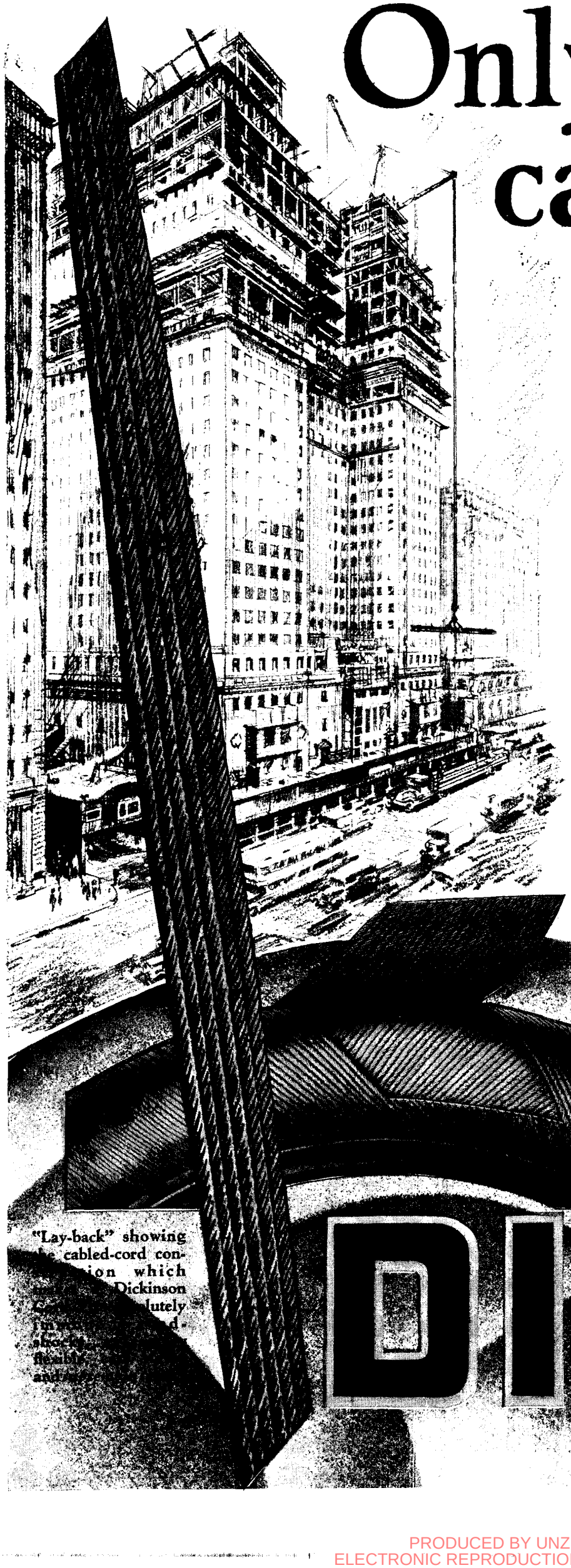
Only *Cable-Co*
can *hold, rais*



THE ONE—and only—thing which stands between your car and the downward pull of gravity—are your tires. On your tires falls the triple duty of holding, raising and speeding the load. Cabled-cord construction is *the scientific and mechanically correct* engineering principle that stands such great stress perfectly—*over a long period of time.*

Dickinson Cord Tires were the first to embody this principle with mechanical accuracy; supporting, elevating and accelerating the load, while at the same time treading the road in *exact alignment* to the traction pull; *an important speed factor.*

Such motor-traction principles, *never before applied*, are admittedly the best principles combining resistance and endurance with resiliency. Their application was made possible only through the invention of the Dickinson Automatic Tire Building Machine, of which we are the *exclusive users*,—which *builds-in excellence.*

Dickinson
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mathematically corre
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"Lay-back" showing
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rd Construction
e, and *speed* the load

EACH individual cord is impregnated with rubber before it is formed with many other cords into *one single cord cable.* Upwards of *seven such cord cables* are then *again* impregnated with rubber, formed into a strip and *further* embedded in friction-resisting rubber *in the tire itself.* Each strip being tensioned alike, widened at the "crown," narrowed at the "bead" and automatically aligned by the Dickinson Automatic Tire Building Machine.

The cabled-cord construction of a Dickinson Cord Tire provides such exceptional Strength with Flexibility that road shocks are resisted and the life of the tire body is increased indefinitely. "Stone-bruises" cannot occur. Blow-outs or break-downs do not happen. Flaws are eliminated.

Every Dickinson Cord Tire is Guaranteed for One Year Against All Road-Hazards,—everything that can happen to a Tire except Loss by Theft and Damage due to Wilful Abuse.

·ord Tires

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ENNSYLVANIA

...illustrated ...escriptive ...et, "The Ulti- ...ire," which ...out the most ...nt advance- ...Manu- ...ure that has ...in years.

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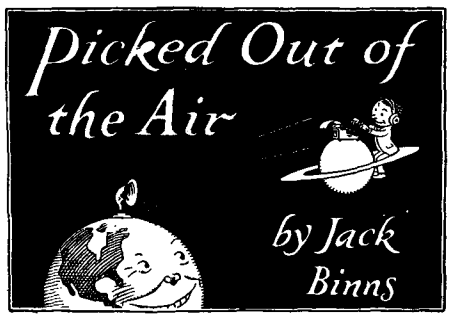

Well, Doc! What is It?

WHILE Congress was trying to make up its mind about the radio bill Dr. Lee de Forest exclaimed: "What can one hope for from a Congress a member of which in open committee recently asked: 'What is a watt?' and 'How long is a wave length anyway?'"

Well, honestly, Doc, I didn't really know either until so many people got the idea that the easiest way to a fortune lay in the ownership of a broadcast station.

Now I know that a watt can be used to ruin a lot of good music, and about three hundred wave lengths are so darned long that we cannot get away from them.

An Orchestral Speaker

AN INVENTOR has produced a loud speaker that employs life-sized facsimiles of every kind of musical instrument one finds in the average orchestra. With this device he contends it is possible to reproduce music that is identical with the original.

Fine! All he needs now is a cabinet to go around the entire ensemble that will match the furnishings of the average home and his fortune is made.

Please Don't, by Request

WILLIAM C. STOESS, the musical director of WLW, is greatly concerned over a substitute for the word "request." Says he: "Some day I'm going to stop announcing 'request' numbers and 'played-at-the-request-of' numbers. I'm going to announce that we're playing it to satisfy the desire of Mr. X, or at the solicitation of Mr. Y. These request numbers will drive me wild."

They did that to a lot of us a long time ago, Bill. Still, I'm afraid your substitutes might lead to complications in these days of freak titles for songs.

Fancy the consternation in some staid homes when the loud speaker without previous warning suddenly exclaims: "We are about to satisfy the desire of Miss X for 'Just a Little Kiss'!"

The Latest in Tabloids

EVERY Sunday evening in Detroit station WJR dispenses with announcers and gives its listeners half an hour of entertainment.

The novel program, known as Twilight Memories, squeezes twenty different numbers into thirty minutes of broadcasting time. A modulation from one key to another transports the listener from melody to melody. During the period almost every musical combination is employed including solo, duet and trio numbers for voice as well as various orchestral arrangements.

On With the Dance

A NUMBER of New York stations remained on the air a considerable time after an S O S call of great importance recently. One of the two most powerful stations in the metropolitan area was more than ten minutes late in signing off after the distress call was sent by the Navy Yard station. The officials of this station later explained that they "waited for confirmation from the Naval Communications Office."

This attitude is probably based on the precedent established by Mr. Nero, who continued to broadcast selections on his fiddle long after the S O S call was sent out from the city of Rome.

Great Head Center

Continued from page 17

It's just after seven o'clock, shore time."

Partington raised his hand to his throat in a queer, frenzied gesture, and:

"My things," said he—"Where are they?"

Stopford, busily polishing his monocle, watched the speaker.

"Your kit's bein' dried, Mr. Partington."

"You know me, then?"

"Somebody on board told me. I haven't hitherto had the pleasure."

The man was sitting up again, glaring wildly.

"Do me a favor," he entreated—"get my cigar case! It sounds absurd! . . ." His voice failed him. He was weak as a kitten. But some secret dread drove him remorselessly. "There are—sentimental things in it. I should hate to think . . ."

"Good enough," said Stopford cheerily—"but *do* lie down."

Out in the alleyway:

"How's the patient?" said Roscoe.

"Kind of funny, old scout," Stopford replied. "He's peeved about his bits of kit. Most odd. But what's up with you?"

ROSCOE stared hard at the speaker with an expression suggesting that something in Stopford's words had started a new line of thought; then:

"Come along to my cabin," said he.

In the cabin:

"Look!" Roscoe invited. "I found this in the arrested deck hand's box!"

He placed a small badge on the bed cover. It was blue and white enamel with a tiny diamond G underneath.

"Group Master!" Stopford murmured. "But why would this excite you, dear thing? We knew it from the start."

"Look at this!"

Roscoe held up a queer-looking contrivance, and:

"Good God!" said Stopford—"a *gas-mask!*"

"Also in his kit!" Roscoe added harshly. "And now . . . where are the things belonging to Mr. Hilary Partington?"

"Good Lord!" Stopford exclaimed, and his expression changed suddenly. "Dryin' in the cook's galley, I fancy. But—"

They were in the cook's quarters in forty seconds.

When they returned to Roscoe's room, Roscoe threw a glittering badge on to his bed, beside the smaller one.

It represented a large diamond D.

Down below, in a locked cabin, a frantic man was banging on the door.

"Someone! Please tell the captain! I *must* see the captain. I *must*. . . ."

"Hi!" interrupted a gruff voice, speaking from the alleyway, "if you see the captain it'll be bad for your health!"

"There is something I must say to him. I tell you—this ship's doomed—doomed!"

"*You'll* be doomed if you don't shut up."

"Take a message for me! If you are Christian, if you value your life, do as I pray of you. . . ."

Hurrying footsteps sounded. There was a muttered exchange of words. A key was put in the lock. And the door opened.

Drake Roscoe came in, followed by Dr. Stopford. The prisoner sprang forward, but:

"Stand still!" said Roscoe.

The man stood still. Such is the magic of one used to command. The door was closed, and:

"What's your name?" Roscoe demanded.

"Manoel Vara."

"Portuguese?"

"Yes, by birth. But American citizen."

"Group Master of the Zones?"

Vara's eyes narrowed, opened widely, and narrowed again.

"Answer, damn you!"

"Yes."

"Are you a sailor by profession?"

"Yes."

"What are your Zone duties on this yacht?"

"To report the course."

"Have you done this?"

"Yes."

"What is going to happen?"

"I don't know."

"Don't lie!"

"I say—I swear—I don't know! I was told to leave so something will happen."

"How were you going to leave?"

"Jump overboard with a life belt."

"Are you hiding anything?"

"On my life—on my soul—I know no more. I only know this yacht is doomed!"

"Is any other member of the Zones aboard?"

"No."

"Are there explosives hidden?"

"I don't know. All I know I tell you."

"Why was a gas-mask served out to you?"

Vara's twitching face blanched, and:

"Still, I don't know! I don't know!" he cried desperately. "If I am prevented from leaving the ship I am told to wear it. I know nothing else."

Roscoe watched the frenzied speaker for a moment; then:

"You have been served out with an X radio outfit for this job," he asserted "Where is it hidden?"

Vara dropped his head in his hands.

"I knew it must bring me misfortune!" he sobbed. "It is in the prayer book in my box!"

Roscoe started for the alleyway.

"No wonder I missed it!" he snapped. "Lock the door, Stoppy."

Outside the cabin, a distant sound of excited voices reached them.

"What's this?" Stopford murmured.

"Take Partington's kit to him," Roscoe said, tensely. "Don't waste a second. I'll join you in your room. . . ."

Stopford halted, staring. The sea-browned face of Drake Roscoe was oddly drawn. Under the tan he seemed to have paled.

"Old man," he said, "we've played into their hands! The chief enemies of Head Center are aboard this yacht. We're thirty miles from shore—and the nearest ship to count, La Patrie, the crack Frenchman, is half an hour's steaming away!"

AT ABOUT the time that Hilary Partington was brought aboard Peter Champion's yacht a red light glowed in the vaults below Manhattan. The woman seated behind the long table did not stir. Then, uncannily:

"Chief Chemist," came in Teutonic accents. "Speaking from airplane base."

"Explain your plan again. Head Center New York understands the method but it is new to me."

"Certainly," came a cheery reply. "The new T. N. Vapor is discharged through a series of tubes fitted below the plane. Being very much heavier than air it falls, as a thick liquid might fall. In still weather—and it is still now and will be so until dusk—a plane operating from a fair altitude could register on an unprotected target of the size of White Hawk with certainty. The discharge is noiseless, and T. N. Vapor is invisible."

Silence ensued, until:

"It is certainly and immediately effective?" the calm feminine voice asked.

"The vapor is destructive of all life, animal and vegetable."

"There is a Zone official on board."

"He has orders to leave the yacht before we act. In the event of accident, he has been served out with a special mask."

"There is no antidote?"

"Oh, but yes! Coma comes, and then a complete rigor. The antidote may be used any time before the rigor."

"How long elapses?"

"From ten to fifteen minutes."

"Have you a supply of this antidote with you?"

"But certainly!" replied the joyous tones—those of one wedded to his ghastly science and immune from all human emotions. "The unforeseen may occur, you know!"

"Is it necessary for you to supervise operations on White Hawk from plane in person?"

"Not absolutely. My assistant could take charge."

"Instruct Assistant Chemist to take charge," the woman ordered. "Transfer to flying boat G. You will provide yourself with a suitable supply of the antidote to T. N. Vapor. Commander Drake Roscoe is to be brought back alive to base."

"It may be difficult."

"Officer in charge of boat G will be responsible for putting you on board White Hawk. You are responsible for the rest. Disconnect."

A slim finger rested on the switchboard.

"H. Q.," said a nasal voice. "Last order transmitted."

Immediately:

"Instruct base that Airplane A will leave at 6:45, Assistant Chemist on board. Flying boat G will leave immediately, with Chief Chemist, and will cross the course of White Hawk. When operations of plane are completed, Chief Chemist will be put aboard White Hawk. Group Master in charge flying boat will take further orders from Chief Chemist. Divisional Chief A and Group Master 1, Sector 1 A 1, are to be called on X radio at three-minute intervals until touch established. Reports to be instantly transmitted to me. Move."

The red speck disappeared. The map sections covering 40.24 North, 73.59 West became lighted up.

EVERYBODY who could get on deck was craning over the White Hawk's rails. Women's voices spoke excitedly. On the navigation bridge:

"Some queer craft, sir!" said the second officer. "A flying boat. Must be a naval experiment."

Captain Ransome focused his glasses.

"Right on our course!" he muttered. "Ask Commander Roscoe to step up on the bridge."

A minute later came a rap on the door of Stopford's cabin. As the messenger walked in:

"Your cigar case isn't functioning," Roscoe was saying—addressing the man rescued from the sea. "But I suggest, Mr. Partington, that this prayer book, the property of a Group Master now under arrest, may prove a possible substitute. . . ."

"Excuse me, sir," the newcomer interrupted—"Captain Ransome's compliments, and would you be good enough to step up on the bridge. There's a funny craft ahead of us—and an airplane has just been sighted which seems to be heading our way!"

A queer, faint purring note sounded.

"That prayer book," said Stopford, "has been making odd noises at regular intervals since we found it!"

"Give it to me—quickly!" Partington, ghastly, his forehead gleaming with perspiration, stretched out trembling hands. "I throw myself on your mercy . . . but I think it's too late!" . . .

AT WHICH moment in Zone headquarters, deep below the city, the woman seated at the long table had drawn the cowl over her head, so that, owing to the dim light of the vault, her features were indistinguishable.

From an uncurtained doorway on the right, the man who so closely resembled Napoleon Bonaparte came in. He bowed. There was a moment of silence. The woman studied the man. The man watched the woman. Somewhere, far off, a subterranean waterfall sent eerie whispers through cavernous space.

"Your speech," the woman's calm voice began, "was good. Two important points were not touched upon. I anticipate your excuse. I accept it. One of your questioners seemed to have inti-

(*Continued on page 32*)

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A WOMAN Wins

*Breaks World's Outboard Motor Record

An Outboard Motor Short Story

By NELSON G. HOLLOWAY

BETTY Blake was excited.

"Jack, I'm going to buy a new outboard motor—and it's going to be one of those New Cailles. Then when Glen Haven stages its outboard motor race I'm going to enter and——"

"Just a minute," interrupted Jack Blake; "What do you know about outboard motors? And furthermore you wouldn't stand a chance against men pilots. They're too experienced. They'd only laugh at you."

"Let them laugh." Betty gave her husband a haughty look. "I believe I could win with a New Caille. Anyway it would be heaps of fun."

"Well, if you want to enter, that's up to you. But let me buy your outboard motor. I'll get one like Ted Franklin's. That's a mighty good motor."

Betty held her ground. "I want a New Caille or none at all. You know yourself that the Lamberts and the Wests claim there's nothing like the New Caille—and they've owned any number of different makes. And the Caldwell's—didn't they demonstrate the New Caille for you? Didn't they show you features that Ted Franklin's motor couldn't compare with?"

Jack was discreetly silent.

Betty got her New Caille.

The day of the race found Betty keyed to a high pitch of enthusiasm. She was out on the water early—giving her speedy little "Orange Blossom," with its powerful New Caille, a final test. In operation it was flawless, streaking along at a terrific pace with an ease which astounded its owner. Betty felt she was ready—prepared to meet and conquer all in the coming event.

Excitement broke out in the great throng of spectators. "Look!—a woman in the race! What chance would she have? Well, you must admire her courage!" Many hoped she would win. Others merely smiled.

The starter's gun barked! Amid a great churning of water the racers leaped forward—ten stern, set faces, eager for victory—and one soft, white face—just as eager.

"Orange Blossom" set the pace. Betty was elated. The crowd was astonished. "She can't hold it," prophesied many. And she didn't.

Slowly, gradually, she was overtaken, first by one, then another, then a third. But Betty was not discouraged. The race had just begun. Time would tell.

Betty's nerve began to show itself. She advanced the spark—"Orange Blossom" responded nobly. It crept up on one of the leaders, drew up beside him, passed him—and was right on the heels of the next. She opened the auxiliary air valves—another burst of breath-taking speed, and "Orange Blossom" overtook and swept past the second pace-setter.

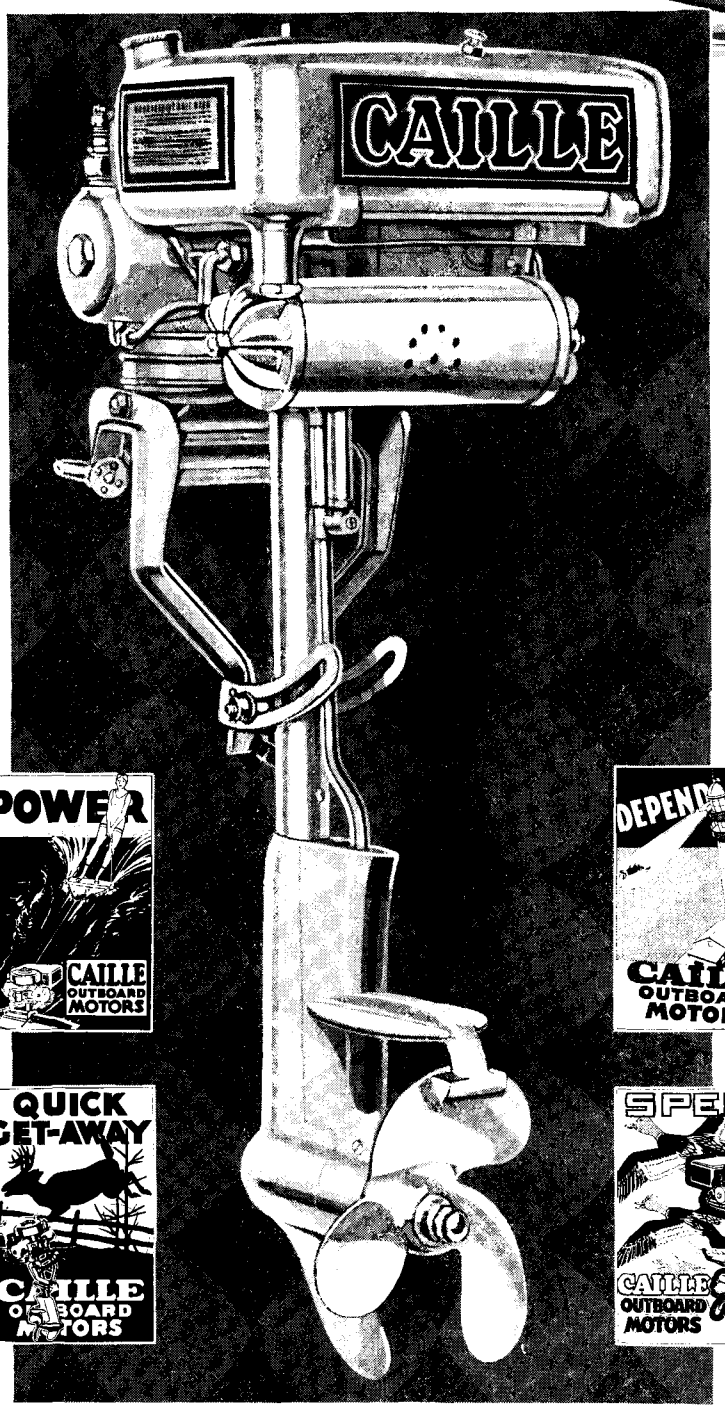
The great crowd of spectators looked on with intense excitement. All eyes were on one boat—"Orange Blossom." How would the woman finish? Could she maintain that terrific pace? They saw her draw closer to the leader—now abreast of him—now a foot ahead! And look! She continued to widen the gap!

With the end of the race clearly in sight, Betty opened the valves wide! A length—2 lengths—3 lengths—and "Orange Blossom" shot over the finish line like a streak of lightning—far in the lead!

Again "Caille" had won! The judges announced that a new world's Class B record of 28.28 miles per hour had been established—and a woman did it!

(A proud husband was heard to remark, "I knew she'd do it!")

*This world's Class B Record of 28.28 miles per hour was actually established by Mrs. Genevieve Atwood whose picture appears above. Her address, the place where the race was held, together with complete records of each heat, are in our files. We will gladly furnish them upon request.



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EVERYWHERE the water ways are calling—luring you to pleasant hours away from the dust and traffic of highways. Away to uncrowded waters where you can really relax—lose the nervous tension that makes some forms of recreation as tiring as hard labor. In outboard motoring you gain what elsewhere you may seek in vain. With the confident purr of your Caille behind you and clear expanses of lake or stream before you, you have the supreme combination for restful pleasure. All the superb qualities that have enabled the Caille to show its heels to other craft in race after race are yours in the Caille you buy—for Caille builds no specials—all Cailles are built to one standard of quality. And it is those qualities that are your assurance of dependable, trouble-free performance day after day. You, who want the best, want Caille.

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WATCH CAILLE THIS YEAR

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THE MECHANICAL SILKWORM

By
EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director
Science Service

WHENEVER I get tired of the conventional comment of newspapers and literary magazines on the surface of events, I take a dip into some trade periodical, for there I am sure to find a novel and stimulating point of view. It is like turning over a piece of tapestry or embroidery which reveals what threads are pulled to produce the designs appearing on the show side of the fabric. One day I got a glimpse of the seamy side of life by chancing to pick up a copy of a journal devoted to the manufacture of what is most absurdly called "artificial silk." There I found explained what I had heard discussed from the moral, æsthetic, political and psychological viewpoints—the question of "why the flapper." All the characteristics of this disturbing creature—her lithe figure; her light attire and her actions; her colorful personality; her fondness for dancing and the sort of dancing she is fond of; this new freedom of movement and language; short hair and steps; self-support and self-assertion—all these revolutionary changes in costume and custom, in modes, manners and morals, are plausibly ascribed to the rise of that revolutionary fiber known as rayon.

At the opening of the century this was little known. But last year over 200,000,000 tons of it was made and marketed. More than half of what seems to be silk, and an increasing proportion of what seems to be wool, linen, cotton, horsehair and fur, is now made in the factory. The old-fashioned silkworm chews up mulberry leaves and weaves a silken shroud to be a cradle for the winged creature to come. But the new robot worm chews up forests of trees and spins the logs into endless threads day and night.

A Versatile Spinner

THE machine spinner works cheaper and longer than the caterpillar and never gets tired or sick. Being the product of man's brain, it is more amenable to man than any mere worm can be. The silkworm goes on in the way of its ancestors for thousands of generations, however women may change their minds. But the machine will alter the form of its thread with every hint of a change in taste.

At its first battle with natural silk the synthetic fiber first won by its brighter sheen and gayer dyes. But in the course of time our eyes have become tired of these jazzy colors, and we demand softer and more subdued fabrics. That makes no difference to this versatile machine, and it is now turning out finer filaments and with surfaces that absorb light instead of reflecting it. Threads of synthetic silk, finer than the silkworm's floss, have been introduced so light that 260,000 yards of it weigh only an ounce.

Rayon suffered from the first by its weakness, for it lost half its strength when it went into the wash, but this defect is being overcome. There are rayon fabrics guaranteed to withstand four and a half hours of boiling.

What the Ladies Wear

AND the mechanical worm, though it is a young thing yet, is able to do something that the old worm has not learned how to do in the thousands of years it has been in the spinning business: it can blow bubbles in its filaments. The thread of this new aërated fiber is as different from solid silk as bread is from hard-tack. The cloth made from it is stronger, softer, warmer and lighter.

A few years ago, when skirts first began to get scanty and short, the British textile manufacturers saw that their craft was in danger from the curtailment of dress goods. With one accord they started to fight for the good old days of fifteen-pound dresses and trains sweeping the ground, but now they have to meet opposition in their own ranks. For the makers of silk and near-silk stockings insist upon the right to exhibit to the world the skill of their chemists and the art of their designers. And recently the opposition to the return of long skirts has been strengthened by powerful financial allies, the makers of gay-colored silk garters.

It looks now as though the rival factions of the clothing trade were going to put over a compromise. They cannot agree on whether the skirt shall rise or fall, but neither objects to the skirts swelling out sidewise.

So we may expect a lateral expansion in the form of puffs, ruffles, panels and bustles. That will use up more dress goods and cost more, and so everybody will be satisfied—except, perhaps, the ladies at first. But they will not have anything to say about it. That is determined by how the threads are pulled behind the screen in the factory.

Great Head Center

Continued from page 30

mate knowledge of the Zones. He asked if you had any plans to end this reign of terror which he described as the Black Hand of America! Your reply was noncommittal. But you missed a great opportunity. . . ."

A point of red light glowed on the pillar supporting the vault, and:

"H. Q.," a voice announced. "Report of Divisional Chief A just to hand. Caught in storm. Motor failed. Carried off course. Capsized. Took to sea in life belt and swept out by current. Became unconscious. Awakened aboard s. y. White Hawk. Reporting by X radio from Dr. Stopford's cabin on yacht. Difficult. Suspects watched. Timed 7:15. Report ends."

"Report of Group Master 1, Sector 1 A 1, aboard White Hawk," the woman's calm voice demanded.

"No report to hand."

"Connect Sector Captain in charge of planes—immediately."

From the shadow of the cowl, those unflinching dark eyes watched the man who stood before the table, and:

"Fate has stepped in," the woman said calmly. "We cannot afford to lose Divisional Chief A. He will be your successor in New York. No one else knows the City Zones as he does. There is time only for one thing: Recall."

"You may be too late."

The nasal voice which sounded as though its owner were in the vault broke in:

"Sector Captain 2 B 3 on the line."

"Connect him."

"Sector 2 B 3," a voice announced.

"Your report."

"Plane with Assistant Chemist on board dispatched in accordance with order, charge of Group Master 3, this sector timed to operate White Hawk at 7:20—40.26 North, 73.58 West. Flying boat with Chief Chemist on board reported White Hawk sighted. All clear. La Patrie ahead of time. Due in ten minutes. Report ends."

The dark eyes under the hood were lowered rapidly. The woman was looking at the luminous dial of a small clock before her on the table.

She began to issue an order. . . .

IN a locked cabin on the White Hawk a man was kneeling in fervent prayer. He prayed in Portuguese. In Stopford's room, Partington, his message on X radio spoken, lay, ghastly, on the bed.

"Commander Roscoe will join you in a moment, sir," announced a voice on the bridge.

Captain Ransome didn't hear the voice. He was watching a queer-looking flying boat receding into the sunset, apparently pursued by an airplane, which, coming up from the northeast, was now heading back.

A distant siren sounded its deep, warning note.

"La Patrie!" said the chief officer, "we're dead in her track. . . ."

Captain Ransome lowered his glasses.

"Well," said he, "can you beat it!"

But the inscrutable Force which Omar named The Potter and which the Arab knows as Kismet had that evening saved the future of the United States.

Another adventure of the Emperor of America by Sax Rohmer will appear in an early issue

Stop That Noise!

Continued from page 22

the ticket. Within two weeks 35,000 voters had signed. Besieged by reporters, John Lodge issued a twenty-nine-word statement:

"This petition seems to be a cross-section of the city, containing names of all creeds, races and economic conditions. I have no platform, no pledges. That understood, I accept."

Then for three months he sat at a borrowed desk in the office of his friend the city clerk. There were no Lodge banners, no Lodge buttons, no Lodge campaign fund. Only one of Detroit's four newspapers supported him, and that mildly. Business friends opened a one-room headquarters, which John Lodge discountenanced.

His enemies called him a Klansman, without avail. There was a wild last-minute yarn that Mrs. Lodge was a high official of the Kamelias, who are sisters or perhaps klousins of the Klan. But as there is not and never has been a Mrs. Lodge the accusation fell flat.

The tumult and the shouting arose to a tempest of ballyhoo.

The quiet, elderly man, who declined to go anywhere, to meet anybody or to say anything, was elected.

"It's one of them things you call conundrums," said one grisly war horse of the old political régime. "We figured that we'd have a little fun with this guy Smith, who's a Polish guy and a good scout, runnin' against a quiet, still-faced guy like Lodge. We was all square and set for a real party; the boys all framed to puncture band-wagon tires and bust up meetings at so much a bust, c. o. d.

"But it was all a one-way row. There was no opposition you could see to Smith. His gang did all the shouting. Yeh, but the Lodge folks did the votin'."

"Detroit," said Mayor Lodge, "debunked municipal elections by picking a man it felt qualified to serve as mayor instead of falling for ballyhoo.

"As I said before being elected, I say now: I have no particular promises to keep. I didn't pledge myself to let Detroit remain wet or to dry it up.

"I'm going to give the citizens of Detroit their money's worth of government. By this time I know how, and they know I know. That's why they gave me the job."

Bossy is Shrewd

THE Lodge system of reticence is not general. There are constituencies which demand oratory. There are candidates who would rather lose than be silent. Newburyport and Mayor Gillis, for example.

"Yep," he admitted, his gray eyes glinting as he spoke. "That's me:

"Give yer friends the gravy and yer enemies the gate.

"I had a rough deal all through life; and when they put me in the cooler for slapping the bird who preceded me—that settled it."

Bossy has been made to appear a slangy clown. Bossy is nothing of the sort. He's shrewd.

"We're goin' to make Newburyport prosperous, and everybody in the place happy, except a few cops and politicians who gave me a dirty deal. They're the bozos whose mugs I stuck up in my vacant lot on the Boston pike in that political cemetery I started when I ran for mayor.

"I took that town by storm," he rumbled. "I knocked the voters cold."

From John Lodge's twenty-nine-word campaign canvas to Bossy's berserk ballyhoo, you have the home-town politics of America essentialized.

Which system is better?

The citizen can always take his choice—for it's his money that makes the mayor go.

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Safety—in its fullest meaning—the protection of life itself—depends on the brakes and brake lining of your motor car. This is true every time you drive.

Johns-Manville, pioneer developer of asbestos, has made safe the control of heat, of fire, of vast power—through asbestos. For your car the tough fibres of this rock are woven into brake lining.

Are You Interested in the Safety of Your Family?

If you have any interest in your family, or in yourself, you cannot afford to buy brake lining—by hit or miss methods.

It is just as easy to have sturdy, dependable Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining—as to have an inferior lining. Johns-Manville is the world Master of Asbestos, the most logical producer of an asbestos brake lining.

Avoid Needless Risk

When your brakes need re-lining—which may be right now—look for a Johns-Manville Service Station, identified by the sign shown here—or insist to your own garage man that he supply Johns-Manville Brake Lining. He can always get it for you. That's all the "shopping around" you have to do.

If you leave the matter to chance, or to some one else's opinion, you may save a few cents—not even that is sure—but you will be taking a big risk, that you might just as well avoid. The way to be safe is to *know* that your brakes are lined with brake lining from Asbestos Headquarters—Johns-Manville.

Better Looking Homes

Thousands of home owners have learned of Johns-Manville through Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

Besides giving new beauty and distinction to any home these shingles are absolutely fireproof and will outlast the house. On a new house or for re-roofing Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles provide a roof that will never have to be replaced.

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Johns-Manville manufactures friction blocks and brake lining for hoisting machinery and other similar uses. Write to the Johns-Manville Corporation, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, for full information.

It is almost a certainty that your brakes need adjustment. Tear this out and use it as a

Memorandum!

June 16—*Have garage mechanic inspect my brakes today.*

If re-lining is required, insist on Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining. It will protect you for thousands of miles.

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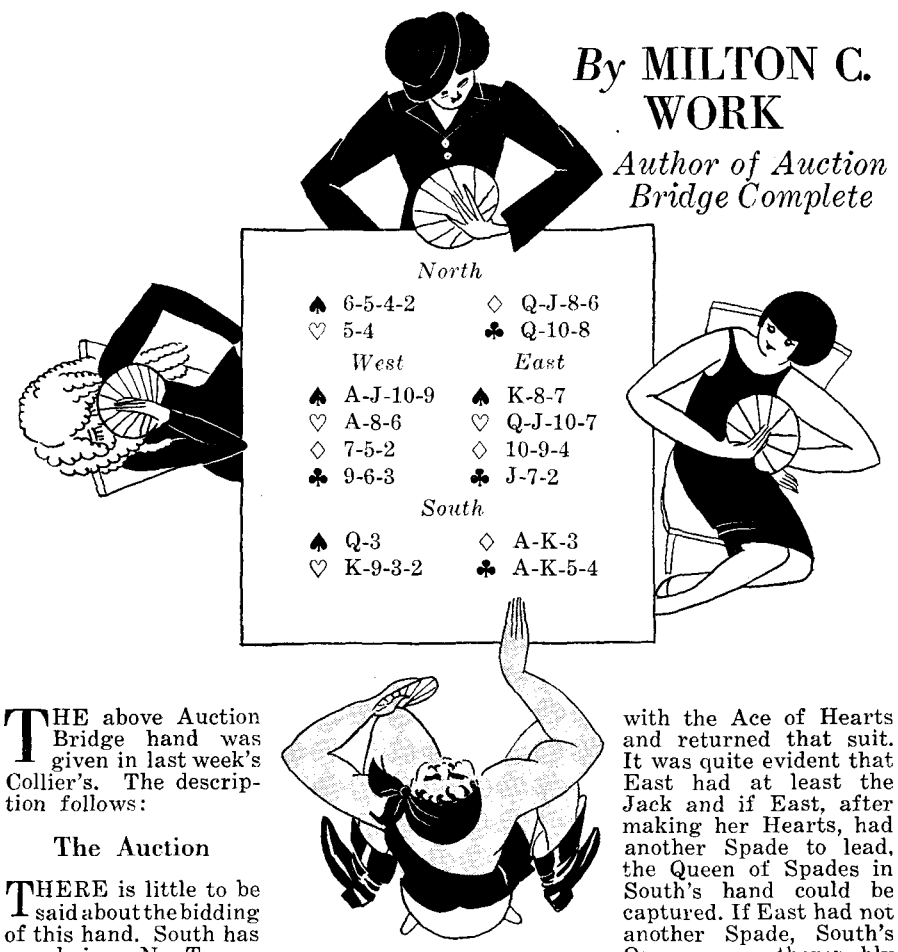
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?



By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's. The description follows:

The Auction

THERE is little to be said about the bidding of this hand. South has an obvious No Trump and bids it. West has two Aces, but a player in the West position should not bid over South's initial No Trump unless she holds a hand that promises game with very moderate assistance from her partner.

Passes by North and East are obvious. It is true that East has some strength; but to double a No Trump when in the wrong position (i. e., East's position *under* South's No Trump as contradistinguished from West's position *over* it) required at least six high cards which are likely to take tricks.

The Play

THIS is the way the hand was played: Trick 1, West led the Jack of Spades, which of course was quite correct as Spades was her only long suit and the Jack is the conventional lead against a No Trump from an A-J-10 suit. East properly played the King on her partner's Jack. This was the sound play because the contract was No Trump and East, with K-8-7, knew that West must be leading from A-J-10 or J-10-9. It is important to distinguish between a trump and a No Trump contract when holding a King, partner having led Jack. In the former case the leader cannot have the Ace; the lead may be from J-10 alone or possibly from J-10 or Jack singleton, and to play the King may prove very expensive. Against a No Trump, the leader may have the Ace and, as it would in this hand, the failure to play the King may present a trick of immense value to Declarer by permitting a Queen to make which otherwise would be shut out. On the King, Closed Hand played the Trey; so East, counting the Spades in Dummy, could be sure that West had led a four-card suit. She would not have opened a short suit and, as South still has a Spade (the Queen), West could not have had more than four. To make three more Spade tricks would not save the game and it looks as if it would be much better for East to lead Hearts up to Dummy's weakness than for West to do so through that weakness. Consequently, to trick 2, East led the Queen of Hearts. This put the Declarer in an awkward position, but as he could play the King and still have the suit stopped with the Nine if West played Ace, he covered the Queen although he realized that the Heart lead probably ended any hope he had for game. West won with the Ace of Hearts and returned that suit. It was quite evident that East had at least the Jack and if East, after making her Hearts, had another Spade to lead, the Queen of Spades in South's hand could be captured. If East had not another Spade, South's Queen was thoroughly guarded and West had nothing to gain by leading that suit. East took trick 3 with the Ten of Hearts, cashed her Jack of Hearts on trick 4 and led her Spade to trick 5. Then of course West ran her three Spade tricks and East and West succeeded in taking seven tricks and defeating the contract before the Declarer had a chance to get started.

That is the way I saw the hand played, and doubtless that is the way it would have been played at the large majority of the tables in the ordinary Duplicate match. It seemed to me, however, that the Declarer missed an opportunity which an exceptionally shrewd player would have grasped: When the Jack of Spades was led, the four Spades in the Dummy and the King played by East should have suggested the possibility that East had exactly two more Spades; if so East, placing the Queen in the Closed Hand, might be expected to make the Heart lead, which of course the Declarer did not desire. Of course if East had but one more Spade (West having five), East almost certainly would continue the suit because the game could be saved that way. However, if East had two more Spades and the Closed Hand played the Queen on the King, East probably would place all the remaining Spades in West's hand and would not dare to shift to Hearts, because doing so might give Declarer his game if Closed Hand held the Ace of Hearts; and the game would seem surely saved by leading the Spade. As the shift is the last thing that South wants, the deceptive play of the Spade Queen was clearly the correct one for him to make.

✥

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*South*
S. Q-10-2	S. K-J-7-5
H. 9-2	H. A-K-3
D. A-J-9-3-2	D. Q-10-6
C. K-7-3	C. A-9-2
East	*West*
S. 8-6-4	S. A-9-3
H. J-10-4	H. Q-8-7-6-5
D. K-8-4	D. 7-5
C. Q-10-8-4	C. J-6-5

The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 14

"Did you see my nephew come out?"

"No, we—"

"Nor signs of a tall, funny-lookin' feller in a gray derby hat, long neck—"

"No one *left* while we were there," Paul declared. "It was those who *entered* that puzzled us. A man and a woman!"

"What?" snapped the sheriff. "A man and a woman?"

"What time was this, would you say?" asked Jimmy.

"Somewhere round half past eight."

"Then I'd been out of the place long enough to get clear beyond the schoolhouse. I remember looking at my watch there. It was ten minutes past eight."

"What sort o' man?" the sheriff questioned. "What kind o' woman? 'Twarn't th' old lady Jake saw, was it?"

"It might easily have been. We couldn't make them out very clearly. There warn't enough light—"

"Where was you hidin' when *they* appeared?"

"Up along the wall of the Fork that turns to Wickford. This man and woman came down the grade from the direction of Wickford!"

"Th' hell you say! Afoot?"

"I'd almost swear they came in a rig that they prob'ly left somewheres up toward Gleason's. We hadn't seen signs of any auto head lamps, but all of us heard a horse nicker plainly just a few minutes before they showed up."

"You saw 'em go int' th' property?"

"That's the funny part. They didn't go into the back of the house through the ell or the bulkhead. After they'd climbed over the wall, *they headed straight for the tool house.* The man helped the woman over the wall about thirty feet south of us. Then they plowed through the dead grass straight for the door of the shack where the Fowlers had seen the old dame disappear the night she screamed."

"Did they have any light?"

"Nope. Nothing lighted that back yard but the stars. And pretty soon we heard the door sort of slam on the tool house—"

"What'd they look like, th' little you saw of 'em?"

"The man was short and clad in an overcoat. He wore a soft hat and thick-lensed spectacles."

"All right," prompted Crumpett; "they climbed over th' wall an' went on t' th' tool house. Then what?"

"They closed the tool-house door behind them and didn't come out."

"I'LL bet that tool house ain't ever been examined like it should be," contributed Squire Butterworth. "Some of us ought to have done it long before this. Go on!"

"We waited and waited for them to reappear. The next thing we knew there were lights glowing on the second floor of the house. They'd show from one window, then fade out and come in another. Finally we saw the queer *bluish* light reflected in the cupola."

"There's some sort o' connection, then," declared the squire, "between that embankment shed and the residence."

"Get along t' the findin' of th' body," Sheriff Crumpett commanded. "We'll be there pretty quick, an' I want all th' details."

"Well, I don't know how long we waited—a half or three quarters of an hour, anyhow—when I finally suggested the three of us go in. There hadn't been any lights show in the bedroom windows for the last ten minutes, though the bluish glow in the campanile continued. We crept close to the ell and got in by the bulkhead. Someone had pulled a No Trespass sign from the bulkhead. It was lying in the grass, and Seba stepped on it and split it. The wind was blowing pretty strong about the Fork, however. Any noises we made could never have been heard. We lifted the bulkhead and went down the steps—"

"Did you ever see such a horrible hole?" asked Jimmy.

"I'll say it's horrible. The cobwebs —fungus—"

"We've all seen th' cellar!" the sheriff snapped impatiently. "'Ceptin' Doc Chapin, mebbe. You went up through th' cellar? How'd you light your way?"

"We had plenty of matches, between the three of us. But once in the kitchen we were glad for the darkness. They were still in the house, those people upstairs. We could hear them quarreling."

"Quarrelin', eh? What'd they say?"

"We couldn't quite catch. Just the jangle of their voices came down through the house—muffled at times, as though moving from one room to the other. Then finally we heard a yell. Not a scream like the Fowlers heard the woman give in the tool shed. A yell that a man might have let out when somethin' scared him suddenly. After that came a bump—a whale of a bump that jarred the upper floor. After that came silence, a long, long silence."

"AND then you went upstairs?" asked Jimmy.

"No, it was another long time before we dared go upstairs. By the time we had the courage the house had been silent for another twenty minutes. We stuck our heads into the dining-room and didn't hear anything. We crossed the dining-room into the sitting-room. Then we stuck our heads into the hall. The upper part of the house, what we could see of it, was black as pitch. No yellow lights, no blue lights, no sounds, no voices. Stair by stair the three of us crept up to the landing. I'll bet we stayed on that landing another ten minutes. We weren't a bit anxious to rush that hunt. When the upper hall continued inky black without sounds of anyone in it, Seba struck a match."

"From the landin'?" asked the sheriff.

"Frank and I were still on the landing. Seba'd gone up three or four more steps. He shielded the flame at first and took his hand away when it burned up bright. Then's when we caught sight of the body, lying down the hall."

"Go on! Hurry up; we're almost there."

"It certainly gave us the willies, the sight of it. I got another match lighted as Seba's went out. Frank called to it —the body—to see if it moved. Then, just a little way from it, toward the stairs, we saw the base of a hand lamp. The chimney had been broken, but the bottom held oil. We none of us thought of that body being dead; we supposed the man had been knocked unconscious, and we'd have to do something for him. But when Frank had dabbed the wick of that lamp, and gone around on the other side of the figure, he let out a yell that nearly sent us running. The man's head was smashed. The carpet all round him was soggy with blood."

"You mean th' feller that climbed th' wall with th' woman in black?"

"No, another man entirely. A stout, well-dressed, elderly man. In fact, I'm certain I've seen him in Paris, in and out of the Whitney House."

"We'll see him for ourselves," Crumpett said grimly. "You don't remember what his name was, from th' Whitney House register?"

"No, the paper pays no attention to the drummers and business guests that stop at the hotel."

"What'd you walk t' Pumpton's f'r— if you've got your own car? Why didn't you use it an' get me here quicker?"

"It's still up in the spruces. When I ran to get it I discovered the tire we'd patched was soft again. I didn't try to pump it. I'd reach Pumpton's sooner afoot."

"What's them lights now—showin' upstairs?" Down into the Fork the sheriff's car had coasted. The sheriff stopped it across from the gate.

(*Continued on page 36*)

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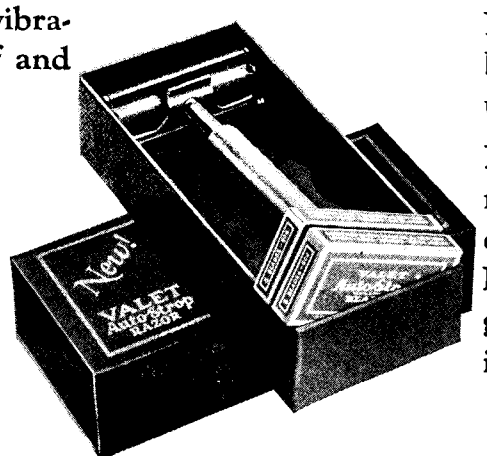

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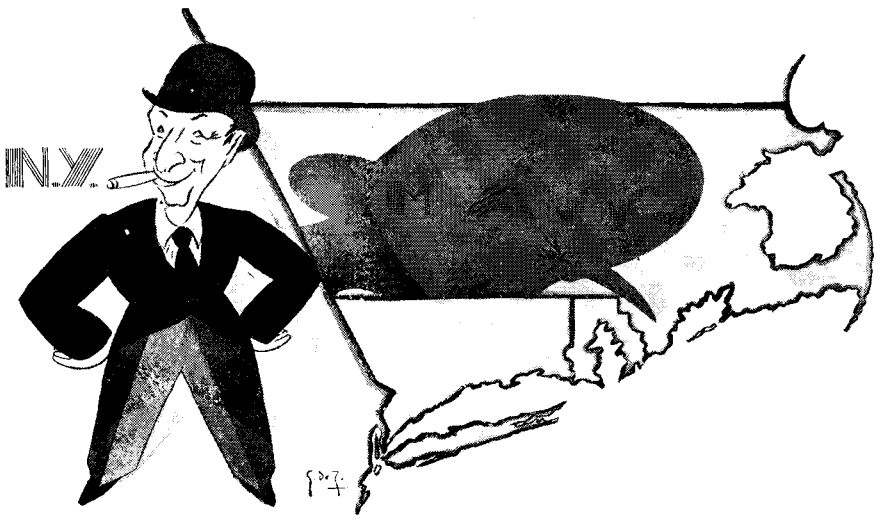

BY THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

The Shadow of the Brown Derby

AS I write this, Governor Al Smith is certain to be nominated, probably on the first ballot that will be taken at Houston, perhaps by acclamation—and the Republicans are in the midst of a mild panic. They have witnessed such strange political phenomena as several thousand Republicans writing in the name of the New York governor in the Republican primary of Massachusetts as their choice for President; and many more thousands of Republicans voting in the Democratic primary of California for the same very un-Republican candidate.

About 1,000 Republicans in Mr. Coolidge's state wrote "Al" on the Massachusetts Republican ballot, or "you know me, Al," or "The Brown Derby." There were seventeen gay variants of this unwelcome choice on Republican ballots that were thrown out as not being sufficiently specific.

The humor of the Massachusetts Republicans is nothing short of obscene to the solid party leaders in Washington. It is disquieting to them. The voters of Mr. Coolidge's own state seem too joyous over the hope of release from the somber Calvin.

At the same time Republican leaders from the West come into headquarters of the Republican National Committee in Washington and say that Governor Smith is likely to carry South Dakota. Others report that Minnesota is in danger. Others bring bad tidings from Nebraska. A poll is said to have been made in Chicago which showed that thirty-five per cent of the Republicans of that city would vote for Al Smith.

Meanwhile the border states once regarded as certainly Republican if Al Smith was nominated are now reported at Republican headquarters to have been alienated by Secretary Hoover's order establishing social equality among the colored and white employees of his department, a generous and idealistic ruling but one which makes cold chills run down the backs of the practical Republican politicians.

And to enforce the argument in Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Oklahoma a Negro is nominated for Congress by Big Bill Thompson's Republicans of Chicago!

Troubles of the G. O. P.

AT ANY rate the panic is here which was predicted in this journal of enlightenment some months ago. It centers about Secretary Hoover, who, in a way to his credit as a man, has made trouble for himself in the border states and who has trouble enough already in the corn-belt region. And nobody sees at this writing how any other candidate than Mr. Hoover can be nominated.

The greater the panic obviously the less the likelihood of President Coolidge's consenting to be drafted. That is one consideration that the Coolidge drafters left out of consideration when they calculated upon a party emergency to induce him to run again. And Mr. Coolidge, sitting in the White House, vetoes the nomination of Mr. Dawes.

I do not suppose there is a single manifestation in this whole remarkable pre-convention campaign more illuminating than that thousand gay "Al" and "You know me, Al" ballots cast by the Republicans in the Massachusetts primary.

Fun for the Voters!

A LOT of voters this time want to kick up their heels. We have gone through a long period when government has lain over the land like a heavy and wet blanket. You have to go back to the brave days of Roosevelt to find a time when people really enjoyed their politics, when people felt that self-government was a satisfaction and not blue-nosed duty.

Ever since then we have been consecrated to something or other. First there came the preacher Wilson, and along with him came the war which conscripted our bodies and put us on short rations of bread made of sawdust and butter made of suet. We were confronted with solemn obligations to save the world for democracy and set noble examples of our new-found brothers in Europe.

Then with Mr. Harding we were angry at the high cost of all our recent Sunday-school scholaring.

Then the nasal twang of the unsmiling Mr. Coolidge bade us scrimp and save and beware that we give an offense to the economic gods. Now economy is a splendid ideal but it is as joyless as sawdust and bread. Besides it is a hang-over from the war of disagreeable memory.

And throughout all this time the government has presented itself to us as the enforcer of prohibition, another kill-joy device adopted in this solemn era of self-mortification.

The war will be over ten years a few days after the voters go to the polls in November. The instant the armistice was signed the war administration was unpopular and the public boot was ready for it.

Now is it not conceivable that after-war administrations existing under exceptional conditions and full of solemnity will in the end tire us just as surely as war administrations do?

At any rate there is Al with the brown derby, the smile, the salty speech of the streets, and there are a thousand Republicans of Massachusetts turning their backs on the solemn, sacred codfish, wetting their laborious pencils on the ends of their tongues and gaily writing "You know me, Al."

The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 34

"The lamp the Fowlers lighted, prob'ly, while I went for help."

The Pumpton car came up close behind, and halted likewise as Crumpett killed his engine.

The sheriff raised the car's front cushion and procured a flashlight that lay beneath the seat. Jim Pumpton had a lantern. Jimmy had the light he had brought from Boston. The seven crossed the road and passed through the gate.

"We can go in the front way," Lyman suggested. "I left the door unlocked."

They mounted the veranda. The door yielded readily.

"That you, Paul?" came a voice from upstairs.

"Yep, it's me. And I've brought Sheriff Crumpett."

The Fowler boys appeared. They were sick of their vigil, it was all too apparent.

"Lord, what a place!" exclaimed Dr. Chapin. He was a rotund, white-headed, soft-spoken old man with a calm, kindly face and badly rumpled clothes.

"You ain't seen nothin' yet," Seba retorted, halfway up the stairs.

They mounted to the upper floor, the hall made eerie from the lamp flame on the floor.

"We haven't moved a thing," Frank Fowler declared. "We simply lit the lamp and waited till you got here."

The small yellow flare flickered and wavered in the drafts of the night. It gave off much carbon, for the wick was befouled. Yet the body beyond it riveted all eyes.

"Turn him over, Doc," the sheriff suggested. "Here, I'll give you a hand."

The group stood horrified when the body lay face upward. Rigor mortis had set in; the limbs had stiffened.

The spectators looked down on a man in his fifties with silky gray hair and a strong, hawkish profile. Pieces of the rotten carpet adhered to forearms, hands and temple on the side where his skull had been cracked in a sickening bruise.

"Dead as a door post!" the coroner exclaimed. "He was struck from the side. The blow nearly brained him."

The sheriff held the flashlight steadily on the features. Aside from the dust and blood, the man's dress had been immaculate. At length Crumpett glanced across at the squire.

"Jabez," he demanded, "does that face look at all familiar t' you?"

THE squire stepped over the stiffened legs to study the stranger from beside the officer.

"Lord!" he cried finally. " 'Course I only seen him once or twice—and twenty years ago at that—but—"

"Ain't this th' foreign duke, or somethin', that come up t' see Mary Harmon—as twenty years have aged him?"

"What do you think, Ansell?" the squire asked the doctor.

"I never got a good square look at him. But I'd say it's him, just the same—"

"Look in his pockets," cried Jimmy. "He'll certainly have something in them to identify him."

Crumpett rifled the pockets. Some keys and a handkerchief were first laid on the carpet, then a cigar case, a fountain pen and silver pencil, a cigar lighter—of solid gold apparently—a wallet. This last was stuffed with ten- and twenty-dollar bank notes; the sheriff later counted them and found $193 therein. Several letters were produced from the inner breast pocket of his coat. They bore foreign postage stamps of a country the Vermonters could not identify. The address on all of them was: "Joseph Brisk, Esq., Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City." But when their contents were opened the language in which they were written could not be read by anyone present.

"It's Mary Harmon's count, all right," confirmed Dr. Chapin. "Just ain't possible the names should be so near alike unless he'd made one from the other."

"What do you mean, Ansell?"

"Mary Harmon was going to marry Count Josef Briskow," Jimmy Battles interposed. "I read it in some clippings coming up in the train."

"What's more," added Chapin, "if we need any more confirmation of his identity, here's labels on the inside of his clothes from tailors in Paris—Paris, France."

"What could *he* be doin' back here in Vermont twenty years after Mary Harmon vanished?" the officer mused.

"It'd seem to me, Amos," exclaimed the squire, "that the really important thing is, *who killed him?*"

The sheriff raised his eyes and regarded his nephew from beneath bushy brows. Then he glanced at the spot where the body had been found. It was lying about three feet out from the stairs behind which Jimmy had contended he had actually talked with the long-missing heiress. The boy knew the question troubling his uncle. Could the girl herself have killed him?

AND yet, according to Lyman, still another woman and man had been on those premises in the last two hours. What had become of them? And what instrument had been used to effect this fatality?

Lyman turned to Jimmy:

"What was it *you* saw here tonight?"

"Never mind that now," the uncle objected. "As Jabez suggests, th' folks who did this murder are either in this house or at least not far off. They've got t' be nabbed an' landed in jail."

"There's another car drawin' up out front," Jim Pumpton declared, glancing across the open southeast chamber, through the window to the road. "A big covered wagon!"

"Blake Whipple's undertakin' ambulance, prob'ly. I phoned him t' follow us, soon's he could make it. If you're through with your medical exam, Doc, we'll let Blake have th' corpse an' tote it t' town."

"Here's a telegram," announced Chapin. "In his rear pants pocket."

The sheriff smoothed back the sheet of dog-eared paper the doctor had discovered. He held his flashlight to see the purple typing.

"*This* is in English, anyhow," he cried. "Listen!"

But Jimmy was reading for himself:

Mr. Joseph Brisk,
Whitney House, Paris, Vt.

Have decided cannot join you. Watts knowledge makes whole plan too risky. Have told ma everything. Sorry. Am leaving tonight. Going West.

WALTER.

"Walter!" cried the nephew. "Uncle Amos, you remember that's the same name—"

"That th' pink-faced cuss called you by mistake? But what does he mean, 'have told Ma everything'?"

"Ma might mean an abbreviation for mother. It might also stand for Mary Harmon's initials."

"By heck, that's right. Anyhow, it's plain t' be seen that this Walter, whoever he is, was mixed up in the duke's monkeyshines an' suddenly got cold feet."

"It's some sort of plot to get hold of the dormant Harmon fortune, Uncle Amos. You recall Watts said something about forged documents—a death certificate—"

"Guess you're right in that too. But meantime they've either had a fallin' out among themselves, or this duke come on th' real heiress in a trance an' she basted him good."

"Real heiress! Trance!" exclaimed Butterworth and Chapin.

"Accordin' t' my nephew, they's a secret room beneath these cupola stairs. He saw it opened t'night, an' it had a girl inside it. Fr'm a picture t' my house he identified her as th' missin' Mary Harmon. Don't know what hocus-pocus there is t' it—that she should sleep twenty years like ol' Rip Van

(*Continued on page 39*)

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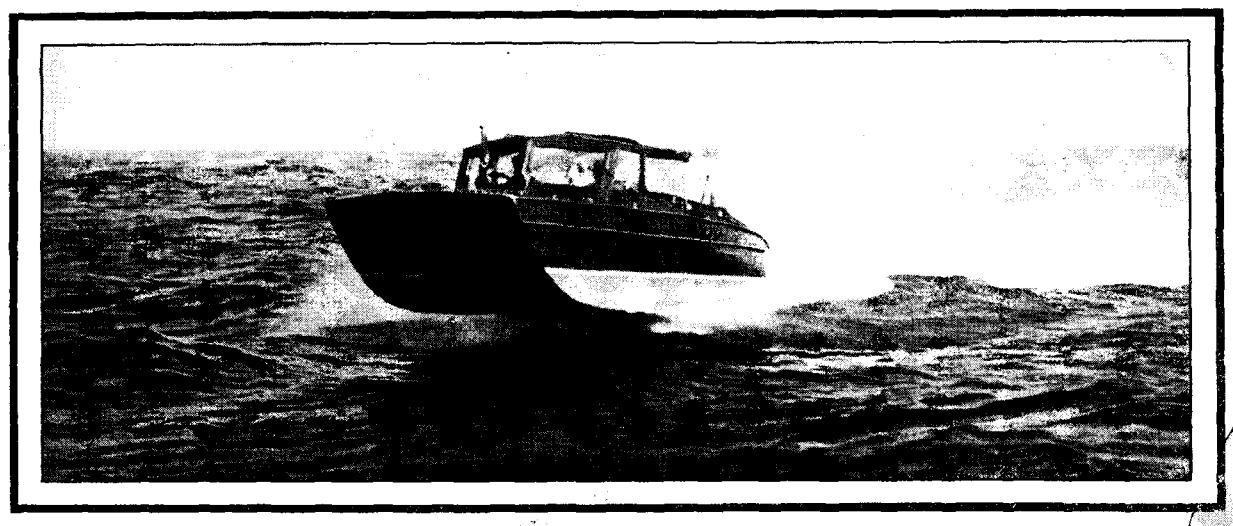
Nothing to Stop You



A bit of dry, fast travelling over lumpy water

WILL ROGERS recently reported that in his last tour of the country he had found *one* family too poor to own two cars.

You probably have trailed behind some of the others on a Sunday afternoon, so you will know it is the truth.

If you live near a nice bit of water—ocean—bay—lake—or river, you're lucky. With a Sea Sled you can open up the throttle and get all the fresh air and oxygen you hanker for, and there are no traffic regulations to stop you. Yours is an open road where the going is good.

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Or there is Model 23, which is rapidly becoming a favorite with sportsmen because of her ability to go through almost any weather anywhere, safe and dry. Model 23 is a slightly smaller craft than Model 28, and is priced so moderately that any man who takes his water sports seriously can well afford to own one.

Then come the little outboards, furnishing swift water transportation for all—swagger Model 16 with double cockpits and forward steering control; and little Model 13 which has yet to meet her match in standing up to hard weather at speed.

Swagger little Model 16 reeling off some smooth miles

These craft are all mahogany, with double-planked bottoms, carefully selected material and quality workmanship. Each is as fast as anything you are likely to meet outside the professional racing class, and combined with speed, Sea Sleds carry the highest factor of safety of any craft of their inches afloat.

Dealers' Opportunity

The list of retail dealers is growing in a gratifying way, but the United States is a big place to cover competently and there are still spots with good water facilities to which the Sea Sleds have not reached as yet. If you happen to be doing business in such a location, we'd be glad to have you write for dealers' terms.

Model 16 is a fast outboard runabout, all mahogany, full deck, double cockpits, double-planked bottom, and complete equipment with the exception of motor.

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HE WALKED WITH KINGS

He could not know, standing there in his bare feet and his rough clothes, that kings would do him honor when he died, and that all men who read would mourn a friend. He could not dream that one day his work would stand in Chinese, in Russian, in many languages he could not read—and from humble doorstep to proudest throne, all would be gladdened at his coming. He could not know that through it all he would remain as simple, as democratic, as he was that day as a boy on the Mississippi.

He Is American

He made us laugh so that we had no time to see that his style was sublime, that he was almost Biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

He personifies the idealism of America—the humor, the kindliness, the reaching toward finer things, the simplicity. In his work we find all things, from the whimsical in "Huckleberry Finn" to the sublime in "Joan of Arc." There is nobody like Mark Twain any more—no humorist who can walk with kings as he did, and change in a moment from side-splitting humor to glorious inspiration. Fascinating plots, real people, real situations, make his stories forever true.

He will be loved and read when many literary idols of the moment have been forgotten. He will arouse sympathy and laughter and tears when the flare of mere cleverness has faded into oblivion.

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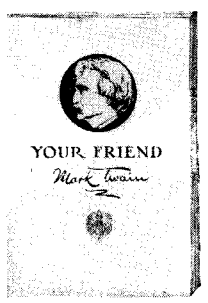

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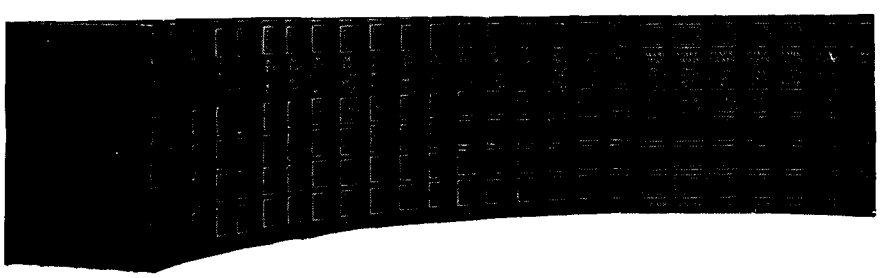

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The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 36

Winkle, or th' Beauty in th' fairy tale—but one thing's certain: we got t' get int' that room somehow an' see what it holds. Who built this house, anyhow?"

"Boston contractors," replied Squire Butterworth, "if I recall correctly."

"Did you ever hear anything 'bout a secret room in th' tower?"

"No." The lawyer laughed nervously. "Sounds like a movin'-picture plot. First house I ever heard of in Vermont to have such a place—providin' you ain't spoofin' us."

"I only wish I were spoofing you," Jimmy answered grimly.

Blake Whipple and his assistant ascended with the "death basket" as this conference ended. While Briskow's body was being removed Jimmy drew his uncle into the northeast chamber.

"I want to ride back with the undertaker," he declared. "This murder, after all the mystery around this place lately, is a beat for the Express—the biggest my paper will have had in months."

"No, you better wait an' go back with me."

"But I've got to put in a call from somewhere. I'll have time to catch the mail editions if I tell Newton what's happened by long-distance wire."

"Newton?"

"He's managing editor. And he stays at his desk till a quarter to four."

"Soon's I'm done with Blake I'm goin' to bust in this room beneath th stairs. Don't you want t' do it with me an' report what we find?"

"What time is it now?" The lad looked at his watch. "A quarter after twelve! Can I go back in your car as soon as we've done it?"

"Pumpton'll take you over t' his house; you can tellyphone Boston fr'm there."

"I'm afraid of this kid, Lyman. He tells me he's Associated Press correspondent for this part of Vermont. If he files an A. P. story on this murder, good night!"

"Paul won't go nowheres t' report nothin' till I give him orders. I'm in charge o' this case. He'll do as I tell him."

THE murdered nobleman was carried down the stairs. A crestfallen local reporter was ordered not to leave the premises till the sheriff gave permission.

"Now," said that dignitary, "th' first thing all of us is goin' t' do is find out how that old man an' woman got int this house. They went in through th' tool house, young Lyman tells us. Few minutes later strange lights was showin' on this upstairs floor. That'd seem t' prove they's some sort o' passage connectin' th' two. Point is, t' find it!"

(*Continued on page 40*)

Salvage!

TO SATISFY the demands of 1,600,000 men and women (the number is greater) who reach forth for their Collier's every Friday, our staff writers are forever on their way to a story or have just returned with one. Distance means nothing to them.

It has been their return that the editors have dreaded. Their stories written, they crowd into our busy offices to spill into our ears a hundred and one anecdotes, jests, side-lights which they have absorbed incidental to the gathering of the material from which they have woven their articles.

Little stories which did not belong in the articles they had written. Sometimes incredible small tales of the foibles of the mighty, the curious things happening to men and governments, surprising revelations of human nature's twists and turns.

Most of these anecdotes were amusing, some of them informative, all of them interesting. But so busy were we that, for a time, realizing that nothing we could do (and we had tried drastic measures) would stop these staff writers from chattering, we let them *IN ONE EAR* and out the other.

And then, suddenly, in a moment when we were not quite so rushed, inspiration struck us squarely.

"See here," we said sternly to those staff writers, "stop this talking. Stop it, we say. Go back to your typewriters and write it."

And, we are glad to say, they did it—at once.

We read. Life grew brighter. We set aside a page whereon some of them appear this week that you too may read them. We shall continue the practice. In our title we have omitted the last half of the well-known phrase hoping that they will go *IN ONE EAR* and, hereafter, stay there.

THE EDITOR.

Spaghetti! Tender, creamy curlicues in a happy scarlet sauce. Juicy, fresh-tasting tomato sauce, temptingly seasoned and spiced. That nippy, snappy cheese. Good! Isn't it though? And satisfying! This savory combination of delicious flavors—Heinz Cooked Spaghetti—*Italian* style—in tomato sauce with cheese—steaming hot.

It was from a noted Italian chef that Heinz learned the gentle art of *flavor* in spaghetti. For in spaghetti, you know, flavor is everything.

To be sure of quality we make the spaghetti from a special hard *durum* wheat. And our friend, the chef, was delighted to know that we grow the tomato seed and start the plants and use the tomatoes while they are still fresh. For, as he said, it's only from plump, juicy, ripe tomatoes—fresh from the garden—that you get the *real* flavor for the sauce.

Then he suggested what spices to use—and such spices!—personally selected by our buyers in far off lands. And a certain kind of cheese that gives to Heinz Cooked Spaghetti an inimitable zest and savor.

Flavor—*uniformity* of flavor—as in every Heinz product . . . And isn't it *convenient* to have cooked spaghetti at its best without all the bother of having to prepare it yourself?

HEINZ
COOKED
Spaghetti
in tomato sauce with cheese

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"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V. D.' Best!"

The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 39

"Instead of goin' down into the tool house," argued the squire, "and investigatin' from that end, why not pry up these stairs, get into that compartment and find the passage *out* of it?"

The sheriff trod on the cupola flight. Flashlight in hand, he examined the construction.

"Don't wonder Jimmy was stumped," he commented. "They sure are built substantial."

After some discussion they decided to gain entrance to the secret room through the window which Jimmy had seen earlier in the evening. He and the Pumptons located a ladder in the cellar and brought it out.

When they got to the front they discovered the sheriff out on the roof of the broad veranda.

THE ladder was a crude, homemade affair, constructed of twin two-by-fours with connecting cleats for rungs. But when lifted into place it reached sufficiently high to enable an intruder to smash the glass of the campanile window, pull himself up and over the sill. First, however, they placed it against the veranda, and the sheriff descended.

"Fetch me th' hammer you'll find in th' tool kit o' my car, Jimmy," the uncle ordered. The squire, young Lyman and the Fowlers remained in the upstairs windows.

Battles brought the hammer. The sheriff placed the ladder. Hooking the Pumpton lantern in his left elbow, he started to climb.

Rung by rung, testing the ladder's strength with each step, the sheriff hoisted his two hundred pounds. Arriving at the third rung from the top, the old man was able to reach up a hand and grasp the bottom sill. Steadying himself, he went up another step. The group held the ladder firmly at the bottom. Crumpett's head was now above the casing. He could look in through the glass, see the room through dim panes.

"Got a curtain hung over it," he called to those below. "Stand clear! I'm goin' t' hammer th' glass."

Pressing himself close against the left-hand wall to avoid flying angles himself, Crumpett struck at the pane nearest him. Its tinkling crash echoed uncannily up and down the Fork. After the first blow the sheriff waited. He listened for noises inside the room. But after the tinkling echoes had died no sounds reacted.

"Hello in there!" the old man cried.

No response.

The sheriff then started the noisy, dangerous business of wholly demolishing the window to permit an entrance. Glass fell inside. Glass crashed on the steps ten feet below. His savage little hammer then broke the strip up the center of the sash.

Making certain no vicious teeth remained along the lower strip, Crumpett next reached inside and yanked at the drapery. It resisted stoutly. He finally had to lift it.

Those below saw him lay the hammer aside on the sill, bring the lantern around and swing it inside. His head disappeared in under the curtain. For a moment he remained that way. Then he gave a lurch, and his feet left the ladder.

He executed a comical maneuver for one of his years, squirming into that compartment head and shoulders first. But at length he contrived it.

Whatever material covered the window, it was opaque enough to completely obscure the gleam of the sheriff's lantern. Amos Crumpett might have gone over the sill only to fall down a pit for all that those in the yard below could see or hear of him for two or three minutes.

"Uncle Amos!" Jimmy called. "Can I come up now?"

No response from the window above.

"*Uncle Amos—is everything all right?*"

Not a movement of the drapery; not a sound overhead.

"You'd better go up, young feller," Pumpton advised. His voice was strangely hoarse. "No tellin' what he's run into—with murderers abroad tonight."

The lad felt suddenly bilious. Had his uncle climbed into some sort of trap? If so, why had he made no outcry?

"Uncle Amos! Uncle Amos!"

The boy's calls brought Squire Butterworth and Lyman to the southeast chamber windows along the front of the house.

"What's wrong?" the squire demanded.

"The sheriff's gone in through the tower window, and we ain't heard nothin' from him," Pumpton answered.

"Well, climb up, you fool, and find out what's become o' him."

Jimmy was halfway up the ladder as the squire stepped out close at hand on the roof of the veranda. The edge of the campanile jogged out beyond the edge of the roof, however, and the attorney could not see around it.

The nephew had difficulty holding his flashlight, gripping the cleats, and getting his gun in readiness.

"Steady, boy," warned the squire. "Don't fall!"

At length the lad got a grip on the sill, yanked the curtain aside and thrust on his light beam.

"Gosh! He isn't here!" he cried.

"You mean the room's empty?" asked Pumpton from below.

"Absolutely empty—of everything but a bed!"

"Sit up on the windowsill to take your weight off the ladder," Pumpton instructed. He was a rawboned young Vermonter with waist bigger than his shoulders. Now that Jimmy had preceded him, he was eager to follow. "I'm comin' up."

Jimmy swung up till he sat on the sill. Pumpton's head was soon on a level with his knees. The younger Pumpton boy, Fred, held the ladder base firm.

"Uncle Amos!" Jimmy called, holding the curtain so Pumpton could look in.

But still there was no reply from the sheriff.

This was serious. Where had he gone? What could have happened to him?

JIMMY poked the beam around the compartment. The two at the ladder's top discerned that the ceiling of the cubby was now formed by the stairs that led into the cupola. The cot on which Jimmy had confronted the girl stood exactly as he had seen it before, except that it was empty. The box stood near its foot, but was minus its lamp—doubtless it had been the same lamp whose chimney has been broken at the attack on Briskow. Queer to relate, the quilts and counterpane on the cot were neatly spread and tucked in as by the hand of an expert feminine bedmaker.

"You mean you saw a girl on that cot there tonight?"

"I certainly did," vowed Jimmy. "But to hell with her! *What's become of Uncle Amos?*"

He swung his legs over, inside the room. Pumpton soon followed.

"Gosh!—look—" cried the latter when the curtain had dropped in place.

Jimmy's lamp, poked toward the southwest corner of the compartment, had picked up a vertical aperture about fifteen inches wide; it ran from the floor almost to the "ceiling"—at least that part of it forming the cupola floor not made by the downward tilt of the stairs. This slit in the western wall's surface should have opened into the southwest chamber. But when Jimmy had crossed closer, he saw a second wall—the chamber wall—of studding and unfinished lath, a couple of feet further on.

"It's a space inside the partition. And there's a sort of small landing here. Yes, by jove, *and some stairs!*"

(*To be continued next week*)

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The Thunder God

Continued from page 13

In fact, it would be the worst thing in the world for me. So I have told Gloria to disobey your orders."

Ben nodded like a screech owl. He tried bravely to meet his friend's glance, but failed before the tragedy he read there.

"You've done your best for me—and for Mercedes," Julie went on in a dead voice. "I'm afraid she isn't grateful, but I am. I thought you'd like to know that, Butch, because, as a rule, the best one achieves for sticking his finger into the domestic affairs of his friends is about 100 per cent of the worst of it!"

"I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea what you're driving at," Ben protested virtuously.

"I have received a letter from Mrs. Jacob Brander, Butch."

"That information conveys nothing to me, old son."

"I think I love you best when you lie, Butch. Read that," and Julie tossed the letter on the desk.

BEN read it and sighed. "This proves you just can't trust a woman," he declared. "They mean well, but they are swayed by their emotions."

"The lady is, evidently, a trifle jealous of her husband's friendship for Mercedes, Ben. You will note that she makes no accusation against Mercedes, however. Not a half-bad sport at that, I take it."

"I noted that, Julie. Her principal grouch is against her husband."

"Of course this letter was intended for you, Butch. I recall that you prevented her from calling upon us at our hotel the afternoon of the day Brander wrecked your car. You talked with her in the lobby instead, and I gather that you represented yourself as Julian Grannis."

"No, I did not. She merely jumped to the conclusion I was you and I didn't undeceive her. Couldn't, you know. It would have spoiled everything. I was fighting for your happiness, my friend—and your wife's also."

"Hum-m! Mercedes was a secondary consideration. Too bad you didn't warn Mrs. Brander not to communicate with Mercedes' husband, no matter what the provocation. If you had done that, I would not have received this letter."

"I meant well, Julie." Ben was miserable.

"I know you did. I knew you meant well the day Mrs. Brander called, and I wondered that day why you were so ambitious to do well by me, but now I've figured it out. Mercedes was in the car with Brander that day. I couldn't see her because the blood was running into my eyes, but you saw her. That's why you sent me into action against Brander. You wanted to afford Mercedes an opportunity, while I was thrashing Brander, to escape. Pretended you were hurt badly; you knew the thought that you were badly hurt would set me afire—and it did.

"It is apparent to me now that Mrs. Brander knew all about the incident and called on us to do a little plain and loftly hell-raising with Mercedes. But you blocked that too. However, this thought occurs to me, Ben. How did Mrs. Brander know? Her husband would not be likely to tell her, so she must have been trailing him herself—no, she wouldn't do that. She would employ detectives. She could afford them, you know."

A comforting thought now ironed out the agony in Julie's face. "Evidently her detectives were unable to report anything reprehensible. If they had, she would have moved into action without warning, and the fact that she called to warn Mercedes against any further friendship with her husband proves this."

"I might as well tell you, Julie, that I have discussed this matter with Mercedes and am convinced that she has committed no fault in excess of indiscretion. She has had her lesson, I think."

Julian addressed an envelope to his wife, slipped Mrs. Brander's letter (still in its envelope) into it, licked it with gusto and pounded it vigorously.

For a fleeting instant Ben Whitton was tempted to tear the envelope from Julie's hands, to destroy it, to forbid him to mail it. He opened his mouth to protest, to advise that nothing good could come of his friend's action; that it would be the part of diplomacy for Julie to forget the incident and never mention it; that there was merit in permitting sleeping dogs to lie. But at that instant Gloria Justin entered the office.

"If you two intend to catch your train, you had better start now," she warned. Then Ben Whitton saw her fine, intelligent eyes rove over his friend and noted the look of relief that shone for an instant in them as she observed that Julie was no longer crushed and white-faced. She flashed Ben a grateful glance, and on the instant he resolved to stifle his protest.

Who was he to protect Mercedes Grannis in this moment of her husband's disillusionment? Did he not know her for a heartless fool, and had not his experience of life taught him that there is a fool killer for every fool? Already he had obligated her to him, and for that she hated him. Because he knew her secret she would always hate him.

Julie rose and went into his own office for his handbag, leaving the girl and Ben Whitton alone.

"You've bucked him up wonderfully, Ben," Gloria whispered, "but do it some more. He needs you so."

"It is my invariable policy," Mr. Whitton replied enigmatically, "to arrogate to every man the right to kill his own snakes. Be good and you will be lonely; all that glitters is mica or brass filings and a stump-tailed yellow pup is the best for coons. You have our train number and the number of our drawing-room. Wire me if anything important turns up and look after things while I'm away. Now shake hands with your jackass of a boss. When the golden sun is sinking and you of toil are free, and of loved ones you are thinking, will you sometimes think of me?"

Gloria took his proffered hand. "I always think of you, Ben. You're the finest friend any woman could ever have. So fine, indeed, that sometimes I grow embarrassed to think I am on your pay roll."

"Hum-m! Just about the time you're beginning to be really useful to me you'll be quitting to get married, Gloria. Well, adios. Duty calls."

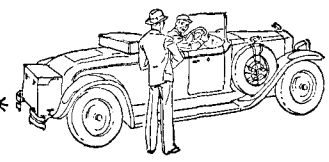
JULIE came in, said good-by to her in a most matter-of-fact manner and he and Ben departed. Gloria stood in the office entrance and watched them disappear in the elevator. "What a curiously assorted pair," she reflected. "Both quite disturbed about something and both thinking they can conceal it from me and from each other. Well, whatever it is, Mercedes Grannis is at the bottom of it."

Selfish people quite usually make a swift recovery from the grief and humiliation they have brought upon themselves. Doubtless this is due to the fact that such people are the possessors of an enormous ego, which leaves little room in their cosmos for a sense of shame. Mercedes wept for half an hour after her husband left her; then decided that there was no further necessity for tears, since Julie was not present to be submerged in them and brought to a realization of his hardness of heart; she bathed her eyes, powdered her nose and sat down by the window to think things over.

She was very angry at her husband. What a Paul Pry he was and how weary she was of his constantly reiterated sermons, his assumption of a superior virtue. She wondered how much longer she could put up with his nagging. She

(*Continued on page 42*)

"Have you re-cartridged your Purolator?... She's run over 8,000 miles"



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The Thunder God

Continued from page 41

admitted, in a sudden access of martyrdom, that, after all, she was more to blame for their unhappiness than he, because she should never have married him.

Of course she had loved him at the time, albeit her love had been tempered by the knowledge that in marriage lay a measure of safety she might not, as a single woman, be at all certain of achieving. But love without sufficient money to support it, she realized now, was at best an unstable thing. The constant necessity for husbanding a slender store, the unending penury and the humiliations it entailed, plus the knowledge that in marriage she had sacrificed the musical career she felt she would, by now, have achieved, had forced love to yield to regret, to irritation and unhappiness.

SHE told herself that Julie no longer bore her the old ardent, passionate love of the first year of their married life. Love, with him, had to be content with second place. His profession, his career, his ambitions, rose superior to hers, overtopped every other consideration. They were settling into a rut and no good could possibly come of it; she was realizing at last that nothing she could do pleased him. He was ultracritical, inquisitive, domineering—and all in such a polite, patient, gentlemanly manner she found it most aggravating to reply to him in kind. He was "nasty nice." Yes, that was it. Perhaps he didn't mean to be, but then could one afford to dally with suppositions in a world where facts alone counted? Facts were all that counted with him. He was unsympathetic, he lacked understanding of her woman's soul, he talked money, money, money until the slightest reference to it made her shudder.

Well, apparently, he was now in a fair way of making much more money in partnership with Ben Whitton than he had ever dreamed of making. But what of that? Could money heal the breach that had opened between them? Mercedes doubted this. Of course she had, for reasons best known to herself, deceived him in the matter of those bills, and with the readiness of her kind she forgave herself this but refused to forgive him for discovering her deception. He had committed the unforgivable crime of making her appear small in her own eyes.

She considered the matter of a divorce. Of what use to go on with this farce known as married life—with Julie? They could never possibly understand each other, so why try? Of course, she reflected, Julie had a horror of divorce. She remembered that they had discussed the subject frequently in relation to other people and Julie had always declared that, nine times out of ten, divorce was a sign of weakness, of a lack of courage and intelligent coöperation.

To his way of thinking, it predicated a battle of wills, the strange, baffling, perverse ambitions of the wife to achieve absolute submission on the part of the husband. Man, Julie claimed, was not born to submit to woman. He was the natural and inevitable leader, the senior member of the partnership. His leadership might not be of the highest order, but if it was fair and moral and the best he could achieve, he was entitled to coöperation—passive coöperation at least. If women, helpless in the face of new and constantly shifting economic forces, looked to their husbands to protect them, to support them and cherish them, they should be willing to help them, to accord them a reasonably free hand in what was, at the best, no easy task.

Well, there was much to be said on both sides of that argument, and no amount of argument had ever decided the issue.

Mercedes next considered the advantage that might accrue to her if she divorced Julie. In the matter of alimony she would be worse off, financially, than she had ever been since she married him. The best she could hope for was $250 a month—and an unsympathetic judge might award her less. She had no sound grounds for a complaint in a divorce action, and if she filed one Julie might be perverse enough to fight it. Such fights were always expensive, and Mercedes could not contemplate with equanimity sharing Julie's assets with a couple of attorneys.

She decided therefore that her best plan for the present was to withhold action until Julie had collected his fee from the railroad people. Under the community property law of California she would be entitled, in the event of a divorce, to one half of that fee: $12,500—well, say ten thousand, after deducting his expenses. That would be better than alimony paid indefinitely. Ten thousand dollars would, with reasonable care, last her two years, and in two years many things can happen—she might marry again, a man more in sympathy with her, a man not perennially agitated by thoughts of money or power or fame, a man not so disgustingly bent (like Julie) on doing something for humankind. Julie's prating of cheap electricity to lighten the burdens of mankind had always irritated her. What was the world at large to him? she wondered. She was his sole consideration, and she meant to have it so or know the reason why.

An hour later a bell hop came up to her apartment with a special delivery letter. As she glanced at the envelope and noted from the return address in the upper left-hand corner that it had come from Ben Whitton's office, she smiled. Yes, the address was in Julie's neat, firm, precise chirography—so suggestive of the man himself.

"He's sorry already," she thought. "Why will he persist in quarreling with me one minute and taking me to his heart the next? He's so spineless."

She opened the envelope and found the other envelope within; she read Mrs. Jacob Brander's letter to her husband, and was *numb with terror.*

"He knows!" she whispered soundlessly. "He has known it all along. That odious Whitton has betrayed me. Oh, what shall I do? What if Julie sues *me* for a divorce?"

SHE commenced to weep, very violently, and they were not crocodile tears now. By degrees, however, she gathered her wits and commenced her usually cool consideration of this new predicament in which she found herself. And while she was revolving the matter in her mind, the telephone rang and she answered it.

"Mercedes?" Mr. Jacob Brander was speaking. "Just got into town."

"Oh, Jacob, I'm so glad you've called up. I'm in *such* trouble."

"Are you alone?" Mr. Brander was cautious.

"Yes. Julie left this morning for Oregon."

"Three cheers! Suppose you come to luncheon with me, and we'll talk it over."

"Are you certain—"

"Absolutely. Jane is in the middle of the Atlantic, bound for Paris to secure a divorce. I've already settled with her, and she's called off the dogs. How about a little bite of luncheon? My car has been repaired. We'll drive out to that little restaurant at the beach. How soon shall I call for you?"

"In fifteen minutes," she answered eagerly. "Oh, Jake, you're a dear to risk calling me up."

A CHIN is all right and doubtless serves a good purpose but let's not overdo it. One is plenty. To get rid of surplus chin pat some good cold cream clear from your chin to your collar bone and then massage it downward with either hand, pressing firmly. Five minutes of this daily proves awfully discouraging to the unwanted second chin.

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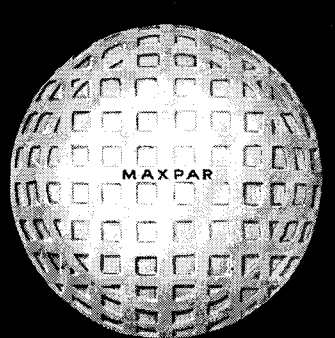


MAXPAR

"Faint heart never won fair lady," he replied gallantly. "Meet me in front of the hotel in fifteen minutes."

She was waiting for him when he drove up; being a discreet man, he was driving the car himself. Mercedes got in beside him, and he reached over and gave her hand a comradely little squeeze; he laughed as he noted her quick scrutiny of his fat, good-natured countenance.

"Cæsar is himself again," he declared. "That husband of yours gave me quite a shellacking, confound him, but the last mark of conflict disappeared two days ago, otherwise I would not have had the courage to confront you. Quite a handy man, Grannis, I'll say that for him."

"I was so sorry, Jacob, but, then, Julie's terribly quick-tempered, and he was quite the best boxer in his class at college. He would never have attacked you, however, if that horrible Ben Whitton hadn't asked him to. That man seems to have a strange power over Julie. I have been unable to break it."

"Oh, come, come, don't be too hard on Whitton. He must have seen you and recognized you and, in so far as I know, he hasn't peached on us. Jane had detectives on my trail." He chuckled. "Smart girl, Jane. I knew she was suspicious, and I should have acted accordingly. Well, no use crying over spilt milk, Mercedes. You're looking as lovely as usual."

She assured him her looks belied her real feelings and was in turn assured that they would talk that matter over at luncheon. And when they found themselves seated in a remote corner of a semi-deserted beach café, he reminded her of the promise by querying:

"Well, Mercedes, my dear, what's run up your back?"

She took his wife's letter to Julie from her handbag and handed it to him.

"I don't see anything in this to worry about," he declared. "I told you your husband knew you were with me that day, even if he did not mention the matter to me."

"You were wrong. He did *not* know."

"How come?"

"Mrs. Brander called at the hotel to see me, following the accident. When she telephoned up from the desk, Ben Whitton went down and passed himself off as my husband. He managed to soothe her ruffled feelings. I know this because he came back and told me all about it."

"What a nice, neighborly chap Mr. Whitton is! I wonder if he's the chap that telephoned me to keep off the grass in the future or take the risk of a ride to the morgue?"

"When did you receive this warning?"

"About two hours after the crash."

"Then Ben Whitton telephoned you . . . Julie was up in the apartment with me until nearly four o'clock and if he had telephoned I would have known it."

MR. BRANDER'S round, rubicund face was a mask of seriousness. "Hum-m! Not so good, eh?" He glanced at the postmarks of the envelope. "Grannis received this at the hotel this morning. That was the first news he had of it, so he hastened to send the information to you. Rather a gentle hint, I take it, to mind your step. Now, I wonder if *he's* engaged a flock of detectives."

Mercedes shook her head. "He wouldn't—and he couldn't. He can't afford it. No, I'm sure he wouldn't. He would regard spying upon me as dishonorable. Really, he's not a bit jealous. That's one virtue he has that I've always adored."

"Well, thank God for that. You two been quarreling lately."

"Oh, yes," she sighed wearily. "He's very difficult, Jacob. I can't seem to please him, no matter how hard I try." And Mercedes wiped a small tear from the corner of her right eye.

Brander reached over and patted her other hand. "There, there," he soothed. "This married life isn't all beer and skittles, Mercedes. I ought to know," he added virtuously. A pause. Then: "Well, what are you going to do about it, Mercedes?"

"I—I don't know, Jacob. I'm horribly unhappy."

Mr. Brander looked horribly unhappy himself. Evidently this information had wounded him cruelly. "I wish," he murmured, "that it was my job to look after your happiness."

"Oh, Jacob, you mustn't," she protested, but not too forcibly. Her heart was beating wildly.

He was instantly encouraged. "Oh, but I do wish it, dear. From the moment I met you I have wished it. Yes, I know that's not in the book, but I'm a human being and I can't help wishing my—ah—wishes. I have realized for a long time that you were unhappy. Why don't you ask him to give you a divorce? I daresay he wouldn't mind."

"But he loves me so, Jacob. I couldn't be cruel to him."

"Oh, you couldn't," he retorted with a slight sneer.

"If I divorced him what would I do?" she queried plaintively.

HE LEANED across the table and took possession of both her hands. "Listen, Mercedes," he pleaded, "I know very well I shouldn't say what I'm going to say, because we're both married—still—but nevertheless I'm going to say it. I love you, Mercedes. You wouldn't have to worry if, after divorcing Grannis—and after Jane has cut loose from me in Paris—you married me. How about it, Mercedes?"

"Oh, Jake, dear," she breathed. "I don't know what to think."

This reply, indicating as it did to Brander that she had already made up her mind and, womanlike, was merely appearing reluctant to yield too quickly, emboldened him.

"Tell me you'll marry me if and when you can," he begged. "I can't live without you, Mercedes. I'm mad about you. You know I'd appreciate you. We could go to Europe, and I'd have the greatest masters of the violin give you lessons. I could boost you along, help you to make for yourself the career you've been denied because you married a poor man. Let me hope, Mercedes."

She looked across at him with sad resignation. "Oh, Jacob, I don't know. I think a very great deal of you—too much, I often fear—"

"Darling," he almost blubbered. He was much affected, his head being as soft as his heart. But almost instantly he was all business. "Tell you what you do," he went on. "You go up to Reno, rent an apartment there for three months and file your notice of residence with the district court there. The new Nevada law requires but three months' residence in the state to entitle one to file a divorce action.

"After arrival in Reno, write Grannis—a nice, long, friendly letter, telling him exactly how you feel about this thing and asking him not to oppose the suit. . . . The chances are that he will not. The average man declines to oppose his wife's suit for divorce. He feels that if she doesn't want to live with him he'd be a sucker to force her to.

"You can engage a lawyer and claim neglect and mental cruelty: he'll let the suit go by default and—well, he'd have to go to Nevada to be served with the complaint in action. But I daresay he'll be decent and do that. You'll need some money, of course. Well, don't worry about that. Meanwhile I'll be in Paris. Got to go there to fix up the deal with Jane. I'll be free before you are, and the minute you cable me that your decree has been granted I'll come home and we can be married. Then—Europe—life—joy—happiness!"

He beamed across the table at her. "Is it a go, Mercedes?"

She cast down her eyes becomingly. "It's a terrible thing to contemplate, but—oh, Jacob, are you quite sure you truly love me?"

"I adore you," he assured her.

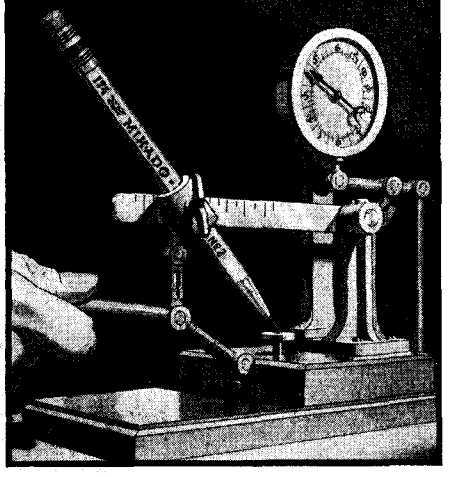
She smiled wanly and reached a hand across to him. He bent and kissed it—and from the other end of the café the orchestra struck up a popular tune. Brander's thick fingers tapped the table as he kept time to the music, humming:

"I want to be happy,
But I can't be happy,
Until I make you happy, to-o-o!"

"You're such a great big boy," Mercedes expostulated charitably. "Just a great big boy."

(*To be continued next week*)

Pressure Tested Points



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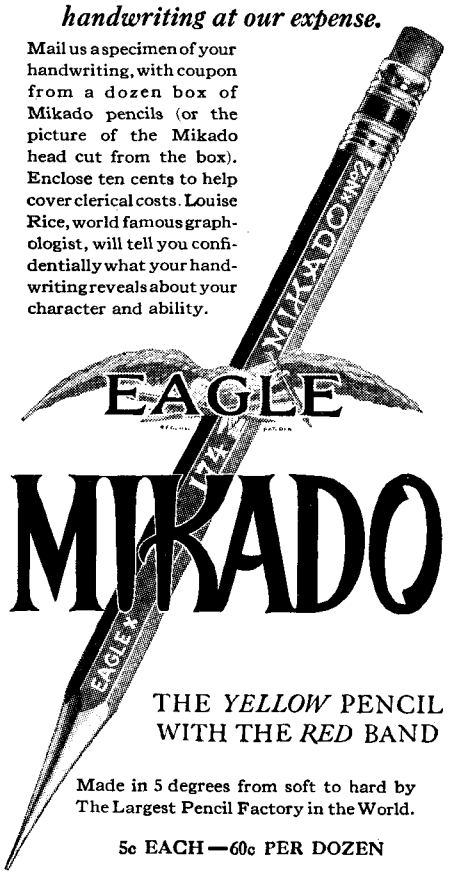

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New Way to See Grand Canyon

from Union Pacific Grand Canyon Lodge

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UNION PACIFIC
THE OVERLAND ROUTE

June Week

Continued from page 11

Peter Stuyvesant Armstrong, and you're welcome to all or any part of it that suits you."

"I like Peter better than Pete," said Virginia.

"You're very beautiful," continued Peter, quite as though he hadn't heard her, "but I can't call you Beautiful, I suppose. I'll have to call you Hey, unless you help me out."

Virginia laughed, her first laugh for ever so long.

"I'm Virginia Meade, and you probably won't use Miss Meade, so I might as well let you start with Virginia, anyhow."

"Very good, Virginia. Would it be too much if I called you Darling from now on?" He pulled a blade of grass and chewed it, his gray eyes smiling up at her.

"You *are* a fast worker, and it would be too much, and I'm going to stop nursing you at once." She started to rise, hoping that he wouldn't notice the flush that was warming her cheeks.

"Please don't!" He laid a strong hand on her arm. "I'll be good. But, you see, I've only just found you, and here it is Tuesday."

"You haven't been looking very hard. I've been to all the hops," said Virginia, and then wished she hadn't said it.

"I couldn't go to the hops. I strained a leg in the game Saturday, and just came off sick list this morning."

Virginia turned, all solicitude: "Oh, I'm awfully sorry. Was it a bad strain?"

"Nope." He grinned up at her. "Have a blade of grass? They're very juicy this year, really. Who's dragging you?"

Virginia sighed, a wee little sigh that even she didn't notice. "John Bosworth," she said, and said no more.

"Bosworth? You—with Bosworth? Oh, get out!"

Virginia sat up very straight indeed. "John Bosworth is a very nice man," she stated. "Why shouldn't I be with him?"

Peter sought carefully for a suitable blade of grass to chew. "He is—and I'm sorry I spoke. Only—well, somehow I can't connect you with him at all."

Virginia rose swiftly. "I hope your stretcher bearers arrive soon," she said, and her voice was very cold. "I see that your troops have made out very well without you, and I'm going. Good-by."

She walked rapidly away, leaving him half erect and wide-eyed.

"I say," he called. "I apologize. Do come back."

Virginia walked on, up Rodgers Road and out of the officers' gate.

"WAS it a nice battle, my dear? And where's John?" asked Auntie as Virginia entered their room.

"Yes. No. I don't know where John is," snapped Virginia, and fled to the privacy of the bathroom. Auntie rose and started to dress, a grim look about her mouth.

They were properly late in arriving at the superintendent's tea, so that the great drawing-room was well filled with babbling guests when they had finished with the receiving line. The superintendent, a round and smiling little admiral, was most cordial, for he had been a classmate of Virginia's father. Auntie went into a gossip huddle with another stout matron, and John was off to find tea and sandwiches. Virginia escaped to the cool silence of the conservatory.

"Hullo," said a voice—his voice. Virginia gasped and stared at a great fern, from behind which there emerged a gray-eyed company commander named Peter.

"Oh!" she said.

"Stuffy inside, isn't it?" he smiled. "Come on in behind the fern—it's slick and cool."

And there she was, sitting beside him on the windowsill behind the great shielding fern. She didn't want to be there—or maybe she did want to be there—but, anyhow, there she was.

"Why did you run away and leave me to die of loneliness this morning?" he demanded. "Do you call that humanitarian?"

"No," she said meekly. Then her wits came back to her, and she turned on him. "You're a fresh, impudent person, Peter, and I don't want to stay here with you!"

"I say!" He regarded her curiously. "You have an adorable little temper, do you know it? And you're going to stay here with me—"

"I'm not!" she flung at him. But she didn't move, although she firmly meant to.

"You're going to stay here with me," he continued calmly, "because I love you. And you've got to love me."

She stared at him, and inside of her a panicky feeling ran riot.

"I've never loved anyone before," he went on, almost as though he were discussing the weather, "and I never intended to love anyone. But—well, since Saturday, I've been seeing you in a thousand different ways, and I like every way better than the other one."

"But"—her voice was utterly strange to her, a wee thin little voice that came in gasps—"but you've only seen me—twice."

"That's unfortunate," said Peter. "But I intend to remedy that condition forthwith. And you do love me, don't you, Virginia?"

"I—I—oh, Peter!" she cried, and because her mind and voice were of no assistance her legs came to her rescue and carried her back to the chattering mob in the drawing-room. Somewhere behind her was Peter, she knew—Peter, coming for her—coming for her.

"Well, here you are!" boomed a jolly bass voice. "I've been stumbling over all sorts of harmless young ladies trying to find you, Miss Meade."

"Oh—Admiral Earle!" And if the admiral was a bit surprised at the warmth of her greeting, he was too much of a gentleman to show it by even a twitch of an eyebrow.

"Yes, Miss Meade, I've come between more rapt couples and stepped on more pretty feet—oh, hello, Armstrong!" The admiral looked past her. "Come here, lad. Have you met Miss Meade?" He smiled cheerily at Virginia. "Armstrong here is the greatest scalawag and the best officer in the first class, Miss Meade. If he'd only keep out of trouble, he'd have a battalion instead of a company. He's responsible for half my gray hairs and most of my laugh wrinkles — aren't you, Armstrong?"

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"Have you found a girl for the color presentation tomorrow?" He turned to Virginia without waiting for Peter's reply. "This young man is determined to upset one of the most hallowed traditions of the academy, Miss Meade. Here he is, commander of the company that won the colors in competitive drill, about to step out in front of the regiment tomorrow and receive the colors—and he hasn't any girl to take them from my hand and place them in his and give him the customary kiss that goes with them. Disgraceful, I call it of him!"

"But, sir—"

"And, furthermore, Miss Meade"—the admiral's voice rode blithely on over Peter's attempted interruption—"he refuses to take any of the nice girls I've suggested. Says the ceremony is serious business and ought to mean something or else not be done. Don't you, Armstrong?"

"Yes, sir. But, you see, sir, I was thinking—" Peter's eyes turned toward Virginia for a scant second. Gray eyes, bright with something besides laughter!

"I know, Armstrong." The admiral was not to be downed. "I've heard your arguments before. And I don't think so much of them, lad." He turned to Virginia again. "But, Miss Meade, your aunt tells me that you and young Bosworth are planning to be married this Saturday in Washington."

VIRGINIA'S throat was dry, but somehow she smiled and said a "Yes, we are," that sounded almost normal.

She couldn't look at Peter—she didn't want to look at Peter—not at those gray eyes that had been so bright a moment ago.

"I'm afraid I'll have to be going, Admiral." That was Peter's voice—a strangely sharp voice, not at all like the low full voice that had said "Gee!" so long ago. "It's been nice seeing you here, Miss Meade. I'll say good-by now—I probably shan't see you again this week."

She shook hands with him somehow, and said something trivial and flat—and then she had to look up and face those gray eyes—hard gray eyes that knew no trace of brightness or of laughter. He went away then, his broad trim shoulders pushing straight through the little knots of people to the door.

"Could you find Mr. Bosworth for me, Admiral Earle?" She would tell John that she was too tired for the hop tonight, and perhaps she could persuade him to take Auntie in to watch the dancers.

She leaned against the wall by the conservatory door. Wouldn't the admiral ever find John? Someone—two men—were talking in the conservatory. Probably they had gone there to get away from the crush of people, as she had gone such a little while before.

"Say, Bosworth"—why, John was out there. Virginia started forward. "What's this Tom tells me about your marrying into a soft berth?" Virginia stopped in her tracks. Was that the way men talked?

"Well, it is pretty nice." John's voice was coarser, less smooth than she had ever heard it. "I figure it's the only way to be happy in the navy. I haven't got a cent outside my pay, and what with ports of call, and that sort of thing, a fellow needs all of that for his own personal party bills. My wife'll be able to have a good home and a car or two for me when I'm there—and that sort of thing counts a lot socially, y'know."

"Pretty soft for you, Bosworth!"

"Well, it's what I've been planning on ever since youngster year. That sort of thing doesn't just happen—not in this day and age."

Virginia put a hand out to steady the wall. It, and the rest of the drawing-room, had developed a strange tendency to revolve about her. Faintly she heard Auntie's voice, "Virginia, what is the matter with you?" and faintly she heard her own voice say, "It's the cake, I think, Auntie. It's so very rich. Will you take me home?"

THE MARINES TAKE WINGS

The first story of the brilliant air fighting in Nicaragua—by

MAJOR E. H. BRAINARD

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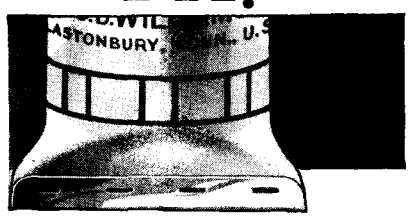

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And presently they were saying good-by to John—tall, handsome John, who looked distressed and puzzled, as men do when confronted with feminine frailties.

"I'll put her right to bed, John. Don't you worry about her. She'll be all right by morning."

IT WAS good to be alone again, with friendly darkness wrapped around one like a cool veil.

What was it John had said? "Those things don't happen, not in this day and age." Well, they didn't. Peter was gone away. Peter, of the gray eyes that had been hard and barren of laughter, gone away; his broad shoulders pushing straight through the close-packed crowd, pushing, straight and unfaltering, away from her. "Those things don't happen."

That was right—they just don't happen, even when you've begun to think that they might. Tomorrow would be bright and clear again, and this mad afternoon would never have been. There would be the dress parade in the morning and a dance in the afternoon, and Thursday was graduation, and then she and John would go to Washington. That was it—to Washington, where Auntie ordered the world and the world obeyed. The thing to do now was to sleep and to forget a pair of gray eyes that lost their laughter—if one could.

The morning did come bright and clear, and even Auntie made no grumble about dressing for breakfast at nine o'clock.

"I'm so glad you feel all right, my dear," she said over the orange juice. "John says that this parade is the finest of the year, and you do so like to see them march. And John is to receive some sort of medal or gold cup or something—a sextant, whatever that is—for being an expert in navigation or fishing or something. So we mustn't be late."

The band came blaring around the Marine Engineering Building at the far corner of the parade ground, and after it came the solid blue ranks of the midshipman regiment—rifles glistening in the sun, white caps shining starchily as snow, and white leggings moving in rhythmic cadence. At the head of the column was a group of five, the foremost of whom would be John.

"It is impressive, no matter how many times you've seen it," said Virginia to Virginia.

The regiment formed, four columns of four companies each, at the lower edge of the field, and after a moment of waiting moved en masse toward the upper side, where were the reviewing stand and the spectators.

The marching ranks halted, on John's sharp command, some twenty yards away, to make quick alignments while the regimental staff took up its position, with much smart business of sword flicking and about-face, in front of the reviewing stand. A bugle call, thin and clear in the warm air, and out came the battalion staffs and the company commanders, striding precisely across the green turf to form a single line in front of and facing the regimental commander. A moment of low-voiced conversation, the glint of sword salutes, and they marched briskly back to their posts. One of them, a company commander named Peter, had not glanced at the crowds of spectators.

A MOMENT of silence, another shrill order, and the band burst into martial noise and movement. Out from the upper corner of the field it came, executed a careful right turn, and swept proudly down the length of the parade to the thumping strains of Nancy Lee. At the far end of the field it turned in upon itself with that peculiar reversal that is common to bands and bands alone, and retraced its musical march. As soon as it had ceased playing, John turned and faced the admiral.

"The regiment is formed, sir."

The admiral nodded.

"Bring up the color company," he said.

John faced about. "Color company front and center!" he howled.

A stir in the Second Battalion, the echo of sharp commands, and a column of squads marched forward. At their head was a figure that Virginia saw with sudden breathlessness. "Oh, Peter," she said.

"Br-r-rump, br-r-rump, bump, bump, hump," went the drums.

"Column right—harch!"

The column swung down the field, paralleling the spectators. As it drew abreast of the reviewing stand, Peter stepped away from its head and stood a few paces from the regimental staff.

"Squads right—harch! Companeee—Ho!" His voice was low and sharp, carrying clearly, with no apparent effort.

Slap—slap—thud! The guns came down to the order position. Peter faced about, flicked his sword swiftly in the sunlight, and stood straight and silent. The regimental staff moved away to the left, that there might be nothing between the color company and the reviewing stand.

"Bring on the colors," said the admiral.

Peter wheeled and faced his company.

"Present—harms!" he barked.

Slap, slap! went the white-gloved hands on barrel and stock. Peter wheeled about again. From the corner of the reviewing stand came a trio of marines, the middle one bearing the colors. The admiral stepped down from the stand and started forward, looking strangely little and alone.

Virginia took a deep breath, cast one wide-eyed glance at Auntie, and—stepped after him. She was oddly calm and determined.

"Admiral Earle!" she called as quietly as she dared.

THE admiral turned. "What?" he asked, and then she was beside him.

"I'll give him the colors, Admiral Earle."

"Good! Good!" said the admiral, and tucked her arm in his as though there were nothing unexpected in her statement. They stood before Peter, and Peter's eyes were hard, very hard.

"Miss Meade's going to uphold tradition, Armstrong," chuckled the admiral.

"Stand by for the flag—and the ceremony."

"No, sir," said Peter.

"Huh?" gasped the admiral. "See here, Armstrong, people can't hear us, but they can see us, and we've got to run this thing off smoothly."

"Yes, sir." Peter's voice was flat and firm. "But I'll not accept the flag, or anything else, from Miss Meade."

Virginia stepped forward.

"Peter," she said. "Peter, can't you see what I'm doing? Didn't you mean the things you said yesterday?"

"I did," he said, "but it's different now." The gray eyes glinted like the steel sword blade, cold and hard, hard.

"But it isn't, Peter. Won't you see?" She was almost crying now, from vexation and helplessness.

"Come, come, Armstrong. We've got to get on with this," muttered the admiral.

"I'll take the flag, sir—but I'm damned if I'll kiss her. I don't care what people think, sir."

"Oh, Peter! Must I say it to you?" Virginia gazed at him, her eyes pleading. There was no change in the gray eyes that looked at her. She turned, flushed and hurried, to the admiral. "Admiral Earle, are you going to make a presentation to Mr. John Stanton Bosworth after this?" she demanded.

"Why, yes, yes. Why?"

Virginia was yanking frantically at her left hand.

"Then here—look here, Peter Armstrong!" She caught up the admiral's right hand, and into its open palm she dropped a fat gold ring, a miniature of the class rings, in which a large diamond shone dull and lusterless. "Present that to Mr. Bosworth with my regrets, please, Admiral!"

Cheeks aflame, she faced the wide gray eyes that stared incredulously at her, that bore a faint hint of laughter once again.

"Now, Peter Armstrong, will you kiss me?"

It was fortunate that the startled admiral found his voice in time to murmur a swift command to a gray-eyed company commander named Peter.

"Wait until you've got the flag, Armstrong!" he commanded.

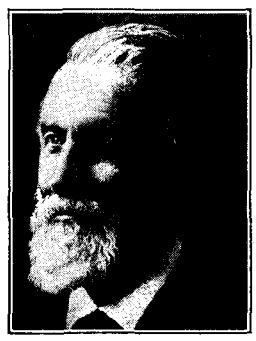
GREATEST SINGLE CAUSE OF ILL HEALTH

Prof. Foges, Head of the Great Medical Clinic of Vienna, says: "The human intestinal tract is the most prolific source of disease."

"The Lazy Colon"

(Large Intestine)

By Charles M. Campbell and Albert K. Detwiller, M.D., of New York



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The Little Dog Laughed

Continued from page 7

understand that the family was bankrupt—facing poverty. The only hope was that I should marry well. Oh, it sounds incredible, but they were clever. . . . They did it little by little; they worked on my sympathies, my pride. . . . It took them over a year. Finally I gave in. I married Reggie Landseer."

"Katharine!"

She glanced up at him.

"How funny," she said, "to have you calling me by my name again. . . . Well! And then I found out they'd cheated me. They were heartless enough to tell me so, to argue with me that it was for my own good."

"And you—?"

"I was desperate. I cared nothing for my husband. He knew it, but that only made him more—affectionate."

"Affectionate—!" repeated John. The word struck him as exquisitely sardonic.

"I can't tell you what I went through. I felt so thoroughly trapped, so completely betrayed. . . . It was horrible! I wanted to die. I made up my mind to commit suicide." Her voice was low, but perfectly controlled. There was no trace of emotion in it. "So I tried."

"Tried? To commit suicide?"

She nodded.

"I took a lot of veronal one night. Enough, as I thought, to kill me. I believe it might have. . . . But my maid got frightened—I'd been asleep eighteen hours when she found me. She sent for a doctor. He brought me around—saved my life—which I didn't thank him for. But afterward I was grateful to that doctor because he backed me up when it came to getting my divorce from Reggie. He told my family a divorce was absolutely necessary—"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed John. "You went through all that—!"

"And lived!" she said, faintly smiling. "Yes. . . . I've lived. I've even managed to be happy—at times."

He said involuntarily, "So I've heard!"—and instantly regretted it. Her eyes—they had a strange violet glint in the firelight—were inscrutable, but he felt that their steady gaze was both a defense and a reproach. With that one glance she created a barrier against him.

"You've heard I'm rather a gay lady. Is that what you mean?"

"Katharine, forgive me! It doesn't matter. It's none of my business. Actually I've heard only that you were charming, fascinating—"

"That sounds like Dubroc!"

"Yes. It was Dubroc who told me about your life here. He was most complimentary."

She made a brief gesture.

"He has an imagination, that young man. But he's charming. I like him. Did he tell you I had no soul?"

"Why, he—"

"Yes, of course he did. Well, he's quite right about that. I haven't the slightest trace of one. I used to have, but it got away from me. . . . I think it escaped the night I tried to kill myself."

"What do you mean?"

THE inscrutable eyes narrowed under their golden lashes.

"I mean what I say. That doctor saved my life, but I was no longer the same person. You see, I had already stepped over the boundary line—in imagination, at least. And part of me didn't come back."

"What a fantastic notion!" thought John. But, looking at her, he was impressed in spite of himself by an eerie notion that it might be true. "What happened," he said, "to the part of you that didn't come back?"

She shook her head. Then, coolly, almost indifferently she said:

"What became of our laughter the morning after we were married?"

"What became of—Katharine!"

"Do you remember the little dog?"

"Do I remember! Yes, I remember everything. Yes, of course, I—"

She went on in her low voice, incredibly unmoved: "I've thought so much about that little dog. . . . but somehow I've never been able to make up my mind about him. I mean I've never quite been able to decide whether he was laughing with us or at us. What do you think, John?"

"I think I'd better go," said John.

He got up abruptly. Without a word she too rose and held out her hand to him. He took it, and held it in his, and immediately he knew, as one always knows, that he might take her in his arms. The thought was, for a moment, inexpressibly shocking. Then a kind of cynicism swept over him. A kind of sullen acceptance of the trick life had played on him! He drew her to him, put his arms around her and kissed her.

"Dubroc was right," he said. "You are charming. Good-by, Katharine."

"Good night, John," said Katharine.

IT WAS only three days later that M. Dubroc's dinner hour was disturbed by the precipitate entrance into his apartment of a large masculine figure that strode in and leaned heavily on the table. The masculine figure wore the face of his friend F. John Jones. But the face was subtilely and tragically altered.

"Thank Heaven, I've found you at home. Stop eating, man! I've got to talk to you."

"Ah," said Dubroc, putting down his knife and fork. "So that's it, is it? No! You needn't tell me. I recognize the symptoms. You have fallen in love with Madame Landseer."

"Dubroc, don't kid me! No man was ever in such a predicament!" cried John. He began to pace up and down the room. "What did you say?"

"I only coughed," replied the young Frenchman.

"You see, Dubroc, it's this way. . . . You're right! I have fallen in love with her. I've fallen desperately in love—with the woman who was once my wife!"

"Eh bien, mon ami! And she—?"

"Dubroc, she doesn't love me in the least. When I kiss her she only smiles."

"I know that smile," sighed Dubroc.

"You do! Yes, I've no doubt of it. Others too! How many others? It drives me mad—"

"You will find that smile in the Louvre," observed the Frenchman. "On the lips of La Gioconda."

But John continued, unheeding: "She doesn't love me! And yet I know the next time I see her alone that I— How did it happen? I was so sure of myself! Tell me this, Dubroc, do you think she tried to make me fall in love with her? Do you think she *wanted* me to?"

Dubroc tilted his head to one side and regarded his friend with Gallic detachment.

"I should say it was quite possible, my dear John."

"But why? Why should she? I'm not a casual romantic admirer. She knows me. She once loved me. Why should she want to attract me now, when she knows it's only pretense—the ghost of something that was once real!"

Dubroc replied, musing: "You Americans! It's true about you. You're incorrigible idealists. My friend, why do you question her motives? Why not accept what chance offers, provided it's agreeable to you, and depend on experience to furnish the explanation?"

"I'll tell you why," said John, leaning on the table again. "It's because I loved her when she had a soul. You say she has none. She herself agrees to that. Well, I remember when she did have a soul—or whatever you want to call it. She was alive then. Alive and joyous—and pure! Pure, do you hear that?" His voice broke, then he went on strongly: "I want what I had before or nothing at all. This

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IT'S just an outlet for shattered nerves. That's what it is. How else would you explain the fact that so many golfers are such deft jingleers? Collier's gold golf pieces are beginning to bob up in locker-rooms and on the greens throughout the land. Mrs. Jessica M. Stratmann of St. Louis, Mo., who, alas, seems to be something of a cynic, sighs for a luck-piece that "will make golfers truthful." Well, those little gold trinkets do accomplish wonders but, my dear Mrs. Stratmann, let's not get too optimistic. Here is her contribution:

She swings—she misses it a mile.
She dubs and tops in all the while.
She misses putts—gee, but she's sore.
But still—she gets a ninety score!

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But knock for a loop the tiresome goop
Who fills the round with idle chatter.

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And here is Strickland Gillilan of Washington, D. C., sounding a Pollyanna note:

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love I feel for her is humiliating. It's evil. There's nothing but death in it. I feel as though some fiend were laughing at me." To himself he muttered, "That little dog at Bouget. . . ."

"Dubroc," he said suddenly. "Do you know what day this is?"

"What day? But it must be—yes, tomorrow is Armistice Day—it must be the 10th of November."

"My wedding day," said John. He stood, large and grim and curiously staring, in the oblong shadow of the doorway. "I was married to Katharine Parker nine years ago today. That's what's eating me now. . . . Sorry I made such a fool of myself."

A quarter of an hour afterward—large and grim and very determined—he presented himself to Katharine's maid in Katharine's apartment. It was then about eight o'clock in the evening.

"I want to see Madame Landseer. Is she in?"

"No, Monsieur. She is not in."

"Then I'll wait," said John.

"It's useless," said the maid. "Madame is not in Paris. She has gone away."

"Gone away? Where did she go? Where is she? Tell me where she is!"

"I cannot tell you, monsieur, because I do not know."

The large man's hands closed slowly at his sides. They opened again. One of them crept into his pocket.

"Now!" he said, and waved a bank note under the woman's nose. She took it placidly, without even looking to see what it amounted to.

"Monsieur," said the maid, "I can tell you only this: Madame has gone to join her lover. But Heaven alone knows where that is."

"Her lover!"

OUT of the mist of his senses John remembered the legend that Dubroc had told him that night they had seen Katharine in the box at the theatre. "One hears of an island in the Mediterranean—of a remote castle—of a château in Brittany—"

"But did she leave no word for me?" he cried. "No message?"

"Yes, monsieur. She left a letter."

"A letter? A letter! Why didn't you say so?" He was in a frenzy of impatience, of relief, of apprehension and expectancy. "Why haven't you given it to me?"

"I was not to give it to you, monsieur, unless you asked whether there was a message."

"Give it to me at once!"

Promptly the maid produced the letter from her bosom.

"Here it is, monsieur," she said, and waddled indifferently out of the room.

John tore open the envelope and read: "Dearest, when you receive this, I shall no longer be on earth." ("What's this?" he thought, staring frantically at the single sheet of note paper in his hand. Then he saw the date at the top of it, and the truth came to him. April, 1920! This was the letter she had written to him that spring, the letter he had never read, that he had returned to her unopened.)

He read on, hungrily: "I have been married for four months now to a man I don't love. I can't go on with this horror any longer. If I had not known you, I might have endured it. Now it's impossible. My life is soiled, ugly. I have made up my mind that the simplest thing to do is to die.

"It was wrong of me to let my family influence me. I was weak. Weakness is the great sin. I shall pay for it now.

"Whether you still love me or not hardly matters to me at this moment. But it will matter to me after my heart stops beating. I know it will. Darling, darling! Listen to me! I'm still your wife. If there is any soul in me—and I feel passionately that there is—then that soul will return always, on our wedding day, to the little inn at Bouget. To the Hôtel d'Orléans! If you have any love left for me, or even a kindly memory, go back there one of these days, on our day, and know that I shall be there with you. Forever, KAY."

When he had finished reading the letter he folded it up carefully, put it in his pocket and stood motionless, while through his mind whirled thoughts at once isolated and connected, confusing and crystal-clear. . . .

Madame is with her lover!

With a sudden bound he started for the door. An object on a chair near by momentarily caught his attention, but he ignored it and rushed from the apartment. It was not till he was on the train for Calais that he realized that the object was his hat.

M. BLAISE, proprietor of the Hôtel d'Orléans in Bouget, was astonished, early the next morning, to see a large man, bareheaded, stride into the office of the inn. The large man peremptorily demanded the room at the head of the stairs, overlooking the street.

"But, monsieur," said M. Blaise, "that room is occupied." He turned to his son, who had only one leg, for confirmation. "Yes," said the son, "that room is occupied."

"By a lady," put in Madame Blaise, appearing at that moment from the kitchen.

"A lady?" repeated the large man, and his eyes grew brighter.

"Yes, monsieur. She comes every year at this time on Armistice Day—"

"She comes, she once told me, in search of her soul," said the son with the wooden leg.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the large man; and then, even more suddenly, he dashed out of the office and up the stairs. M. Blaise would have run after him, but the son held his father back. "This is not a madman," he said. "It's an American to whom God is being good."

Fielding John Jones reached the room at the head of the stairs. The door was unlocked. He opened it and went in.

Katharine was sitting up in bed, with a great red comforter gathered about her shoulders.

"Johnny!" she said.

"Kay!" said John. He walked to the foot of the bed and gripped it with his hands. "Get up!" he said. "Beautiful! Get up and marry me!"

"Why should I?" she answered. "I've always been your wife."

"I want to make sure of you. I want to make—"

Then, with one of those abrupt movements that were becoming a habit with him, he took three steps around the bed, picked her up, red comforter and all, and carried her to a chair by the window.

"Darling!" said John. "I love you, I love you, I—"

"Mister Jones," said Katharine. "You're a great blue-eyed idiot!" And she kissed him and then burst into tears, while he sat tightly clutching the precious bundle of her as though he'd never let it go out of his arms again.

WHICH one of them first looked out of the window I can't say. Perhaps they both looked out simultaneously, but however that may be they looked—and saw a little dog sitting on the sidewalk across the street, grinning up at them.

"Now, that," said John, "is utterly preposterous. It can't be! Such miracles don't happen. I refuse to accept the idea that it's the same little dog. And yet no other dog in the world could laugh like that! I know it is. I'd take my oath on it!"

"Would you, dear?" said Kay. "But, at any rate, there he is. . . . And now I know that he was laughing *with* us, after all."

Downstairs in the doorway of the inn, the son with the wooden leg also stood gazing at the little dog across the street. "Look!" he called out to his mother, "how still he sits, the little rascal. I've trained him well. Madame was right when she picked him out of the litter. He's the only one of the lot that resembles his father."

"What I don't see," said Madame Blaise, "is why Madame should have paid money all these years to support a family of dogs that do nothing but sit still."

The son did not answer. A faint smile crossed his thin lips. Neither his father nor his mother had heard, but above stairs he had heard plainly a man and a woman laughing.

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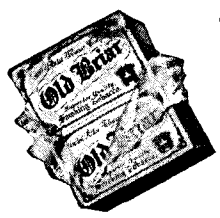

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Inside the S-4

Continued from page 9

bunks swung over the torpedoes with mattresses and blankets.

The first hour in their prison they had spent trying to stop leaks, especially plugging the seepage around the glass port in the door. Eighteen inches of water covered the deck in their compartment; it was still leaking in, but slowly now.

Each man lay quietly in his bunk, avoiding all movement, conserving air. Suddenly from aft there came a clatter of metal against metal on the hull.

Fitch, wide awake, grasped a wrench, climbed the little ladder to the under side of the torpedo hatch, and started to rap vigorously. The steady beat of lead shoes on the deck came to his ears as Diver Eadie groped forward over the torn hull.

Eadie hammered on the hatch; directly under him Fitch rapped six times, paused, rapped six times more and then again six times. An answering rap from the man outside in acknowledgment, then Fitch heard the footsteps die away going aft.

What wild hope sprang in the hearts of the six men prisoned there can easily be imagined!

"Is There Any Hope?"

THE rescue ship Falcon, just arrived over the wreck, was swinging to a flimsy mooring in a gathering storm while Eadie explored below. Eadie came up, reported, "Hole in the battery room, starboard side; six men alive in torpedo room; no damage aft of battery room, but no sounds in after half of ship."

There was little time for any action. If the battery room only was flooded, the thirty-four men aft might be alive but unconscious. Blowing water out of the undamaged ballast tanks should bring the boat up. The officers on the Falcon elected to try it.

Diver Carr took down a hose which he coupled to the ballast tank blow line. The Falcon blew without result. The S-4 had more than the battery room flooded—certainly the control room, perhaps the whole stern.

Evidently the six men forward were all that were left. The storm was getting worse. The Falcon could not work much longer. Diver Michels went down to couple a hose to the compartment salvage line which led to all compartments including the torpedo room.

The weather was very bad. Michels, going down in darkness with the waves heaving the Falcon wildly, soon found himself badly tangled in the wreckage on the S-4's deck. Eadie, roused from his bunk, went down again, worked desperately for two hours in icy water to free Michels, then sent him up, unconscious and frozen.

Diving had to cease.

Through the oscillator, the Falcon talked with Lieutenant Fitch, who answered by rapping in Morse code with his wrench.

Fitch reported the salvage air line flooded, the air bad, his oxygen nearly gone.

The storm kept up.

Late the second day, wet, frozen, starved, thirsty, half stifled from foul air, Lientenant Fitch inquired, "Is there any hope?"

We signaled back, "There is hope. Everything possible is being done," but we well knew that nothing was possible till the storm abated.

At midnight we received a message to transmit to Lieutenant Fitch: "Your wife and mother constantly praying for you." Our oscillator spelled the message out. No answer from the S-4. We kept sending the message. At 6:20 A. M. the third day came the last signal from Lieutenant Fitch—three raps—acknowledgment. That was the end.

The next day the storm abated. After some difficulty in dragging (the storm had carried away our marker buoys) we located the S-4 again.

Lieutenant Fitch had reported the air salvage line flooded shortly after Michels' ill-fated attempt to connect a hose to it. While the storm rolled on we racked our heads and studied the S-4 plans minutely to discover some way of getting air directly into the torpedo room. A message came from a submarine captain in far-off San Diego, "Try the S-C tube."

The S-C tube is not a rescue device. It is a listening instrument, never remotely intended for emergency ventilation. It is in the shape of a large T, made of two-inch diameter pipe. It projects above the deck over the torpedo room about one foot, each arm of the T being about two feet long.

A small hollow copper tube, ¼ inch in diameter, runs from the end of each arm through a watertight rubber plug into the large T, then down the stem inside the boat. On the outside, each copper tube has clamped over its end a hollow rubber ball, which acts as a sound reception diaphragm.

We decided to cut the rubber diaphragms off the copper tubes, where they extended through the T arms, on the inside terminal of the S-C device clamp air hose to the tube ends, and attempt to ventilate and exhaust through the S-C tubes. We hoped that Lieutenant Fitch, expecting us to hit on this method, had rigged his listening gear and opened the check valve on the inside terminal of the S-C device while he had the strength to move about.

A grappling hook finally caught in the boat. Wilson and Eiben, sliding down the line, made their way forward and connected hoses to the S-C tubes. I turned on the air. An anxious moment watching the gauge; the pressure dropped, the air went through!

We blew fresh air in and vented foul air out on the chance in a million that someone might revive. But foul air, cold and dampness had done their work.

There was nothing left to do but raise the boat. Winter was upon us. Diving days would be scarce, and diving extra hazardous. But raise the boat we must.

What was the extent of the damage? Would the injured hull stand the strains of lifting without breaking in two? I donned a diving rig and dropped overboard from the Falcon to find out.

Down through icy water I slid, and shortly stood on the narrow bow of the S-4, alongside the S-C tube over the torpedo room. A few fish swam around me. I walked slowly aft, impeded by the water and the drag of my life line and air hose.

Over the battery room I reached the spot where the deck was torn away; dropping down a few feet I clambered over the cylindrical hull to the gun, where the deck was good again. The gun, muzzle down, was slewed to port. I climbed over it and reached the conning tower, when I recollected that I had as yet seen no hole piercing the hull itself. That was my job.

I turned about, climbed back over the gun and started forward over the exposed cylindrical hull when I had to stop. A fine mud, stirred up by my previous passage, filled the water and made it impossible for me to see the submarine. Balancing myself on the slippery cylinder, I tried to figure out my direction when a surge above jerked my lifeline, pulled me off my feet, and I found myself sliding down the side of the S-4.

Buried in Mud

AS I went over, a projecting plate flashed in front of my helmet. My hand seized it. I hung there and found what I had dived to see. I was hanging from a torn steel plate over the gash in the submarine's side and looking directly into the S-4's death wound. It was not a very large hole, quite small in fact, hardly large enough for a man to crawl through, but it was enough.

However I did not spend much time inspecting it. I felt a cold trickle down

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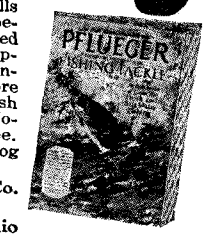

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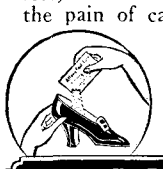

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my right arm. Looking up at my hand, I saw that the jagged plate I was hanging from had cut open my glove and the air in my suit was leaving me. I must get that hand down. Seeing some plates sticking from the side I tried to push myself up with my legs, but these plates also felt ragged and likely to cut the suit further. Another glance at my hand showed I was losing too much air. I let go, fell clear of the S-4, and disappeared in the black mud alongside.

I was lying on my right side in soft ooze. It was utterly dark. I instinctively pushed with my right arm to straighten up. The arm cut through the mud without effect. I struggled to regain my feet and felt under me torn steel plates which had dropped from the submarine. I ceased struggling. If I cut my suit any worse buried in that muck, I might be in a bad way.

If I could not get up, my shipmates at the surface could pull me up. Over the telephone I asked them to heave on my lifeline. They did, but I felt no strain. My line was foul or something—if it were caught in the torn side of the submarine over me, a few heaves across those razor-like plates would cut my air hose in two. And that meant "finis." Hurriedly I yelled out to stop heaving. They stopped.

My Job Was Done

I LAY still and thought. I must extricate myself in the same way I had lifted the S-51, by floating myself out of the mud. Keeping my torn right glove low, I opened the air valve on my suit wider and started to inflate the suit. It worked; I felt my helmet rise, break through the mud into the dim light of the ocean floor. Quickly I throttled the air to avoid breaking free and ballooning up to the surface with a sure case of "bends."

Alternately I opened and closed the air valve, lifting myself by inches till I was out to my waist. Glancing up, I could see my air hose now rising vertically, clear of everything. Again making myself heavy, I asked for a pull and a moment later I was clear of the mud, dangling on my life line. The submarine was invisible.

My job was done. I had inspected the damage, and had been down nearly an hour. The tenders on the Falcon started me on the slow ascent to the surface.

The salvage job started. After three months, the S-4 was raised by the same method, the same material and ships, and practically the same men that raised the S-51.

The day the S-4 sank, the wife of one of the officers trapped inside her, speaking from the anguish of her heart, exclaimed:

"He's gone. They never raise those boats till after everybody's dead!"

She was right. The Navy Department learned little from the S-51 disaster and the long months of desperate work on the part of the salvage force which raised her. As long as there are submarines there are bound to be submarine accidents; but our Navy Department was just as unprepared for the quick raising of the S-4 as it had been in the case of the S-51. And as unprepared as it was in the case of the S-48, the S-5, the R-6 and even the F-4, to go back thirteen years to the first submarine we ever lost.

Briefly, the Navy Department has never been prepared for quick raising or rescue work on any submarine.

In view of the fact that we have averaged one major submarine loss every two years since 1914 (disregarding minor accidents) it is certainly plain that submarine sinkings cannot be regarded as unusual calamities. The Navy needs a trained salvage force properly spread over its submarine operating areas as much as any large city needs its trained fire department with fire houses located in each fire district.

Safety, in peace time, for the crews of sunken submarine boats lies partly in the design of the boats themselves, partly in the availability near submarine operating areas of trained rescue ships and dependable lifting equipment.

Carelessness on the part of some one member of the crew has been the cause of nearly every peace time submarine disaster. Men cannot live in a state of eternal vigilance. Someone lets down, and the submarine crew finds itself facing death in a terrible form.

For safety in the boat itself, it is well realized that everything cannot be carried in one small submarine. Our boats can, however, be built to carry the few essentials for safety and still fulfill their military functions. It will cost a little money, but if we cannot afford the cost, let us not ask other men to stand the danger.

The first essential is to provide air till the boat can be raised. For this purpose the compartment salvage air line, as fitted in our submarines, is worse than useless. Its design permits air to be blown into a compartment (provided the line is not damaged by the accident as it was on the S-51) but non-return valves prevent bad air from being vented out. What killed the men aft in the S-4 was not lack of air (they had a flask of oxygen only partly used and another that they did not even open); even in the torpedo room after three days a little oxygen remained in the flask. It was the high percentage of carbon dioxide which could not be released that finally finished the crew.

Blowing additional air into a compartment through the existing salvage air lines will not remove the foul air, and will shortly result in putting the imprisoned men under heavy air pressure. Divers can stand such pressure only a brief time. The men in the S-4's torpedo room would only have died more quickly had diver Michels succeeded in coupling up the hose he carried to the salvage air connection on the S-4's conning tower.

The solution to this is simple. A separate valve on each compartment to which a diver can couple a hose and provide air where needed will allow fresh air to come in and bad air to escape without building up much pressure inside the boat. Liquid food, hot if necessary, can be run through the hose. The cost is slight. The weight involved is negligible. The idea was urged on the Navy Department after the S-51. It was ignored.

Taking conditions as they were, had such a valve existed on the S-4's torpedo room, it is most probable that Michels could have connected up that valve and saved the lives of Lieutenant Fitch and his five companions.

Providing soda lime so that the crew may purify their own air until outside help arrives is an obvious need. It is quite probable that no submarine now has to wait "until the program for the fiscal year 1929."

The use again of marker buoys on submarines in peace time is desirable. A sunken submarine may quickly be located thus if the crew still lives to release the buoy. The fact that such buoys constitute a war-time menace (they come loose and expose the boat to an enemy) need not stop their use in time of peace.

There is Only One Way

QUICK-CLOSING doors, especially on the control room bulkheads, are a major requisite for safety. If the captain can but seal up the boat quickly and confine the flooding to the one damaged compartment, his chances of raising his own boat and saving his crew are excellent. Failure to close all the doors *rapidly* means death, perhaps slowly, as in the case of the S-4; perhaps quickly, as in the case of the S-51; but without question, surely, as in both cases.

It may happen, for various reasons, that lifting a submarine quickly is impossible. In that case, it is necessary to get the crew out on the bottom of the sea. This is hazardous in the extreme, but it is possible, and should be attempted as a last desperate resort. The apparatus necessary is an airlock, a double-doored trunk. A man enters the trunk from the inside of the boat, closes the lower hatch, floods the trunk till the pressure has equalized, then, keeping his head in the air space at the top, opens the outer door to the sea. To make escape possible a diver should be standing outside the trunk, carrying a

(*Continued on page 50*)

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Inside the S-4

Continued from page 49

spare helmet with an air hose attached.

This he passes through the open door into the trunk; the man inside slips the helmet over his head, ducks out through the door into the arms of the diver, who holds him erect while both are pulled to the surface. The survivors in the boat close the door, drain the trunk, and the next man then enters to repeat the process with another diver.

Without the helmet and the diver to assist, escape this way is impossible in deep water, for the pressure would collapse a man's lungs and he would sink instead of floating up.

All our submarines now have one such airlock in their conning towers, but it is considerably more likely that survivors will be trapped at the ends of the boat (as actually happened on the S-4), and therefore all boats should be fitted with at least three available airlocks—one at each end compartment in addition to the existing one amidships.

Assuming that the crew lives inside the sunken boat, and that life can be prolonged a while by air pumped in from outside, it is still essential to lift the boat quickly to save the men. Only one practical way exists that permits this in the open sea, the use of pontoons.

Salvage ships for lifting can, due to technical limitations, be used only in sheltered waters. The cost of ships, like the German Vulcan, is very high; probably even the United States would build not more than one. Of what use to the crew of a submarine sunk off Cuba is a salvage ship at New London?

For the cost of one such lifting ship sixteen sets of pontoons, each set able to lift a submarine, can be built and distributed so as to be near each probable submarine operating area.

The improved type of pontoon, designed by the author after the S-51 job, and used to raise the S-4, can be lowered by a trained crew at a rate approaching one per hour. Twelve are sufficient to raise any S boat, even when wholly flooded.

A Nerve-Racking Job

BUT the hardest problem in submarine lifting is attaching the lifting chains, and this problem exists no matter how the boat is lifted. Our submarines have nothing to hook on to. Consequently on both the S-51 and S-4 we were forced to dig tunnels through the clay and mud under the boats in order to drag through the heavy chains forming the lifting cradle.

A more dangerous and nerve-racking job cannot be imagined. I have always marveled that we could get divers who would undertake the risks. We have done it, but each tunnel takes several days.

Before we developed a special tunneling nozzle it used to take several months.

To avoid as much tunneling as possible we also lightened the submarines by going inside and closing all the doors and valves in the undamaged compartments, and then blowing out the water.

It took four and a half months' work on the S-51 for the tunneling and sealing up; on the S-4 it took nearly three months. In both cases it was dangerous and expensive, and so far as saving life was concerned, wholly ridiculous.

And yet the next sister to the S-4, if she happens to be sunk in the open sea, will go through the same performance. The crew will suffocate, the divers will struggle, the nation will have its heart strings torn, and some months later the submarine will be raised.

There is a way out. Pontoons can be quickly handled and secured, provided there is something to secure them to. While a sunken S boat weighs 800 tons, each pontoon lifting chain takes only a 40-ton load. Consequently it is simple to rivet to the hull on each side a row of 12 pad eyes, properly spaced to take the pontoon lifting chains. The weight of all the eyes with the necessary reënforcing is probably about 3 tons, certainly never over 6 tons.

If the eyes are provided, lifting becomes a simple matter. Tunneling and working inside the boat are eliminated. A rescue ship like the Falcon, with a crew of divers trained to handle pontoons, can secure the pontoons and bring the boat up in twenty-four hours after they start work.

We Must Have Safety

THE lifting eyes take weight, it is true. But it will be the best-spent weight on the boat. A submarine is a military weapon. The longer she lives in time of war the more valuable a weapon she is. In the late war the Germans expended much time and treasure endeavoring to salvage some of their sunken submarines and get them back in action. The Allies (ourselves included) spent millions and kept thousands of men employed endeavoring to salvage torpedoed merchant vessels and get them back into carrying supplies for the troops. Can we not say that the few tons weight which makes it possible to pick up a damaged submarine in war time and bring her in in one day's time is the best-spent military weight on the boat?

Naval critics who most strongly oppose the installation of safety devices or lifting eyes on the ground that they take weight, fail to realize their own inconsistency. A very large weight in submarines is already given over to a feature of no military value, solely on the grounds of safety. There are four internal bulkheads on the S type boats, which are not needed for structural strength or for military purposes, but are supposed to give safety through subdivision. (This safety, by the way, is an illusion unless better doors are provided.) These bulkheads weigh about 20 tons. One of them might be dispensed with, and the weight used for other forms of safety, which will be of more value. For instance, the bulkhead between engine and motor rooms always leaks badly where the shafts pass through; its safety value is nearly negligible.

But it is hardly necessary to go this far. Our designers have never failed, when it appeared desirable to add what seemed a valuable new military feature, to find some means of providing the necessary buoyancy to carry it. It is only necessary to drive home the lesson that safety for the crew is a valuable military feature of the boat, and a way will quickly be found to incorporate it.

Safety for the crew has a decided effect on morale, and morale is a military feature beyond price. It is foolish to shut our eyes to the fact that the sinkings of S-51 and S-4 had a profound effect on the crews of sister submarine boats. I know the men and I know it does not help their morale for them to be told that "for military reasons" when an accident happens they are left to die like rats in a trap.

It was truthfully said during the nerve-racking days just after the S-4 sank that "Everything humanly possible is being done to save the men inside." But not much then was said concerning the fact that little had ever been done to drill salvage crews, to provide means for quick lifting, or to provide the minor changes inside the boats themselves needed for safety.

Will the next submarine sinking find us as unprepared, or will it find trained rescue ships as ready to swing divers and pontoons into action against the sea as our well-drilled line of battleships are ready to swing into action against an enemy fleet?

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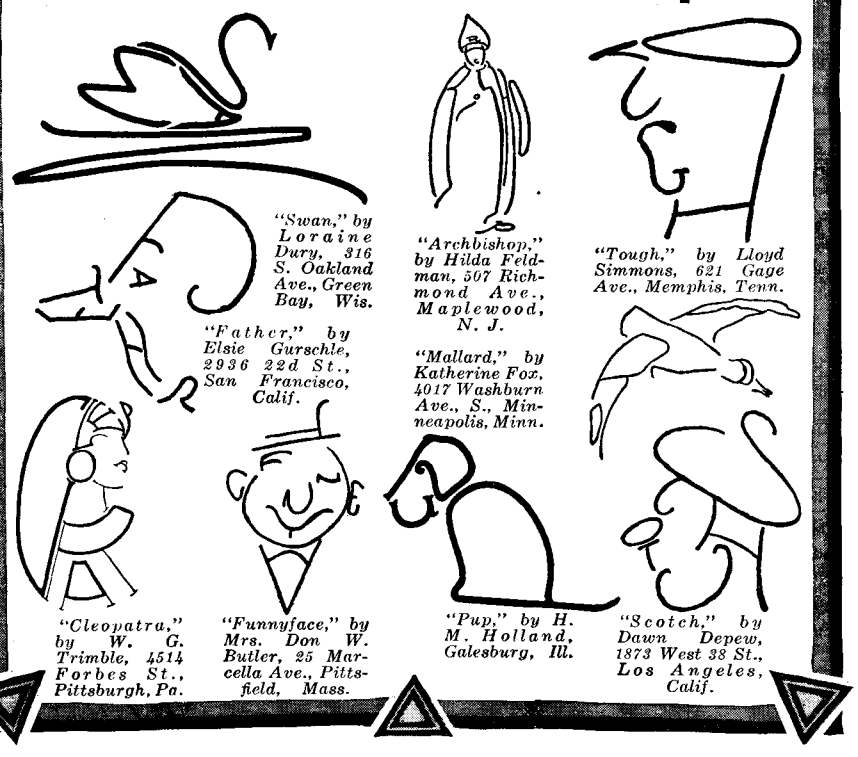

"Swan," by Loraine Dury, 316 S. Oakland Ave., Green Bay, Wis.

"Archbishop," by Hilda Feldman, 507 Richmond Ave., Maplewood, N. J.

"Tough," by Lloyd Simmons, 621 Gage Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

"Father," by Elsie Gurschle, 2936 22d St., San Francisco, Calif.

"Mallard," by Katherine Fox, 4017 Washburn Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

"Cleopatra," by W. G. Trimble, 4514 Forbes St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Funnyface," by Mrs. Don W. Butler, 25 Marcella Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.

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"Scotch," by Dawn Depew, 1873 West 33 St., Los Angeles, Calif.

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A Tale of Two Cities

Continued from page 20

achievement. Picture it for yourself.

The city of Houston, with a population of 265,000 (it has doubled in size twice in less than twenty years) sits fifty miles inland and yet right there, out in the middle of a Texas prairie, so to speak, an unsuspecting stranger is liable at any minute to get lost in a forest of masts, or else stub his toe against the huge hull of a French, a German, a British or an American liner. During the year 1926—I didn't get the figures for 1927—just a mere handful of ships, only 1,240 of them, carrying cargoes valued at $457,823,882, docked at the port of Houston. These are some figures, but, in order to find out how rapidly this business has developed, consider the following: In 1920 Houston exported 69,839 bales of cotton while in 1927 it shipped abroad more than 34 times that much, or a total of 2,353,860 bales.

Party Duty Guides Them

NATURALLY a group composed of men who have accomplished a thing like this—digging a ditch fifty miles long, deep enough and wide enough to float the world's commerce up to their doorstep—are not going to get excited a whole lot and worry about their ability to stable and feed and entertain all the performers and hangers-on who will attend Jesse Jones' June Jamboree. They are just going to do it. That's that, and so far as I can judge, from all the evidence submitted to me, they are going to make a good job of it. Better now, of course, than would have been possible a few years ago, because, as I was explicitly told by a committeeman, who offered me a sample, Houston's desirability as a convention center is greatly enhanced now that it is able to bring the stuff in direct from abroad.

"But you don't mean," I said, "that the Democrats drink."

"Oh, no. No! Of course not," responded the committeeman; "I don't mean anything like that. I only mean that it's a cinch they'll put a good, strong law-enforcement plank into their platform, and how will they know how strong to make it if they don't know how strong the liquor is? As a matter of party duty, then, I reckon most of 'em'll have to experiment with the stuff, and as a good provider you can just bet that Houston'll have plenty of it on hand for them to dally with."

After this the committeeman and I went out to take in the town. We felt better, and Houston looked like a fine city. Houston is a fine city. As I have already stated, the town is strictly on the level—there isn't a hill in it any larger than a wart on a cucumber—and, in addition to that, it is also on the square. In other words, Houston is one of the very few towns I've ever seen that is planned exactly to my notion. I like to see the business part of a town all laid out in regular checkerboard fashion, and that's the way they've built Houston. The streets are all wide, they all meet at correct right angles, and therefore if any Democrat, during the June difficulty, gets overcome with the heat, or anything else, it will be his own fault if he can't find his own way back to the hotel. He won't have any diagonal Broadway to divert him from his true course, nor any dizzying Dupont Circles, as in Washington, to turn him completely around and send him back to the place he came from.

Away from the business part of the town Houston's newly created and rapidly growing apartment-house and residence sections are really beautiful. There is lots of K K K money in that town. Korn, Kotton and Kattle, I mean, and also quite a bit of oily cash, the present owners of which have known how to spend it in a truly comfortable and attractive fashion.

Houston, with its wide lawns and plenty of broad, open spaces, is comfortably sprawled out. Down there a man can breathe and stretch and yawn to his heart's content, and, as the climate is semitropical, breathing, stretching and yawning are among the best habits the old-timers have.

This natural, easy, luxurious custom reflects itself even in the manner of speech of the native-born Houstonians, especially the girls. They have a slow, delightful, insinuating drawl; there are no hard sounds in their language, either over the telephone or across the cigar counter, and unless the Democrats are an unusually hard-hearted bunch, the Jones' Function, regardless of what it may achieve politically, will probably go down in history, and in the memory of many delegates, as an unqualified success.

Houston, however, even from its humble beginning, has always been able to impress itself upon its visitors. Away back in 1823, for example, when the town was the capital of the Republic of Texas, a man named Duval dropped in for a day or two, and as Mr. Duval had an eye for the colorful, he later on wrote a description of the place and told of his experiences. As Mr. Duval saw Houston, the town then consisted of a very few log huts, representing permanent habitations, and a very large number of canvas-covered shanties representing "juiceries" (an ancient Texas word meaning gin mills), gambling joints and dance halls.

Mr. Duval was robbed twice in the forenoon, ran into a shooting scrape in the afternoon—Congress was in session and the town was full of Texas politicians, which probably accounts for the hilarity—and the next morning, when he took his departure, he did so on a "gentle" pony, bought from an honest horse trader, which bucked with him clear out of town and across eight miles of prairie.

When I read that description I wondered what Mr. Duval would think of Houston if he saw it today. When he was there he had to use persuasive, almost coercive tactics to secure a room in a not particularly inviting hotel, but now, within just a few blocks of where he finally did sleep, there are a large number of skyscraping hotels with a combined total of approximately 9,000 guest rooms.

They Didn't Worry Long

IT REQUIRED only a few days' investigation for me to satisfy myself that Jesse Jones, with the help of Houston, was going to be able to ride to a good, safe herd on the Democrats, and so I hurried on up to Kansas City. I was a little uneasy about the Republicans because, at that time, as you probably remember, the G. O. P. National Committeemen were trying to slide out of their trade and were threatening to take their circus elsewhere.

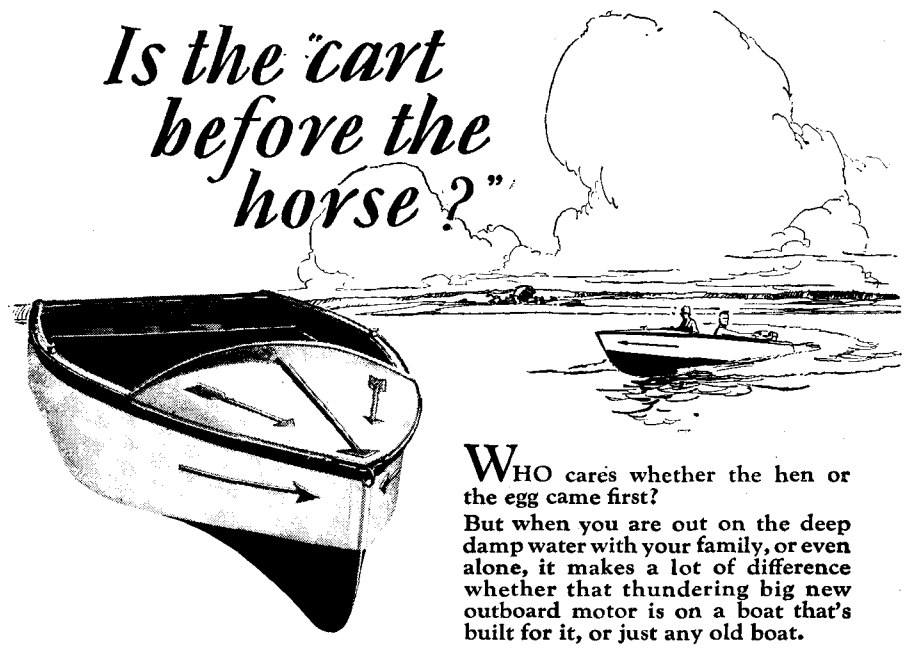
What was the matter with them, of course, was that they were sore at themselves for having sold out their show for just half of what Jesse Jones paid the Democrats for theirs, but naturally they couldn't come right out and say that. What they had to do was dig up some other kind of excuse, and so they came forward with one that was highly ridiculous. They said that Kansas City didn't have room enough to quarter their aggregation! Now, can you beat that? There Kansas City is, the second largest stock-shipping center in America, and yet the Republican National Committee was worrying about what was going to happen to its delegates.

But they didn't worry long. The Kansas Citians merely took the members of the R. N. C. down to the stock yards, showed them how convenient it would be to pen the delegates up according to states, pointed out the excellency of their feed boxes and automatic watering troughs, and that settled it.

My Houston experience had taught me a good deal, and so I knew exactly how to proceed in Kansas City. Dodging all the agents around my hotel who

(*Continued on page 52*)

Is the "cart before the horse?"



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A Tale of Two Cities

Continued from page 51

wanted to sell me some totally unnecessary egg food, I went out and hunted up a local convention committeeman. Men of this species, in these "pre-war" days, either in Houston or Kansas City, are not hard to find, and so I soon cornered one upon whom I at once unloaded a question I had forgotten to try out in Houston.

It Pays!

"WILL you please tell me," I said to this man, "just why your city and Houston want to entertain these two national conventions? Here you are," I went on, "a couple of nice, well-behaved, Christian communities, with nothing against you so far as I can learn, except of course, that, in accord with the requirements of the Eighteenth Amendment, you both comfortably maintain your necessary per capita quota of constitutionally created crooks, and yet you go out and deliberately buy up a lot of trouble for yourselves. Why do you do it?"

"Because it pays," answered the Kansas Citian. "Read this over and see if it doesn't."

He handed a paper across his desk to me. I studied it for a minute or two, and I got the idea. Here is what that paper told me:

Within something less than sixty days after Kansas City secured its bargain from the Republican National Committee 1,440 newspapers in the United States had printed pictures of the convention hall; 6,960 news stories about the attractiveness of the town and its desirability as a battle ground had appeared in the press, and 1,327 editors had had their say on the subject.

"Well," asked the Missourian, "do you think that with that much advance publicity as a starter the Republicans will know where to head for next June?"

"Yes," I answered, "I reckon they will, and so will the Democrats, because it seems to me that Houston is getting even more publicity out of the Jones party than you fellows are out of the G. O. P. festival, but tell me something else. Have you figured out in dollars and cents how much all this front-page advertising is worth?"

"We sure have," replied this up-to-date committeeman. "We're keeping a close tab on all the financial benefits that the Missouri Democrats are going to get out of the Republican circus, and up to last night it was estimated that the forthcoming disagreement among our enemies has netted us just $1,211,-314.15 in good free advertising. Of course, though, that's only a beginning, and before the fracas is over we figure that we'll get at least another couple of million dollars' worth of space.

"But, come on now"—the Missourian changed the subject—"and let's go out and take a look at the city." I agreed, and on the way out—and I'm now wondering if this was a coincidence or if it's a social habit in both of those towns—the Kansas City committeeman did exactly the same thing the Houstonians had done. He offered me a sample of the oratorical extract that will be on tap in his city next June and asked my opinion of it.

I didn't render any. I merely asked, "Will there be plenty of this stuff?" He signified that there would be, and hence I can now state that no June Republican need have any envy in his heart for any June Democrat.

Kansas City, as I saw it for the next day or two, didn't remind me a bit of Houston. For the Republicans, life during the period of their hostilities is just going to be one hill after another. It'll be that way because that's the way Kansas City is built. The town is one continuous series of ups and downs, and yet, as a contribution to the genius of the 550,000 people who live there, I want to say that it is well anchored and that there is not the slightest danger, as a mere casual stranger might think, of its sliding downhill and losing itself in the muddy waters of the Missouri and the Kansas rivers.

In fact, ever since 1854, when Senator Burton stood upon a stone ledge overlooking the Missouri, and said: "Right here, gentlemen, where this bluff turns aside this mighty river, a large commercial and manufacturing community will congregate," the citizens of Kansas City have been digging solidly in. When Senator Burton made his prophecy the place was called Westport Landing and had a population of 478 fur traders. Today it is one of our really great American cities, and in a short time, so it asserts, it is going to be something more superlative than that. For Kansas City has a slogan "The Most Beautiful City in America." If nothing happens to stop those Missourians, they are very likely to do something very unusual in regard to a slogan. That is, they are likely to live up to it.

Kansas City, in its determination to become beautiful, has taken advantage of its very disadvantages. In its country-club section, planned and built up by a man who is undoubtedly a genius, there isn't even the sign of a signboard. This man doesn't believe that huge paintings representing open books, immense packages of cigarettes and piebald bulls constitute real art. What he does like, though, is decorative fountains, old-fashioned well heads, gracefully carved marble columns, Italian pergolas and beautiful wrought-iron gates. For these he has searched Europe. Now they stand out of doors in beautified spots that are perpetually dedicated to the city.

The rolling hills gave this genius his inspiration and he is now using them, with their numerous water courses and their miniature canyons, in the most surprising ways for the creation of attractive drives, alluring vistas and—expensive building sites.

However, it is more than worth the money. Stop and think of it, for just a moment. How much would you pay to live in a community where there are no signboards?

Some Statistics

AND now for a few Kansas City statistics. The town has:

1 first-class Union Station.
1 beautiful war memorial.
550,000 hospitable souls.
71 national and state banks.
?? roulette and faro banks.
13 real theatres
57 of the other kind.
400 churches.
I don't know how many saloons.
And a proportionate number of jails.
1 slightly used convention hall.

A convention hall was originally built in 1889 for the accommodation of 13,000 Democrats. Ninety days before they were to assemble, however, the building burned to the ground. But that didn't stop Kansas City. It got busy, rebuilt the building as it now stands, and in July, 1900, the structure was the riotous scene of one of the numerous nominations—for the Presidency, I think this one was—of William Jennings Bryan.

This is all that I know about Kansas City except that as I climbed around, up and down, over the business part of the town, and wandered in and out of several of its seventy-one banks, I noticed something peculiar going on. In each one of these financial warehouses, wherein the Kansas Citians store their surplus cash and park their family jewels, men were installing some queer-looking steel contrivances about as large as hogsheads and with numerous holes bored in them. I inquired as to what these things were and what for and was told that they were bullet-proof sentry boxes which were being put in because the town was preparing to defend itself against an invasion of crooks. I wonder if my informant could possibly have been referring to the June assembly?

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The Good New Days

Continued from page 24

been subjected to a great deal of skepticism. Yet it is only the gathering up of the haphazard individual credits of the nation and putting them to work under the scrutiny of bankers and acceptance corporations.

The modern individual has always had potential credit. It varied in degree with different persons, but there was no man who could not be trusted at least for a loaf of bread and a pork chop.

Modern industry gathered up the nation's potential credit, labeled it, dramatized it, systematized it, and now it is a legitimate tool of commerce.

There is ten times as much credit outstanding in the United States today as there was twenty-five years ago, and five times as much as ten years ago.

There are 4½ billions of gold stock for monetary purposes in the United States today, of which less than 10 per cent is in actual circulation. Upon this gold stock, plus actual commodities moving in consumption, has been reared a towering structure of currency, checks and general credit, until the actual gold is a negligible percentage of forms of promises to pay.

Suppose, for example, a highly improbable thing should occur: Suppose every one of us should go to the banks tomorrow morning at nine o'clock to draw out the 50 billion dollars we have collected on deposit. It would be impossible for the banks to pay more than the one billion dollars cash on hand, for the reason that these deposits of ours are offset principally by promises to pay held by the banks. Of these promises about one tenth are by the government; the rest are promises of borrowers, customers and corporations whose investment securities the banks own.

Within a few hours the banks possibly could secure two or three billions more from the Federal Reserve banks and other sources.

What of our other 46 billions?

We could only stand and wait until some arrangement could be made by which we would receive assignats, or mandats, or certificates, or scrip, based on land, on railroad shops or steel foundries or automobile factories and the other forms of wealth which are made possible by our deposits.

When 2 per cent of us lose confidence and faith in the rest of us and withdraw our credit, a business depression ensues; when another 2 per cent join in, wild-eyed panic is in order.

American business has its faults, and they deserve criticism. But careless criticism develops much heat and little light.

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P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

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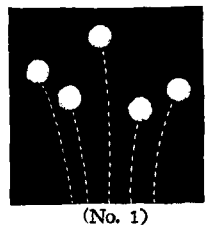
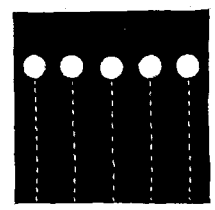
Wright & Ditson have created a tennis ball that can't play jokes on you!

TWO tennis balls may look as much alike as two peas and yet be so different in playing action that they will throw you completely off your game. Why this difference? Here is the reason—



(No. 1)

Look at illustration number one. It shows what happens when ordinary tennis balls are given the official drop test. Some have too much bound, others too little. They aren't *uniform* in rebound because they vary in compression—one ball may have 20 pounds greater compression than another. Consequently one ball will feel light off the racket, another heavy. They will fly and act in an entirely different manner when stroked in the same way. Obviously you cannot play uniformly good tennis with them.



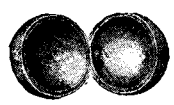
(No. 2)

Now look at illustration number two. This shows what happens when Wright & Ditson tennis balls are given the drop test. Every ball bounds exactly alike—because every ball gets *exactly* the same compression put into it by an *automatic* process. That compression can't vary a hair's weight. Every Wright & Ditson ball bounds alike, flies alike, acts alike, feels alike off the racket. No other tennis ball has such absolute uniformity!

• • •

For 37 years the Wright & Ditson Championship ball has been adopted for National championships—and for all Davis Cup matches played in this country since 1900. It is the most uniform tennis ball ever created—yet it costs no more than tennis balls that *aren't* uniform. 50 cents each—at your favorite sporting goods or department store.

HERE'S ANOTHER *great feature!*



Every Wright & Ditson ball reaches you as fresh and as lively as when it left the factory. And it is *kept fresh* by an *air-retaining* inner-lining. Air can't seep out of it—the ball *holds* its liveliness for an entire season's play! And every Wright & Ditson ball *bounds the maximum legal limit* allowed a legal ball—58 inches.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, Editorial Director
William L. Chenery, Editor
Charles Colebaugh, Managing Editor

The First Radio Election

IF THE gentlemen who wrote our almost perfect Constitution could tune in through a celestial radio from heaven, or wherever it is they are spending eternity, and listen to the proceedings of the conventions now about to begin, they would get what you might accurately term "an earful."

They did their best to put the selection of a President as remote as possible from the control of the people. Yet in the conventions being assembled the only important question is how to find the candidates with the largest popular appeal.

This search will be carried on with the utmost publicity. In addition to the twelve to fourteen thousand men and women actually within the meeting halls, audiences of fifteen to twenty millions will be listening to every important discussion.

It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of what is happening before our eyes and ears. The radio, but a few years ago no more than a child's toy and a scientist's gadget, has become a political instrument of incalculable power.

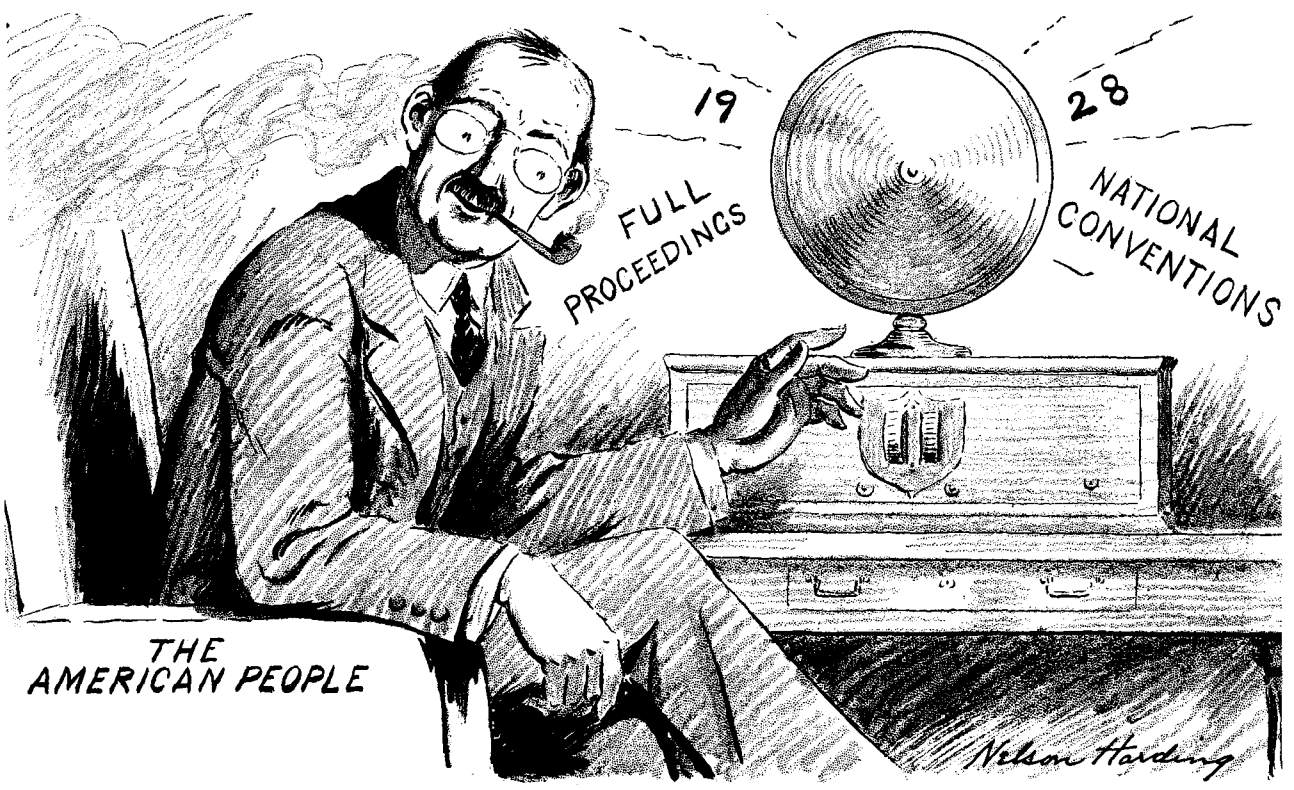
When George Washington and his immediate successors were chosen only a few men participated and not more than three per cent of the people were allowed to vote.

Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams, thought women ought to have votes but her view was so rare that it was merely curious.

A handful of strong men picked the candidates and a tiny majority were allowed to ratify their choices.

When we look backward we discover, however, that some very useful and gifted men reached the Presidency by the old route. But we have not always been so fortunate.

It is fairly certain now that the conventions will name Secretary Hoover and Governor Smith. If the politicians can find a safe way to avoid nominating Mr. Hoover, they can of course be relied upon to take it, but an earthquake is needed to stop Governor Smith.



Tuning your radio is a prosaic act, but you may hear the announcement of a new political era

Do You Want to be Amused?

THESE two candidates have reached eminence through popular appreciation of public service, honestly and competently administered. The fact that millions of Americans know and admire Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith is their great strength.

The radio properly used will do more for popular government than have most of the wars for freedom and self-government.

We fought for the privilege of managing our own affairs and then half of us decided that voting was troublesome and uninteresting and we stayed away from the polls.

The radio makes politics personal and interesting and therefore important.

Tune in on the stations which broadcast the conventions. You will be amused at what you hear. The directors of the quadrennial political shows are good stage managers.

Better than the entertainment is the opportunity to see just how your government is made.

Listen especially to the pleas which the candidates will make for themselves and their parties during the weeks immediately following the nominations.

In your own home you can hear the best speakers your country has produced. You can hear intelligent discussion of your public affairs. You will have an unprecedented opportunity to grasp the essential issues of the campaign.

No other generation has ever had so marvelous a chance. Good and brave men have died for the right to rule themselves.

We inherited that right and now through the radio we have the means of acquiring painlessly the information requisite to the conduct of our rather intricate public affairs.

Turning the dial of your receiver is a casual and prosaic act, but what you may hear through the air is the announcement of the opening of a new political era, an era made inevitably liberal and democratic by the very mechanical instruments which science has bestowed.

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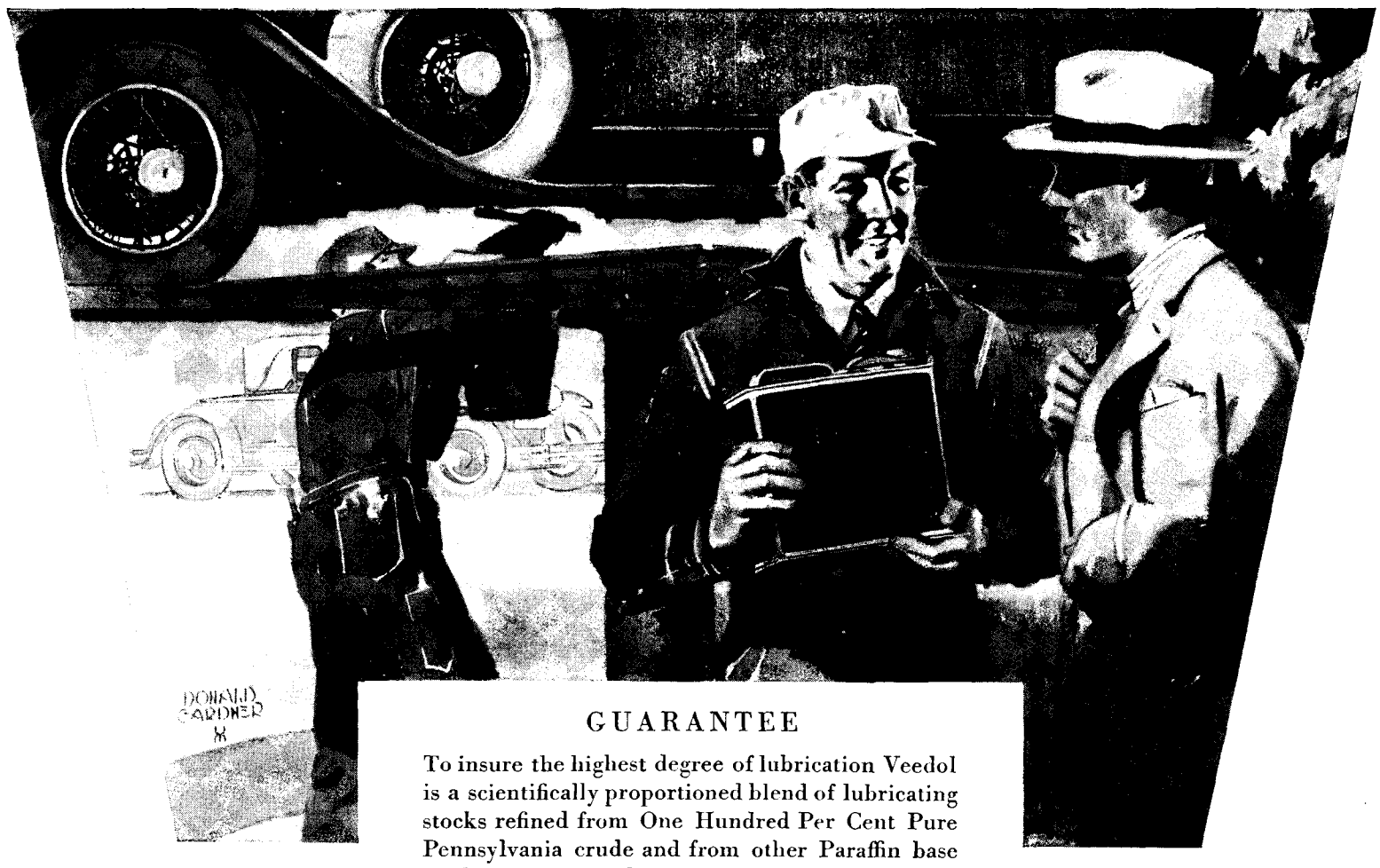
High-compression motors. Higher speeds. Temperatures hotter and hotter — friction multiplied — the toughest lubricating job ever imposed on oil.

When you fill the crankcase of your modern motor, choose an oil prepared to do battle with heat, *super-heat.* If the oil fails, then the vital parts of your motor are bared to destructive friction. Nothing short of a super heat-resisting oil will do.

The new Veedol motor oils are fighting oils, designed to tame the super-heat developed in high-compression motors. Each Veedol oil is tested to withstand heat 100° hotter than the hottest friction spot in your motor. Heavier, tougher, longer-lived, these new oils are best for the new motors, better for *any* motor.

1. They give greater motor protection (the heat-tested, fighting "film of protection" reduces engine wear and repair).
2. They give greater mileage (because they are heavier-bodied they last longer).
3. They increase motor efficiency (they give a stronger piston seal due to heavier body and super heat-resistance).

Test this new oil today. Drive into any station displaying the orange and black Veedol sign. Have your crankcase refilled with the new Veedol. Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in principal cities.



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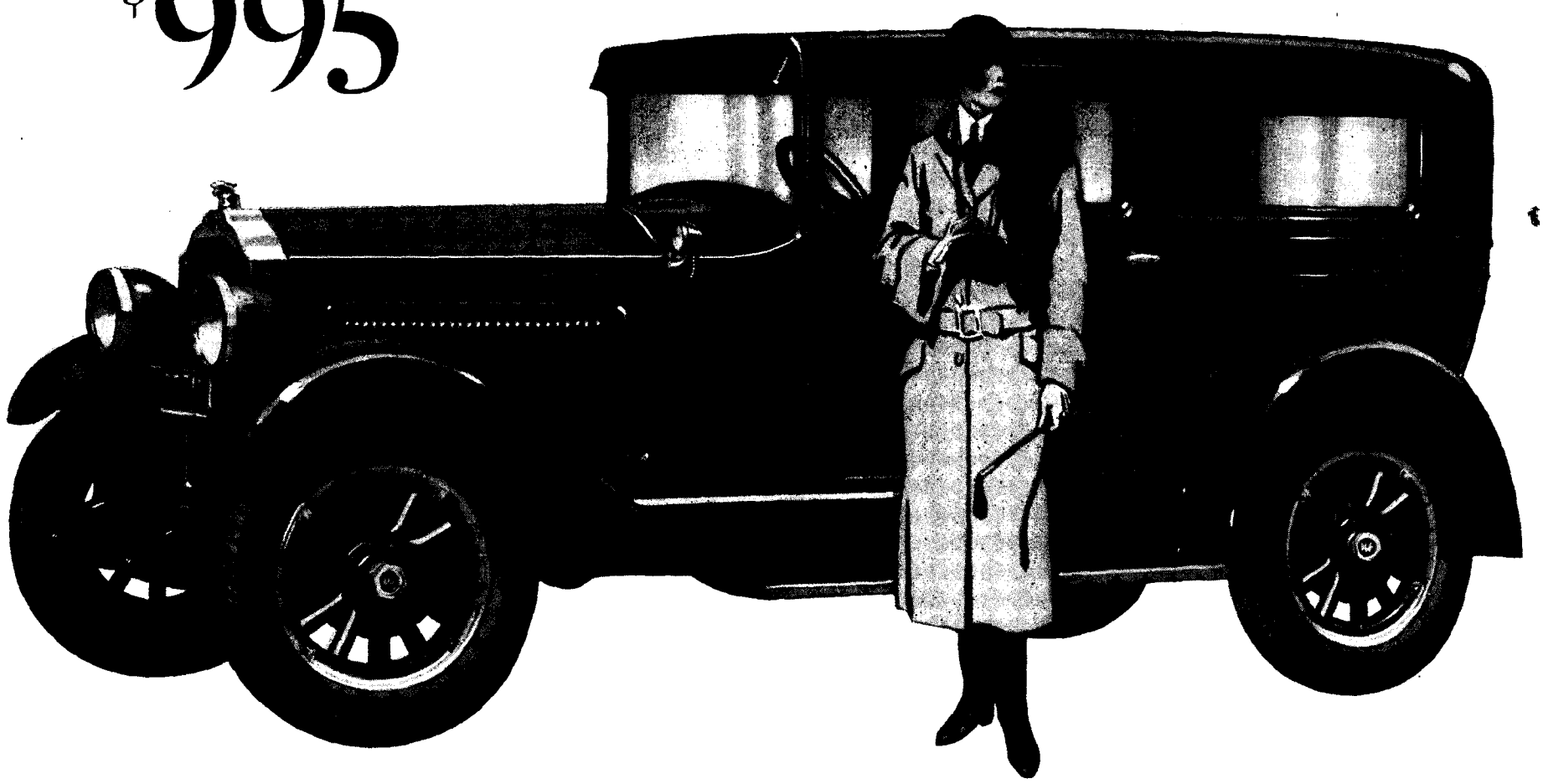

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